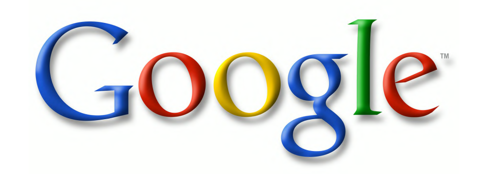
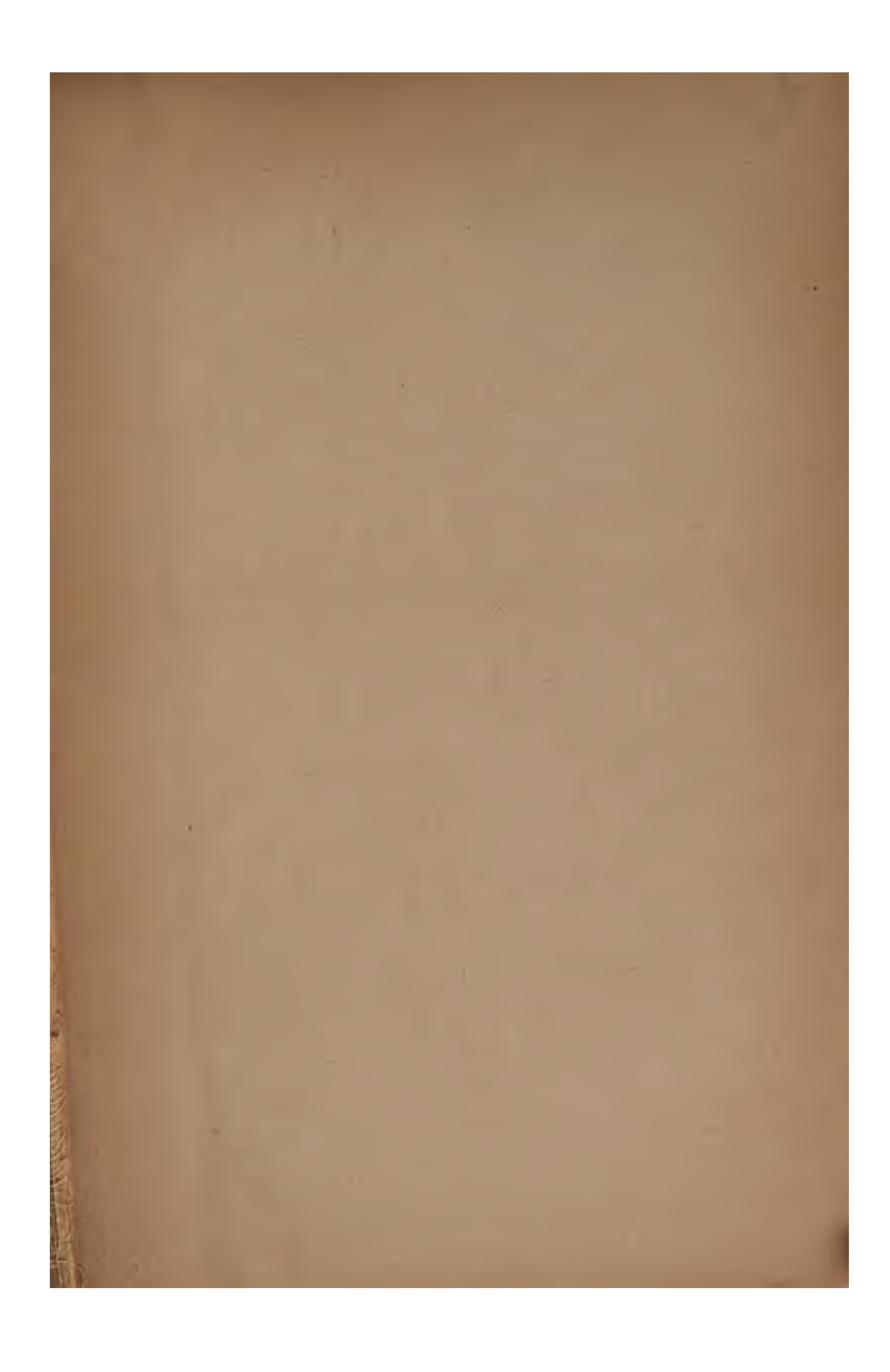






Materialien zur Kunde

des

älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

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BAND III : Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's von Tho. Heywood nach der Octavausgabe 1637 in Neudruck herausgegeben von W. Bang.

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1903

PLEASANT DIALOGUES AND DRAMMA'S

VON

Tho. Heywood

NACH DER OCTAVAUSGABE 1637 IN NEUDRUCK

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

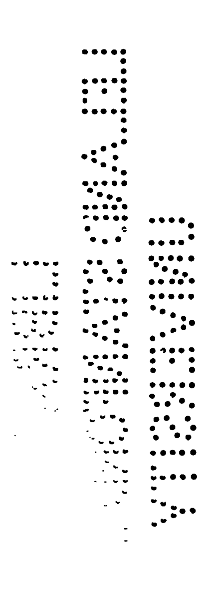
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VORBEMERKUNGEN.

§ 1. Der DATIERUNG des im Folgenden abgedruckten Schmuckkästchens stehn seines bunten und mehr akademischen Inhalts wegen — es enthält kaum einen volkstümlichen Ausdruck oder eine Anspielung, die eine chronologische Handhabe abgeben könnten — ziemlich bedeutende Schwierigkeiten entgegen, die durch Fleay's Theorieen (*Chron. Engl. Drama,* I, pp. 285-6) nur noch vergrössert worden sind.

Wenden wir uns zunächst dem Buch als Druckerzeugnis zu, so wissen wir, dass es am 29 Aug. 1635 ins SR eingetragen und schliesslich mit der Jahreszahl 1637 versehn ausgegeben wurde [1]); aus 8778 (*Obijt Die Mart.* 8. *Anno Ætat.* 20. *An. salutis.* 1636.) geht ausserdem hervor, dass, wie so oft, das Werk nicht ganz abgeschlossen war [2]), als es in die Presse ging.

Damit hört aber, wenn wir von den Prologen und Epilogen (7831-8536) absehn, unser sicheres Wissen auf. Fleay hat nun, *l. c.,* die herzlich schlecht begründete Vermutung aufgestellt, *Deorum judicium, Iupiter and Io, Apollo and Daphne, Pelopæa and Alope* sowie entweder *Times Triumph* (Henslowe, *Diary,* ed. Collier, p. 86), welches er mit *Timon* identificieren möchte [3]), oder eine von ihm construierte kurze Originalredaction von *Love's Mistress* hätten zusammen die « V playes in one » gebildet, die Henslowe, *l. c.,* anonym erwähnt. Gegen derartige Aufstellungen ist beim heutigen Stand unserer Kenntnisse nichts anderes zu machen, als ihre absolute Unsicherheit stark zu betonen.

Ich persönlich würde a priori eher geneigt sein, anzunehmen, Heywood hätte *Iupiter and Io* und *Apollo and Daphne* seinen mythologischen Stücken *The Silver Age* und *The Brazen Age* einverleibt, als er sie 1613 als *Buchdramen* herausgab, *wenn er jene beiden kleinen Erzeugnisse seines Talents um diese Zeit schon fertig vor sich liegen gehabt hätte.* Doch gebe ich natürlich zu, dass dieses Argument keine bessere Basis bildet, als Fleay's immerhin geistreiche Construction.

[1]) Es wird so die direkte Veranlassung zur Veröffentlichung von Jas. Mayne's *Translation of some of Lucian's Dialogues,* 1638, gegeben haben.

[2]) Die Erhaltung der launigen Übersetzung aus Perisaulus Faustinus, 10172 ff., verdanken wir jedenfalls nur der typographischen Lücke am Ende des letzten Bogens; doch soll damit nicht gesagt werden, sie sei erst entstanden, als der Druck bis dahin gediehen war.

[3]) Warum nicht lieber mit *Earth and Age?* — Die übrigen Übers. aus Lucian ignoriert Fleay einfach.

Auf etwas festerem Boden stehn wir nun bei der Datierung von *Anna and Phillis:* denn diese Übersetzung kann nicht wohl vor 1618 (cf. unten p. 338 und Anm.) entstanden sein. So vag leider auch diese Bestimmung ist, so kann sie uns doch von Nutzen werden, da *Anna and Phillis,* wie die Übersetzungen aus Erasmus, Textor und Lucian, in « Heroic Verse » geschrieben ist, während die beiden Dramatisierungen von Ovid's Erzählungen und *Pelopæa and Alope* in Blankvers verabfasst sind. Man wird also — wieder a priori — wenig geneigt sein, *Anna and Phillis* vom *Naufragium* u. s. w. zeitlich weit zu trennen.

Doch sehn wir uns jetzt einmal die Prologe und Epiloge an. Hier hat Fleay, *l. c.*, pp. 303-5, im Wesentlichen richtig geurteilt [1]), sodass man im Allgemeinen seine Ansetzungen für dieselben (1630-36) annehmen kann.

Stammen nun die Prologe aus Anfang bis Mitte der Dreissiger Jahre und ist es höchst wahrscheinlich, dass *Anna and Phillis* erst nach 1618 entstanden ist, so giebt es — immer a priori — keinen Grund, der uns zwingen könnte, *Anna and Phillis* etwa *nicht* in jene Periode zu setzen. Mit diesem Stücke sind aber, wie wir sahen, die übrigen in « Heroic Verse » gedichteten Dialoge wahrscheinlich gleichalterig.

Wie kommt es nun, dass zwischen die eben genannten Stücke ausser *Pelopæa and Alope* besonders *Iupiter and Io* und *Apollo and Daphne,* die in « Heroic Verse without Rime » geschrieben sind, eingeschoben wurden?

Ich möchte glauben, dass Heywood die beiden letztgenannten Dichtungen verfasst hat, um sie seinem Age-Cyclus einzuverleiben, von dem er uns im Jahre 1632 berichtet (Cf. Vorwort zum *Second Part of the Iron Age* und unten Erläuterung zu 65). Setzen wir also diese freien Dramatisierungen einmal ca 1632-34 an. Um Ende 1635 muss sich Heywood klar darüber gewesen sein, dass sein schönes Cyclus-Project wohl ins Wasser fallen würde. Er benutzte daher die Gelegenheit, die sich ihm im Laufe des Jahres 1635-6 bot, die ursprünglich für die *Ages* bestimmten Stücke unterzubringen. Dass diese den Zusam-

[1]) Nach dem DNB sind Fleay's Daten, soweit sie uns überhaupt interessieren, folgendermassen zu berichtigen:

19. Nov. 1600: Charles I geboren;
15. Nov. 1609: Henrietta Maria geboren;
1. Mai 1625: « married by proxy ».
Dieser Ehe entstammten:
13. März 1628: ein Sohn, Charles, der nach zwei Stunden starb;
29. Mai 1630: Charles II;
4. Nov. 1631: Mary;
14. Oct. 1633: James;
28. Jan. 1636: Elizabeth.

menhang zwischen den mehr wörtlichen und in « Heroic Verse » abgefassten Übersetzungen zerreissen, liegt auf der Hand und kann dadurch begründet werden, dass *Anna and Phillis* noch nicht fertig gestellt war, als der Druck bis zur Seite 155 fortgeschritten war [1]).

Was nun *Naufragium* etc. anbetrifft, so hatten wir angenommen, dass diese Übersetzungen zeitlich zu *Anna and Phillis* gehören; setzen wir sie einmal ca 1633-35.

Hier ist es nun m. E. von Wichtigkeit, constatieren zu können, dass sich Heywood in *Love's Mistresse* (SR 30 Sept. 1635; Q[1] aus 1636) [2]) bei einem wichtigen Detail unter dem directen Einfluss von Erasmus' *Proci et Puellae* befunden hat: In Heywoods Vorlage, dem Goldenen Esel des Apuleius, befiehlt Venus ihrem Sohne Cupid, er solle seinen Pfeil so auf Psyche, die Stolze, abschiessen, dass sie sich sterblich in einen tief unter ihr stehenden, armen, niedrigen Mann verlieben müsse; aus diesem homo infimus wird in *Love's Mistresse* ein ***körperlich*** ebenso missgestalteter Mensch, wie ihn Erasmus in ***Proc. et Puell.*** 106-145 (Heyw. 1019 ff.) beschreibt (Vergl. Erläuterung zu 1087 und dann Apul., Metam. V, 24 : Ego, quidem, simplicissima Psyche, parentae meae Veneris praeceptorum immemor, quae te ***miseri extremique hominis*** deuinctam cupidine ***infimo matrimonio*** addici iusserat mit Midas' Frage in *L. M.* I, 5 :

> But why should Venus, being queen of love,
> Wish her son Cupid to enamour her (= Psyche)
> Of some base groom, misshapen and deformed?

Zu *L. M.* vergl. Erläut. 8087 Schluss).

Umgekehrt beruht die Erklärung « Venus » auf dem Rande von p. 27 für Nemesis in 1123 offenbar auf der Erzählung des Apuleius, bei dem (IV, 28-31) das Ganze als ein Racheakt der Venus erscheint. Alle alten Commentatoren des Erasmus, soweit sie Nemesis überhaupt für erklärungsbedürftig angesehn haben, fassen es in der gewöhnlichen Bedeutung.

Beide Stücke dürften also um dieselbe Zeit entstanden sein.

Damit wäre denn der Kreis dieser aprioristischen Beweisführung geschlossen; als Resultat könnte angesetzt werden :

[1]) Spuren einer gewissen Hast trägt *Anna and Phillis* m. E. unzweifelhaft an sich. Leider hat H. nicht an den Anfang gesetzt : ***it has not my last hand,*** wie Chapman es einmal gethan! — Dagegen stehn, um das hier zu bemerken, besonders die Dialoge aus Lucian philologisch und künstlerisch ziemlich hoch. Obwohl mir H. in anhaltender Beschäftigung mit ihm lieb und wert geworden, glaube ich doch sagen zu dürfen, dass die drei eigentlichen Dramen dieser Sammlung ungemein liebenswürdig sind.

[2]) Aber wohl 1633-4 entstanden; cf. Fleay, *l. c.*, p. 299.

ca 1632-4 : *Iupiter and Io; Apollo and Daphne; Pelopæa and Alope;*
ca 1633-5 : *Love's Mistress;* Übers. aus Erasmus, Textor, Lucian;
ca 1635-6 : *Anna and Phillis.*

Doch sei hier der problematische Character meiner Aufstellung ausdrücklich hervorgehoben. Vor Fleay hat sie vielleicht nur das voraus, dass sie von Überlegungen des gesunden Menschenverstandes bestätigt zu werden scheint, der uns sagt, dass ein nicht gerade in glänzenden Verhältnissen lebender Dichter bestrebt sein musste, seine Ware baldigst an den Mann zu bringen; allerdings ist es immer misslich, bei einem Erzeugnis aus dieser Zeit den gesunden Menschenverstand zu Hilfe rufen zu müssen.

§ 2. Die QUELLEN sind unten pp. 305 ff im Zusammenhang gegeben. Die Texte wurden von mir normalisiert. Bei den Dialogen aus Erasmus war die Herstellung, da unsere Univ.-Bibl. an Ausgaben der Colloquien ziemlich reich ist, eine wahre Freude. Von den anderen Texten sage ich an dieser Stelle lieber nichts!

Dagegen möchte ich hier auf Erasmus' Colloquien als Detailquelle für die Elisabethanischen Dramatiker nachdrücklichst hinweisen. Wenn man bedenkt, dass Van der Haeghen in seiner *Bibliotheca Erasmiana*, I, pp. 35 ff zwischen 1516 und 1644 circa 140 Gesammtausgaben des berühmten Buches aufzählt [1]), so darf man sich füglich darüber wundern, dass es in der Geschichte des Englischen Dramas nur ganz vorübergehend und summarisch erwähnt wird. Eine gewissenhaft ausgeführte Monographie würde gewiss schöne Resultate ergeben [2]).

[1]) Darunter mehrere Englische. Einzelne Dialoge wurden früh ins Englische übersetzt, *l. c.* Der *mery Dialogue, declaringe the propertyes of shrowde shrewes* etc. sollte im Brit. Mus. einmal genauer geprüft werden. Es wird Erasmus' *Virgo* Μισόγαμος sein, deren Namen im Original *Catharina* ist. Der Verfasser von *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, mag Erasmus für den Namen *Kate* verpflichtet sein.

[2]) Vergl. z. B. Erasmus, *Alcumistica*, post. med. : Subodorati sunt, inquit, aulici, quod egimus; nec aliud expecto, quam ut mox deducar in carcerem. Ad hanc vocem expalluit etiam serio Balbinus. Nam scis, apud nos capitale esse, si quis alcumisticam exerceat absque principis permissu. Pergit ille : Non, inquit, metuo mortem; utinam illa contingat! Metuo quiddam crudelius. Roganti quid hoc esset : *Rapiar*, inquit, *aliquo in turrim, illic per omnem vitam cogar his laborare, quibus non libet.* Und dazu Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, IV, 7 (Fol. 1616, p. 664) : if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd vp, in the tower, for euer,
To make gold there (for th' state) neuer come out.
Siehe meine Bemerkungen zu 814, 915, (948), 1401-2, 1479.

§ 3. AUSGABEN. Ausser der Originalausgabe in Octavo [1]), 1637, ist mir nur der Abdruck in The Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood now first collected with illustrative Notes and a Memoir of the Author, in six volumes. London, Pearson, 1874 [= P.] bekannt geworden, wo die *Pl. Dial.* im 6. Band pp. 85 ff zu finden sind.

P. ist nicht besser und nicht schlechter, als die anderen bei Pearson hergestellten Ausgaben : ganz offenbare Druckfehler sind stillschweigend beseitigt [2]), andere, nicht auf den ersten Blick erkennbare dagegen stehn geblieben. Mit der typographischen Ordnung der *Pl. Dial.* hat sich P. grosse Freiheiten erlaubt ; so stehn die Com. Verses von Marmion etc. am Anfang des 1. Bandes, Prologe und Epiloge bei den Stücken, zu denen sie gehören u. s. w. Das nicht dialogische oder dramatische Beiwerk fehlt überhaupt ; dagegen sind Prol. und Epil. zum *Jew of Malta* auf p. 355 zum Abdruck gekommen, obwohl sie in den *Pl. Dial.* nicht zu finden sind.

§ 4. Der vorliegende NEUDRUCK wurde hergestellt nach einem Exemplar im Besitze des Herrn Bernard Quaritch, dem ich an dieser Stelle meinen herzlichsten Dank ausspreche für das stets liebenswürdige Entgegenkommen, das er dem jungen Unternehmen erweist.

War die Herstellung der Neudrucke im ersten und zweiten Band eine Freude für einen Philologen, so war es diesmal eine Qual, sich genau an das Original halten zu müssen, da die dort gebrauchten Typen sehr klein und in äusserst schlechtem Zustand waren. Am meisten Sorgen haben mir die zahlreichen Abarten von l gemacht, von denen mindestens vier vorhanden sind ; sehr schwierig war es ferner, j und *j*, c und e (ohne den wagerechten Bindestrich ; abgesprungen) sauber auseinanderzuhalten, um des Hexentanzes der Kommata ganz zu geschweigen. Da aber von jedem Bogen bis 7 und 8 Correcturen gelesen wurden, so hoffe ich im Wesentlichen richtig gesehn und gedruckt zu haben.

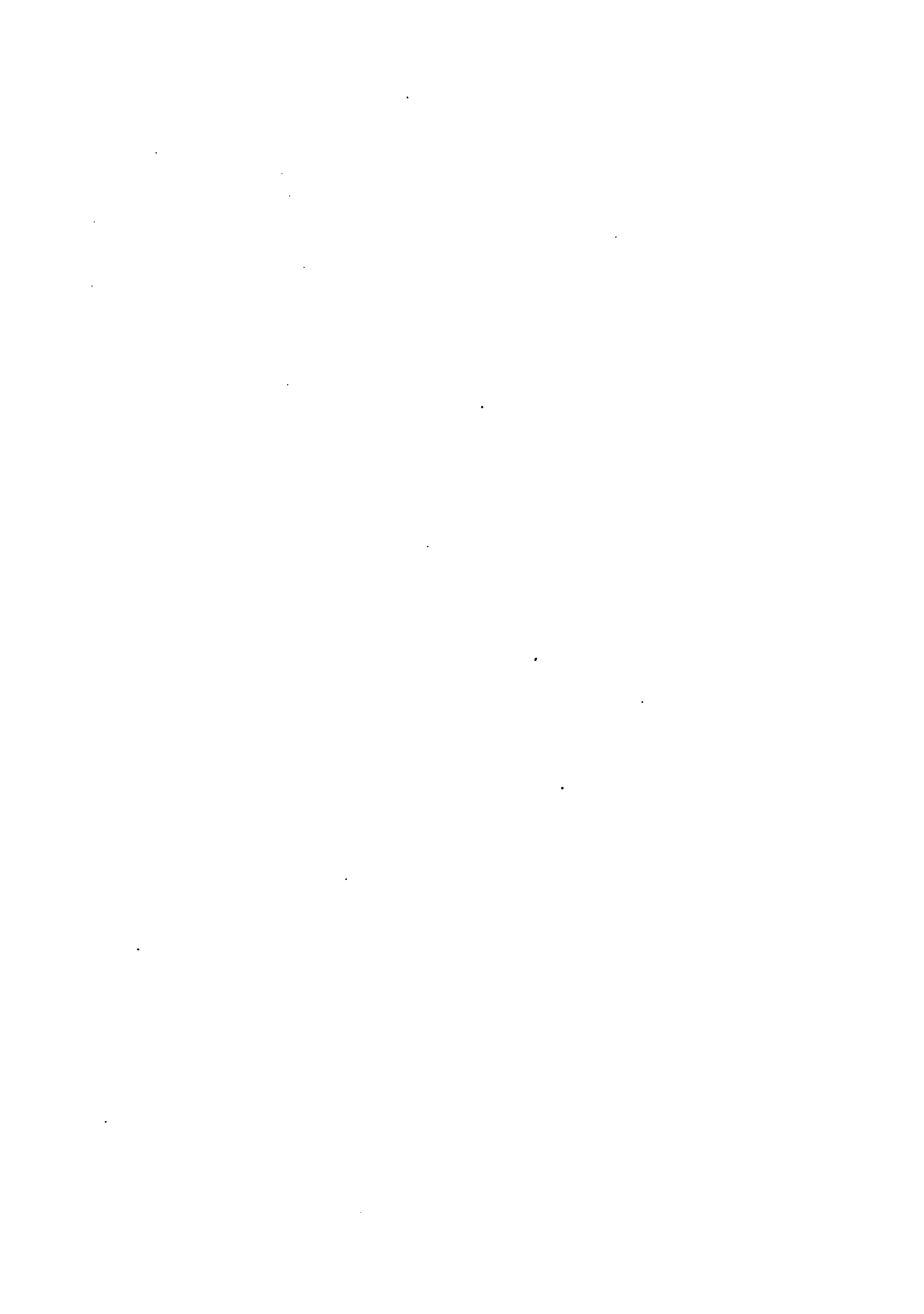
Nachdem mein Neudruck hergestellt war, hatte Dr. A. De Man die Güte, ihn mit dem von Greg *l. c.* genannten Exempl. im Br. Mus. 1076. i. 29 zu vergleichen und in zweifelhaften Fällen G. 18306 und G. 18307 zu Rate zu ziehn. Dabei stellte sich, wie es nicht anders zu erwarten war, heraus, dass ich hier und da einen Punkt gebe, wo die Exemplare des Br. Mus. ein Komma haben und vice-versa ; oder dass ich ; unter der Lupe gesehn habe, wo *ein* oder *die* Exemplare des Br.

[1]) Der Band ist eine Octavausgabe, wie Greg, *A List of Masques, Pageants, etc*, London, 1902, p. 9 angiebt, während er im *Brit. Bibliogr.* I, p. 451 als 16mo und bei Ellis, *Spec. of the Early Engl. Poets*, London, 1811, III, p. 31 als 12mo beschrieben wird.

[2]) In 3587-8 liest P. eaten : beaten. Hat er dafür die Autorität irgend eines Exemplars ?

Mus. nur Komma zu haben scheinen. In 350 lesen die Exempl. des Br. Mus. main-Mast, während in meinem Exemplar von dem Bindestrich keine Spur, ja nicht einmal ein Eindruck vorhanden ist. Das sind « Kleinigkeiten », die man leider mit in den Kauf nehmen muss, wie man sie ja auch bei der Herstellung durch Photographie nicht umgehn kann. Gerade da, wo ich von den Exemplaren im Br. Mus. Hilfe erwartete (2771 : gready ; ist es beschmutztes a oder e ? 2213 seare ; cf. Erläut.) wurde ich — natürlich — von ihnen im Stiche gelassen.

Zu meiner Schande muss ich zum Schluss anführen, dass in der Bühnenweisung 6184 *Nymp* und nicht *Nymph* steht und dass es in 994 *Areopagitæ* statt *Areopagitæ* heissen muss. Auf p. 147 steht *doch* die Sign. L 2 statt I 2. — In 1979 liest 1076. i. 29 : *Kerxes*.



PLEASANT DIALOGVES AND DRAMMA'S,

SELECTED OVT OF LUCIAN, ERASMUS, TEXTOR, OVID, &c.

With sundry *Emblems* extracted from the most elegant *Iacobus Catsius*.

As also certaine *Elegies*, *Epitaphs*, and *Epithalamions* or *Nuptiall Songs*; *Anagrams* and *Acrostickes*; With divers Speeches (upon severall occasions) spoken to their most Excellent Majesties, King CHARLES, and Queene MARY.

With other *Fancies* translated from BEZA, BUCANAN, and sundry Italian Poets.

By THO HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. O.* for *R. H.* and are to be sold by *Thomas Slater* at the *Swan* in *Duck-lane* 1637.

To the Right Honourable Sir

HENRY Lord CARY, Baron of
Hunsdon, Viscount *Rochford*,
Earle of DOVER, &c.

Right Honourable,

E *Laborate Poems have ever aym'd at learned Patrons, who valued Books as your best Lapidaries praise Iewels, not by their greatnesse, but their*
10 *goodnesse. This is a small Cabinet of many and choyse, of which none better than your Noble selfe can judge, some of them borrowing their luster from your own vertues, vouchsafe therefore (great Lord) their perusall,being devoted to*
15 *your sole patronage, whilst the presenter wishing unto you and all yours, a long fruition of terrestriall graces here, with the fulnesse of celestiall joyes hereafter, humbly takes his leave, with that of* Catullus *to* M. Cicero :

20 Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

Your Lordships in all
dutifull observance,
THO. HEYWOOD.

25 *To the Generous Reader.*

REader, of what capacity or condition soever, I present unto thy favourable perusall a Miscellane of sundry straines in Poetry; which me thinks
30 should not come altogether unwelcome to such as affect variety : here thou shalt finde choice and selected Dialogues borrowed from sundry Authors, both for the method and matter, plea-
35 sant and profitable. Which though I met with in Prose onely, yet upon better acquaintance, I have taught to goe upon even feet and number.

For such as delight in Stage-poetry,
40 here are also divers *Dramma's*, never before published : Which though some may condemne for their shortnesse, others againe will commend for their sweetnesse.

45 From famous *Iacobus Catsius*, I have extra-

extracted Emblems of rich conceit, and excellent expression in the originall; Therefore I hope not to bee rejected in our native Tongue , howsoever by
50 mee but rudely and coursely interpreted.

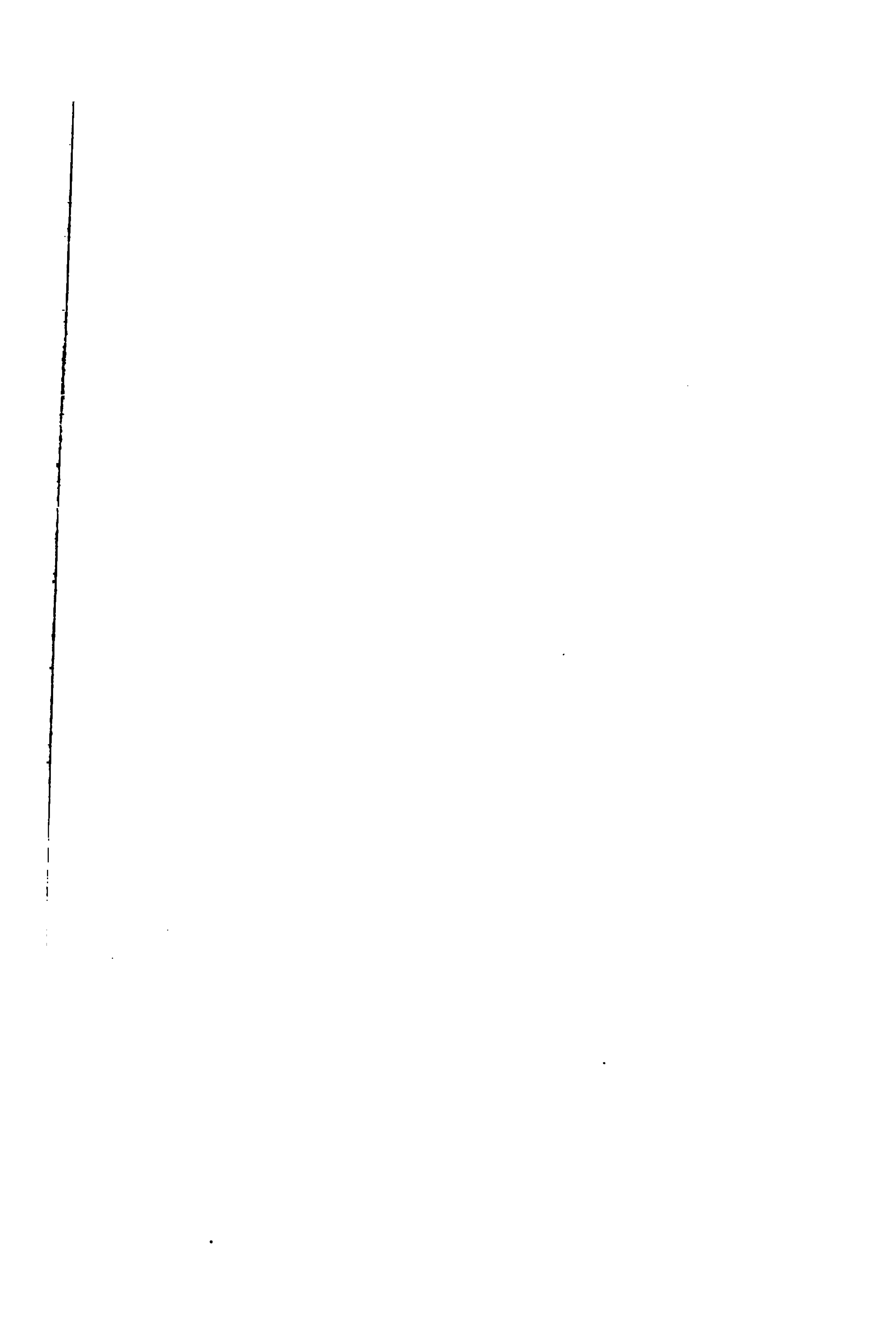
Here are moreover divers speeches, at sundry times, and upon severall occasions spoken, either to one or both of
55 their sacred Majesties. And other of the same condition, before other Noble Personages.

Besides *Epithalamions (or Nuptiall Songs)* with *Funerall Elegies*, *Epitaphs*, *Anagrams*,
60 *&c.* Nor doubt I, but in the service of such change of dishes, there may be found amongst them, though not all to please every man, yet not any of them but may taste some one or others palat.
65 For the better illustration of which, I have prefixed before every particular piece its proper Argument , with Annotations and observations of all such things as may appeare
70 difficult or forreigne to the ignorant Reader. Which I intreat thee to accept

cept as well in plaine inke, as were they curiously insculpt in Copper. Complement I cannot : onely thus I take my
75 leave ; Reader farewell. Read perfectly, examine strictly, but censure charitably.

Thine,

THO. HEYWOOD.





80

The Table.

A

The Table.

Tabulæ Finis.

To his worthie friend the
Authour, Master *Thomas*
Heywood.

135 H*Eywood*, when men weigh truly what thou art,
How the whole frame of learning claimes a part
In thy deepe apprehension; and then see,
To knowledge added so much industry;
Who will deny thee the best Palme and Bayes?
140 And that to name thee, to himselfe is praise.
As first, which I must ever first preferre,
Thy skill in Poëtry, where thou so farre
Hast gone, as none beyond thee, and hast writ,
That after-ages must despaire of wit
145 Or matter to write more. Nor art thou lesse;
In whatsoere thy fancy will expresse.
Thy pen commands all history, all actions,
Counsels, Decrees, men, manners, States, and factions,
Playes, Epicediums, Odes, and Lyricks,
150 Translations, Epitaphs, and Panegyricks:
They all doe speake thy worth. Nor dost thou teach
Things meere prophane; but thy great Muse does reach
Above the Orbes, unto the utmost skie,
And makes transition unto Deitie.
155 When thou with such high straines detainst our eares,
As might become the Angels, or the Spheares.
What Reader then in justice can decline
From this assertion? Poets are divine,
Rapt with a heavenly fire, which is made knowne
160 By no example better than thine owne.

SH. MARMION.

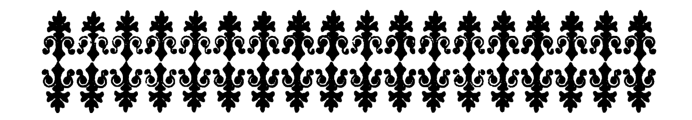
To the learned Authour

Master THOMAS

HEYWOOD.

165 WHo can deny but Poets take their birth
From some thing that's more excellent than
Since those harmonious strains that fill our eares, (earth?
Proclaime their neere allyance with the Spheares,
And shewes their Art all Arts as farre exceed
170 As doth the fiery-Cane, the weakest Reed.
That Matter which six lines of Prose rehearse,
May fitly be contained in one Verse;
Yea, and so pithily (if well compacted)
That out of it whole Bookes may be extracted.
175 A President whereof if thou wouldst find,
I prethee gentle Reader bend thy mind
To what this little Volume doth containe,
And sure the fruit will recompence thy paine.
The subject with the Authours names agree,
180 Who all have left unto Posteritie
Such Noble badges of their learned fame,
That my weake Pen can no way shew the same;
Therefore doe thou, ô *Heywood*, weare the Bayes
As thy just merit many thousand wayes.
185 For this thy Worke, with others heretofore
Shall honor thee till time shall be no more.

D. E.



To my praise-worthy friend

Master THOMAS

190 HEYWOOD.

THy Worth unto the Knowing World is knowne,
Let Criticks censure others by their owne,
And tinct their foreheads with a purple shame,
When they shall see thy Works, or heare thy Name,
195 Whilst with thy owne, thou setst forth others fame;
Whose lofty Anthems, in our English tone
Thou sing'st, and mak'st them live, though dead & gone,
What barking or untutor'd *Momus* then
Will dare to belch against thy learned Pen?
200 Whose worthier Lines, unto their foule disgrace,
Shall spit defiance in a brasen face;
And when th'art dead, thy Poësie shall sing
Such pleasant straines, whereof the World shall ring;
And *Envies* selfe, in spight of all Assayes,
205 Shall crowne thy Tombe-stone with eternall Bayes.

S. N.

The Argument of *Erasmus* his Dialogue called NAIAGAION, or *Naufragium*.

210 *HEre you may reade an accurate Narration*
Of dangers incident to Navigation :
With diuers foolish superstitions us'd
By Mariners, (some not to be excus'd)
Here is describ'd a Tempest *to the height,*
215 *With casting out of* Goods, *to ease their freight*;
And severall humors (to the life exprest)
Of men in danger, and by sea distrest :
Some, to the blessed Virgin *call for aid :*
By others, Vowes to seuerall Saints *are made.*
220 *But this our* Author *will approue of none*
To be invok't, but the Great God alone.

The Interlocutors or Speakers, *Antonius* and *Adolphos.*

The DIALOGUE.

Anthon. THou tel'st me wondrous things; Is
225 that to saile,
Where humane helpe so little can preuaile?
Forbid it Heav'n, to come into my thought,
230 That euer Wit so dearely should be bought.

Adol.

Adol. What hath as yet been spoke are trifles meere,
If to what I shall speake thou lend an eare.
Anth. So much from thee I haue already had,
That I still tremble, and it makes me sad,
235 As I had then been present.
Adol. Dangers past
Are vnto me of much more pleasing tast :
That night there hapned what much tooke away
All comfort from the Pilot.
240 *Anth.* What, I pray?
Adol. Dark was the night;when by the top-mast stands
(Got thither by the help of feet and hands)
One of the ship-men, and as from a * loover
He lookt from thence, if so he might discouer
Some part of land : when on the instant, neare
Vnto his side was seen a fiery Spheare;
To Sea-men a sad *Omen*, if it shine
Single : but twinnes, they better lucke divine :
And in the times of old they call'd such too
250 *Castor* and *Pollux*.
Anth. What had they to do
With Mariners? since those we understand
Were Champions both, and vs'd to fight on land.
Adol. The Poets so would haue it. He at th' sterne
255 Casting his eye vp did the light discerne :
Who calling said, My *Mate* (It is a word
That Sailers interchangeably afford
To one another) speake, dost thou not see
The fire aboue that clings so close to thee?
260 Who answer'd thus : I do, and I pray God
That vnto vs it no misfortune boad.
The flaming Globe straight by the tackles slid,
And came close to the Pilot.
Anth. I! But did
265 Not he sinke downe with feare?
Adol. The fright he'endur'd,

* It is commonly called the Bowland.

They

They being to such prodigies inur'd.
There hauing staid a while, by the ship sides
It rowles it selfe, but there not long abides,
270 But leaping from the hatches, vanisht so.
Towards mid-day the tempest 'gan to grow
More and more raging. Didst thou euer see
The Alps? *Anth.* I haue.
Adol. Those hills appeare to bee
275 But warts to such sea billowes, (if compar'd :)
Be judge then, how with us it that time far'd ;
How often were we lifted vp so high,
Till to the very Moone we came so nigh,
To touch it with our fingers. Then againe
280 So low cast, that the Channell rent in twaine,
To let vs downe to Hell.
Anth. Mad men, no doubt,
Who leaue the land, to seeke such dangers out.
Adol. The Sailers striuing with the Storme some space,
285 (But all in vaine) the Pilot with a face
Like ashes, came to vs.
Anth. And now I feare,
By his wan colour, some strange mischiefe neare.
Adol. I am no more your Pilot now (saith he)
290 My friends,the Windes command both ship and me :
Prepare for all extremes, there's now no hope
Saue in our God, no trust in Saile or Rope.
Anth. ('Twas an hard speech.)
Adol. First therefore let vs ease
295 Our ship (saith he) by casting in the seas
Her weighty lading; for so now commands
Necessitie : It with more safety stands,
By losse of goods, death present to preuent,
Than with them perish here incontinent.
300 The truth persuades them; Instantly they hoise
Into the Maine, rich Wares, and Vessels choise,
And those in plenty.

Anth. This a Wracke indeed
May well be call'd.
305 *Adol.* Silence till I proceed.
Amongst the rest, a rich Italian there,
Imployd in Embassy, who was to beare
Some Presents into Scotland, and this Lord
Had coffers, caskets, and stuft trunks abord,
310 With plate, rings, Iewels, change of garments.
Anth. Say,
Was that man willing to cast all away?
Adol. No : but being askt that question, made reply,
He with his wealth would liue, or with it dy;
315 And therefore storm'd.
Anth. What said the Pilot then?
Adol. Better it were, of these despairing men,
That he alone should perish, than (to saue
His proper wealth) all suffer in the waue :
320 And therefore told him plainly, But if hee
Vnto the generall safety would agree,
(Need so compeld) that without further plea,
Him and his wealth they'd tosse into the sea.
Anth. A very Sailers speech.
325 *Adol* So, forc't at last,
With his owne hands his goods away he cast,
With many bitter curses; much inrag'd
With gods and divels, that he had ingag'd
Himselfe to such a barbarous element.
330 *Anth.* A meere Italians pray'r.
Adol. Obserue th'euent :
(These our free-offrings notwithstanding) neither
The windes nor waues were sated, but together
Conspir'd : Our tackles were asunder blowne,
335 And our torne sailes into the Ocean throwne.
Anth. Distresse indeed.
Adol. The Pilot comes againe.
Anth. To preach as at the first?

Adol.

Adol. In a sad straine
340 He thus salutes vs : Friends, as the case stands,
I wish you would commend you to heav'ns hands,
And so prepare for death. Some who had been
At sea before, and in that Art well seen,
Askt him, How long he thought he could maintaine
345 His ship to liue ? who briefely said againe,
Not full three houres, (as being then at worst.)
Anth. Why this was harder doctrine than the first.
Adol. Which hauing said, the Sailers he straight bid
To cut the cords asunder : which they did.
350 And next, To saw the main Mast by the root :
Who instantly apply themselues vntoo't ;
Which, with the saile and saile-yard, they soone threw
Into the sea. *Anth.* Why so ?
Adol. Because they knew,
355 Bee'ng torne, a burthen they might rather call
Their sailes, than helpe, (now of no vse at all)
For all their hope was in the helme.
Anth. Meane space,
What did the passengers ?
360 *Adol.* A wretched face
Of things you now might see : Some then in place
Began to sing, *Haile* Mary *full of Grace* ;
And the blest Virgin Mother to implore :
She, who plaine *Mary* had been call'd before,
365 They now stile, *The Seas* Star, *The* Queen of heav'n,
The Lady of the world : Titles not giv'n
To her in sacred Scriptures.
Anth. I indeed
Neuer that she at sea was yet could reed.
370 *Adol.* But *Venus* (I haue heard) once tooke no scorne
To haue the charge of Sailers, (as sea-borne.)
But thinking she had quite giv'n vp her care ;
All their Devotions now directed are
In stead of her, a mother, and no maid,

375 Her that was Maid and Mother, to persuade.
Anth. Come now you jest.
Adol. Some of them prostrat lie
Vpon the hatches, and for succor crie
Vnto the *Storme*, and (as had they been mad)
380 pour'd out into the Maine what oile they had;
Flattring the raging billowes of the seas,
As if some angry pow'r they would appease.
Anth. What did they say?
Adol. O Sea most mercifull,
385 O generous Sea, ô Sea most beautifull,
O you the most rich Channels of the Deepe
Saue vs, haue mercy, vs preserue and keepe.
Anth. Ridiculous superstition What the rest?
Adol. Their stomacks some disgorg'd; one in his brest
390 Was meditating Vowes. An English man
(I well remember) said, O if I can
But get to land safe, Pilgrimage I'l frame
Vnto the blessed Maid of *Walsinghame*;
And promis'd golden mountaines. Others vow'd
395 To such a Crosse: but that some disallow'd.
And nam'd another in a remoat place
Thence many countries distant. In like case
They with the Virgin *Mary* dealt, who raignes
In sundry Regions: and since need constraines,
400 They pray to her, but thinke they are not heard,
Vnlesse they name some Temple to her rear'd.
Anth. Vaine were such Orisons, since the Saints dwell
In heav'n aboue.
Adol. Some said, If they came well
405 And safe to shore, Carthusians they would bee.
One promis'd, If the sea he once could free,
Bare foot and bare head, naked saue his shirt,
And that of male close to his body girt,
Nay, begging all the way, vow'd, steps hee'd tell
410 To where Saint *Iames* yet liues in Compostell.

Anth.

Anth. Did none thinke of Saint *Christopher?*
Adol. I heard
(Not without laughter) one to him indear'd :
He in the chiefe Church of* Lutetia stands, * Or Paris.
415 (More like a mountaine than a man) his hands
Lift vp : who with a voice strep'rous and loud
(That all they in the ship might heare him) vow'd
To set before that Saint a waxen Light
Big as himselfe. To whom one that fore-right
420 Before him sate, (well knowne to him) reply'd,
(After he first had jogg'd him on the side)
Take heed friend what you promise ; should you sell
Your whole estate, which is to me knowne well,
You cannot make it good. He then in feare,
425 (Lest him perchance S. *Christopher* might heare)
Answer'd in a low voice, Peace foole, be still,
Think'st thou my words are suting to my will ;
If once I finde safe landing may be had,
I'l of a farthing candle make him glad.
430 *Anth.* O stupid braine ! Some Hollander?
Adol. None such :
He was of Zeeland sure.
Anth. I wonder much,
None that time of th'Apostle *Paul* did thinke ;
435 (For he was wrackt, and when the ship did sinke,
Got to the shore) who knowing shipwracke best,
Would soone haue helpt them in that kinde distrest.
Adol. Of him there was no mention.
Anth. Did they pray?
440 *Adol.* Yes ; and at once some sung, and some did say
Haile Virgin : others, their Beleefe : some mutter'd
Certaine peculiar pray'rs, as had they vtter'd
Soft Magicke spells 'gainst danger.
Anth. How distresse
445 Makes men deuout? when they thinke nothing lesse
Than of their God, if fortune seeme to smile,

Or of his Saints. But what didst thou the while?
Vowd'st thou to none of them?
Adol. No.
450 *Anth.* Why?
Adol. Because
Cov'nants with Saints made, are still with some clause
After the forme of Contract: *This I giue,*
If thou performe: If at this time I liue,
455 Then such a thing I'l do; I'l at thy Shrine
Offer a Taper, if I scape the Brine;
Or if thou keepst me, vnto Rome I'l go
On Pilgrimage.
Anth. But to none prayd'st thou?
460 *Adol.* No.
Anth. Shew me the cause?
Adol. I thought, Heav'n far extended:
To any one Saint should I haue commended
My safety, say Saint *Peter*, who bee'ng neare
465 Vnto the doore, most likely was to heare;
Before he could haue left the gate, to finde
where God was, or deliver'd him my minde,
I might haue perisht.
Anth. What then didst thou do?
470 *Adol.* Tooke the next course, and did direct vnto
The *Father* my Deuotions, and began,
Father which art in heav'n, &c. I perceiv'd than,
None of the Saints could sooner heare, nor any
Abler to saue or helpe, though they be many.
475 *Anth.* Did not thy conscience pricke thee the mean time,
Remembring with how many an hainous crime
Thou hadst offended him?
Adol. Shal I speake true?
Part of my confident boldnesse it withdrew;
480 But straight it thus in my conception runne:
No Father is so angry with his Sonne,
But if he spy him in a brooke or lake,

Ready

Ready to drowne, hee'l by the haire him take,
And plucke him from the danger. 'Mongst the rest,
485 A woman who a childe had at her brest
Then sucking, in that feare seem'd troubled least.
Anth. And what did she?
Adol. Nor clamor loud, nor weepe;
Nor promise what she neuer meant to keepe:
490 Only embrac'd her infant, softly pray'd
Vnto her selfe, none hearing what she sayd.
Meane time the Barke inclining neere the shore,
The Master fearing lest she would be tore
And split to pieces; her with cables bound
495 From helme to the fore-decke.
Anth. Comfort vnsound.
Adol. Vp then a sacrificing Priest arose,
Ag'd sixty yeares, through doublet and through hose
His torne shirt seene, (call'd *Adam*) who his shooes
500 (That had no soles) cast off, and 'gins to vnloose
His wretched habit; bidding all prepare
Themselues to swim, who of their liues had care.
And standing on the decke, begins to preach
Alowd to vs, and out of *Gerson* teach
505 Five truths; what profit from Confession growes,
Wishing we would make ready to dispose
Our selues to life or death. Then present there
Was a Dominican Frier of looke austere,
To whom some few confest themselues.
510 *Anth.* But what
didst thou mean space?
Adol. I well perceiuing, that
All things were full of tumult, soone confest
My selfe to God, 'gainst whom I had transgrest;
515 Blaming mine owne injustice, and commended
My selfe to him, whom I had most offended.
Anth. Hadst thou then perisht, whither hadst thou gon?
Adol. That I committed vnto God alone,

As

As most vnwilling mine owne judge to be :
520 And yet a faire hope did still comfort me.
Whilst these things past, the Pilot came againe,
With his eies full of teares, and saith, In vaine
We striue 'gainst heav'n : each man himselfe prepare ;
The shaken ship in which distrest we are
525 Cannot the fourth part of an houre well last,
At sundry leaks the water poures so fast.
Soone after he brings newes he did descry
A Chappell afar off : bids vs apply
Our pray'rs, the small space that the ship still floated,
530 Vnto that Saint to whom it was deuoted :
When suddenly most part are groueling throwne,
Deuoutly praying to the Saint vnknowne.
Anth. Had they but nam'd him, he would sure haue heard.
Adol. But that they knew not. Then the Pilot steard
535 His torne ship that way, ready now to sinke,
(Such quantitie of water forc't to drinke)
And split she had in pieces in that weather,
Had not the cables bound her fast together.
Anth. 'Twas an hard case.
540 *Adol.* It drawing now towards even,
Vpon the sudden we so far were driven
Towards the coast, that vs th' inhabitants spy'de,
And seeing our extremes, call'd out and cry'de ;
And with their hats vpon their staues end, stand
545 Pointing to vs the safest place to land :
Then with their armes stretcht out, seeme to deplore
Our wretched case, distrest so neare the shore.
Anth. I long to know what happen'd.
Adol. Our Barke now
550 Had tooke in so much water, that I vow
There hardly any diffrence could be knowne,
Because the ship and sea appear'd all one.
Anth. To th' holy Anchor it was time to flye.
Adol. And yet small comfort, seeing death so nye.

The

555 The Sailers hoise the boat, and let it downe
Into the Sea : then there's a tumult growne,
Who should presse soonest in. Some gan t' exclaime,
Crying, Why throng you thus? Be rul'd for shame;
The Boat 's but small, and were you not thus rude,
560 Vncapable of such a multitude.
They bid them search, and what came neerest, get
To saue themselues. When now there was no let,
But ev'ry one, that which came next him snatches :
One lights vpon a piece of the torne hatches :
565 An empty barrell he : another takes
A planke : that man a pole : and none but makes
Some shift or other : so themselues commit
Vnto the sea.
Anth. You haue not told me yet,
570 What of the woman and the childe became,
She only that was heard not to exclaime.
Adol. She got to shore first.
Anth. Tell me how that past?
Adol. Her to a crooked planke we ty'de so fast,
575 That hardly she could slide thence : in whose hand
We put a boord (such as she might command)
In stead of a small oare : then hauing prayd
For her successe, as she was thereon layd,
Expos'd her to the waues, and with a speare,
580 Thrust her from off the ship, which now was neare
Hid in the sea, her infant she bestow'd
In her left arme, and with her right hand row'd.
Anth. A stout Virago.
Adol. When nought else remain'd,
585 One snatcheth an old Image, blur'd and stain'd,
Part of it eat with rats, which once presented
The mother Virgin : and with that contented,
Begins to swim.
Anth. But came the boat to shore?
590 *Adol.* They were the first that perisht, none before;

For

For thirty had therein together got.
Anth. By what ill chance was that?
Adol. 'Twas their hard lot;
For e're they from the ship themselues could free,
595 The weake boat split, and sunke immediatly.
Anth. A sad disaster : But what then?
Adol. I cherisht
Others, and had my selfe like to haue perisht.
Anth. As how?
600 *Adol.* I stayd till nothing did appeare
Helpfull to swim.
Anth. Corke had been vsefull there.
Adol. I tell thee Friend, iust at that instant space
I'de rather had a Corke tree to embrace,
605 Than a rich golden Candlesticke. About
Looking, to spy what best I could finde out,
I soone bethought me of the poore remaine
Of the split Mast, at which I tugg'd in vaine;
And therefore call'd an helper. We combine
610 Our double strength, and both to it incline,
Trusting our selues to sea; and in that fright
He by the left part holds : I take the right.
Thus by the billowes tost, the Predicant, whom
I nam'd before, iust at our backs did come,
615 And threw himselfe vpon vs : like an hulke
To us he seem'd, being of a mighty bulke.
Wherewith much troubled, both aloud 'gan call,
Who is that third who meanes to drowne vs all?
He gently vs bespake, and bad vs bee
620 Of comfort, there was roome enough for three.
Anth. But wherefore did he leaue the ship so late?
Adol. He purpos'd in the boat to try his fate
With the Dominican Frier; the rest to grace
Their Orders, willing to afford them place.
625 But though they both were in the ship confest,
Belike forgetting some word 'mongst the rest,

They

They fell to it againe, and somewhat s'ed
Laying ones hand vpon the others head :
Meane time the boat sunke, by the waues controld :
630 (For so much, after, to me *Adam* told.)
Anth. But what of the Dominican became ?
He, first invoking sundry Saints by name.
(So *Adam* said) did strip himselfe to th' skin ;
And hauing left his cloathes behinde, leapt in.
635 *Anth.* What Saints did he invoke ?
He named (thick,
As fast as he could speake) S. *Dominick*,
Saint *Thomas*, and Saint *Vincent*, and one *Peter*,
(I know not which) but one she-Saint, with sweeter
640 And fairer words hee'ntreated ; and her name,
Katherine Senensis, she, it seem'd, the same
To whom he trusted most.
Anth. I, but Christs aid
Implor'd he not at all ?
645 *Adol.* So the Priest said.
Anth. Me thinks he better might haue far'd that day,
Had he not cast his holy hood away.
For being naked like another man,
How could the Saint know the Dominican ?
650 Touching thy selfe proceed.
Adol. Whilst we were tost
Neere to the barke, still fearing to be lost,
Part of the sterne then floating, burst his thigh,
Who held the left part of the mast, whilst I
655 Made good the right : who soone his hold lets slip,
And so was drown'd. Into whose place doth skip
Adam the Priest, repeating a short prayer
That his soule (then departing) well might fare ;
Exhorting me to be of courage bold,
660 Stretch out my legs, and with my hands keepe hold :
Mean time we drunke much brine out of the Ocean,
'Twas not a salt bath only, but salt potion.

So

(So *Neptune* then would haue it) for which he
(*Adam* I meane) would shew a remedie.
665 *Anth*. And what was that?
Adol. Still as he spy'de the waue
To come vpon vs, he himselfe to saue,
Oppos'd it with the hinde part of his head,
Keeping his mouth fast shut.
670 *Anth*. I neuer read
Of a more stout old fellow.
Adol. Floating long,
And mouing somewhat onward, he bee'ng strong,
And wondrous tall, saith to me, Be of cheare,
675 For by my foot I finde the ground is neare.
But I that time more timerous and afraid,
(Hoping no such good fortune) to him said,
Most certaine we are farther from the shore,
Than to hope land. He now incourag'd more,
680 Saith to me, With my foot I touch the sand.
Perhaps, said I, some chest driv'n neere the land,
Wrought thither by the sea. He affirmes No,
And saith, the ground he toucheth with his to.
We still were tost, and he againe feeles shore :
685 Do what thou wilt (then said) for here no more
I'le trust my selfe, but towards land make hast;
So farewell, for I'le leaue thee to thy mast.
Then watching when the waue began to breake,
With speed pursues it, and no more would speake :
690 But as the billow (shrinking backe) he sees,
With either hand embracing both his knees,
He waits for it, drencht ouer head and eares,
(As Ducks or sea-Birds) and againe appeares
When the waue 's past, and runnes. Finding his fate
695 So well succeed, I thought to imitate
Him in his course : There stood vpon the sands
Some people with long javelins in their hands,
Men strong and vs'd to stormes; these reacht their staues

To ev'ry faint hand that their succor craues.
700 Who catching hold, some by that means they drew
Safe to the shore.
Anth. How many of that Crew?
Adol. Seven only, of which, two brought to the fire,
But feeling warmth, did instantly expire.
705 *Anth.* How many were i'th ship?
Adol. Iust fifty eight.
Anth. O cruell sea, to ruine such a freight.
'Tmight with the tenths at most haue been suffis'd,
Priests aske no more when they are best advis'd.
710 But of so great a number did so few
Escape the Wracke?
Adol. I speake it who best knew:
And there we found a remarkt approbation
Of a most generous and indulgent Nation;
715 Who with alacritie and much cheare gaue
Harbor, meat, drinke, with all things we could craue.
Anth. What country?
Adol. Holland.
Anth. None I take to bee
720 More generous, fuller of humanitie,
Though girt with barbarous countries. But I feare
Thou'lt not to sea in haste.
Adol. Troth not this yeare,
No nor the next: I'le be no more such pray,
725 Vnlesse (quite mad) Heav'n take my wits away.
Anth. For such discourses I so little loue them,
That I had rather heare them far, than proue them.

The Argument to *Erasmus* his Dialogue, entituled PROCVS & PVELLA.

730

ERASMVS *in this Colloquie*
Expresseth what pure modestie
There ought to be 'twixt Man *and* Maid,
When there's a firme foundation laid
Of their affections. His intent 735
Was, how to leaue a president,
All wanton Toyes *to intercept,*
That chast Vowes *might be made and kept.*
As well the Prince *as* Peasant *hence*
May take aduice of consequence. 740
It shewes how true Loue *should be plac't,*
Forbidding Marriage *made in hast:*
And that the Choice is not confin'd
Vnto the Body, *but the* Minde.
His Project further doth imply 745
The honour of the Nuptiall *Ty,*
Which is not lawfull to proceed
Before the Parents first agreed.
Of the sincere alternate life
Which ought to be 'twixt Man *and* Wife. 750
Next, how their Children *should be bred,*
As both by good Example led,
And Precept taught, What ioy, what care
The Good and Bad to Parents *are.*
Wedlocke *with* Single life *compar'd,* 755
I, and preferr'd in some regard.

That

That in the choice of any Bride
'Tis Reason *ought to be the Guide,*
And not Affection. *Here's commixt*
760 *Sport, with Philosophie : betwixt,*
Various discourse. The matter's ground
Worthy an Author so renown'd.

The Speakers, PAMPHILVS and MARY.

The DIALOGVE.

765 *Pam.* HAile to thee,ô thou Cruel,who canst vant
Of nothing else saue iron and Adamant.
Mar. Haile to thee too (at length) ô *Pamphilus,*
How,and as oft as thou shalt please : but thus
770 Wherfore You should salute me,know I not,
It seemes to me my name you haue forgot.
Maria I am call'd.
Pam. Hadst thou thy right,
Thou *Martia* hadst been nam'd.
775 *Mar.* I cannot fight,
Nor know I what *Mars* meanes : Pray wherefore then
Ranke you me with that murtherer of men?
Pam. Because I hold thee more obdurat far,
And thirsting bloud,than is the god of War.
780 He kills for sport, (but such as he doth hate)
But thou thy Louers, (Cruell and ingrate.)
Mar. Good words I pray ; to make me better skil'd.
Shew me the strage of those whom I haue kil'd?
Or where's the bloud?
785 *Pam.* One Corse liuelesse and cold
Thou look'st vpon when thou dost me behold.

Mar. What do I heare ? Did any euer know
A dead man (like thee) both to speake and go ?
Should no more terrible Ghosts to me appeare,
790 Trust me I neuer should be strooke with feare.
*Pa.*Thou jest'st with me,and mean time strik'st me dead,
And by degrees I'm hourely massacred,
Worse than if thou with steele shouldst pierce my brest;
For now with lingring death I am opprest.
795 *Mar.* How many childing women with wet eies
Were present to lament your obsequies ?
Pam. And yet my palenesse argues (to my cost)
I am more bloudlesse than a walking Ghost.
Mar. And yet that palenesse hath a violets hew :
800 You so looke pale,as we in Summer view
The ripening Cherry, and your cheeke is dy'de
Like th' Autumne Grape that's purpled on one side.
Pam. In sooth you do not well to jeere and flam
Me, knowing in what wretched case I am.
805 *Mar.* If thou beleev'st me not, there's a glasse by,
Reach it,and that will speake as much as I.
No glasse I wish, no Mirror can allow,
Saue that in which I do behold me now.
Mar. What Mirror's that you speake of ?
810 *Pam.* Your cleare eies.
Mar. You'ar the same Sophister, and still so wise
As you were euer : but I pray make't plaine,
How you are liuelesse ? and by me how slaine ?
Or is't the use of Shadowes to take meat ?
815 *Pam.* They do (like me) but taste not what they eat.
Mar. What is their food ?
Pam. Leekes,Mallowes, Pulse.
Mar. Indeed ?
But sometimes you on Cocke and Partridge feed.
820 *Pam.* But to my pallat are as much default
As should I feed on sallads without salt.
Mar. O miserable man ! yet by this light

To

To me Y'appeare fat,fresh, and in good plight :
But can the Dead discourse ?
825 *Pam*. Yes, they may speake,
But with a voice (like me) low,faint,and weake.
Mar. And yet (but lately) when reuenge you vow'd
Vpon your Riuall, you spake shrill and lowd.
But tell me further, as the Shadowes talke,
830 Are they (like you) apparel'd ? Can they walke ?
Or do they sleepe ?
Pam. They do, such is their fate :
Nay more than that, sometimes subagitate
After their kinde.
835 *Mar*. You trifle finely now :
Pam. But will you in your judgement yeeld and bow,
If it by *Achillean* proofes be try'de,
That I am dead,and you the homicide ?
Mar. Far be that Omen from vs : But proceed
840 With that your Sophisme.
Pam. First then 'tis agreed,
Death's nothing but the absence of the Soule
From the fraile body : (none can this controule)
And that you'l grant.
845 *Mar*. Well.
Pam. That which you agree,
You'l not recall hereafter.
Mar. 'T shall not bee.
Pam. You'l not deny, That such as take a life
850 From any other, kill ?
Mar. 'Tis without strife.
Pam. You'l likewise yeeld to that approv'd long since
By Authors, such as no man can convince,
Namely,That from the body the soule moues,
855 And is not where it liues,but where it loues.
Mar. Therein th'advantage you of me haue got ;
Pray make't more plaine, I vnderstand it not.
Pam. In that I'm most vnhappy, since I see

You are not alike sensible with mee.
860 *Mar.* Then make me so.
Pam. You might with like pretence
Bid me to teach the Adamant to haue sence.
Mar. I am a Maid, not stone.
Pam. And yet most sure,
865 Than th' hardest Adamant y'are more obdure.
Mar. Well, recollect your selfe.
Pam. (Though to be'admir'd)
All that with divine Raptures are inspir'd.
'Tis said, nor heare,nor smell,nor see,nor feele,
870 Although you wound them with transpiercing steele.
Mar. So I haue heard.
Pam. Know you the cause?
Mar. Not I:
Explaine it you who reade Philosophy.
875 *Pam.* Because the Soule's in heav'n,when't doth affect,
And absent from the flesh in that respect.
Mar. What then?
Pam. What then? thou Cruel? why this makes it plain,
Thou art the Murdresse: I the man new slain.
880 *Mar.* Where's then thy soule?
Pam. Why where it loues?
Mar. But who
Hath tooke it from thee? Wherefore sigh'sts thou so?
Speake freely, and vncheckt?
885 *Pam.* One cruell, yet
She whom in death I neuer shall forget.
Mar. Y' are witty: But (my rare Philosopher)
Why likewise take you not a soule from her,
Repaying like with like?
890 *Pam.* Nor thinke it strange;
Nothing could proue more happy than such change,
And make me more essentially blest,
Then myne in hers,if hers in myne would rest.
Mar. Shall I haue leaue (as thou but late with me)
That

895 That I may play the Sophister with thee?
Pam. The Sophistresse.
Mar. Can it with probabilitie be sed,
That the same body is alive and dead?
*Pam.*But not at the same time. *Mar.*The soule confine,
900 The bodie's dead,nor canst thou call it thine.
Pam. I grant.
Mar. Nor quickens but when 'tis in place.
Pam. Well, be it so.
Mar. Speake then,how stands the case?
905 That being where it liues, in former state,
It keepes the body, whence it shifted late;
Or where it elsewhere liues, if it giue breath,
How can it (whilst it liues) be taxt of death?
Pam. In Sophistrie I see well skil'd you are,
910 Yet can I easily euade this snare.
The Soule which doth the liuing body sway,
Vnproperly (me thinks) title you may
A soule, when those that do the men controule,
Are truly some small reliques of the soule,
915 And nothing else. As when you take a Rose,
And smell to it, howeuer you dispose
Of the floure after : being gon againe,
The sent thereof will on your hand remaine.
Mar. I see they onely shall lost labor win,
920 Who seeke to catch an old Fox in a gin:
But there is one thing more that I demand,
And I from you would gladly vnderstand;
Doth not he act, that's staind with murthers gilt?
And suffer not all such whose blouds are spilt?
925 *Pam.* Most true.
Mar. How comes it then, when as the Wooer
In this case may be said to be the doer,
And she that's woo'd, the Patient (which is plaine,
And stiffely to oppose it were but vaine)
930 She that's belov'd, no such intent pursuing,

Should not be that? he cause of his owne ruin.
Pam. Quite contrarie : he (we see daily prov'd)
Suffer, who loues : she acts that is belov'd.
Mar. The *(a) Areopagitæ* (Grammar-skil'd)
935 In this cannot evince me.
Pam. Y'are selfe-will'd :
Yet shal *(b)* th' *Amphictriones* by Logicke doo't.
Mar. There's one doubt,prethee answer me untoo't;
Whether is this your loue free, or constrain'd?
940 *Pam.* Most willingly I loue, though thus disdain'd.
Mar. Since not to loue, men likewise haue free-will,
Who euer loues, doth aime himselfe to kill :
And the inditement well against him laid,
'Twere great injustice to accuse the Maid.
945 *Pam.* She is not said the Louer to haue slaine,
Because belov'd, but not to loue againe.
For all such persons may be said to slay,
Who can preserue, and will not when they may.
Mar. Say a yong man vnlawfully should dote
950 Vpon a Vestall, from the world remote;
Or cast his eye vpon anothers wife :
Must these lie prostrat, to preserve his life?
Pam. But where this yong man his affection vowes,
The act both Law and Pietie allowes,
955 And yet is slaine. But if that murther bee
A sinne that doth appeare so sleight to thee.
I can of Witchcraft challenge thee.
Mar. O fie!
Witchcraft? Forbid it you blest Pow'rs on hye :
960 Wouldst thou make me a *Circes*?
Pam. I divine,
Thou art worse far, because a Beare or Swine
I'de rather bee, than as thou seest me now,
Sencelesse and without life.
965 *Mar.* Pray tell me how,
Or by what kinde of Witchcraft do I kill?

Pam.

Pam. By fascination.
Mar. Is it then thy will
I turne my noxious eies from thee?
970 *Pam*. Not so,
But rather let them still dwell here.
Mar. Fie no.
If in myne eies there be effascination,
How comes it there is no such alteration
975 In others I behold? Now I diuine,
The witchcraft's not in mine eies,but in thine.
Pam. Is't not enough,thy vow'd friend to transperse,
But thou wilt still insult upon his herse?
Mar. O pleasant dead man, that can talke so free:
980 But I pray speake,When shall thy funerall bee?
Pam. Sooner than thou do'st deeme, (I am afraid)
Vnlesse thou suddenly afford'st me aid.
Mar. Can I worke such a wonder?
Pam. Thou mayst doo
985 A greater act, and with small labour too,
Restore the Dead to life.
Mar. Had I the weed
Call'd *(c) Panaces*.
Pam. Of Simples there's no need:
990 Onely repay my loue, that's void of lust,
(Than which, what thing more easie,or more iust)
There's nothing else can thee of murther cleere.
Mar. But at what bar shall I be call'd to appeare?
Before the *Areopagitæ?*
995 *Pam*. No,
But at the bar of *Venus*.
Mar. Those that know
That goddesse, say shee's placable.
Pam. So ye'haue heard;
1000 But there is none to be more dread and feard.
Mar. Carrieth she lightning?
Pam. Not.

Mar. Or doth she beare
A Trident?
1005 *Pam.* Neither.
Mar Doth she vse a speare?
Pam. Not any : but shee's goddesse of the seas.
Mar. I do not vse to saile.
Pam. But more than these;
1010 She hath a Boy.
Mar. His age can none affright.
Pam. But hee's peruerse,reuengefull,and of might.
Mar What can he do to me?
Pam. What can he? All
1015 The gods forbid, that you should prostrat fall
Beneath his fury : loth would I presage
Ill vnto her,to whom my selfe I'engage.
Mar. I am not superstitious, speake thy minde.
Pam I shall : If thou hereafter prov'st vnkinde,
1020 Or shalt appeare so peevish or so fond
To one whose loue with thine may correspond :
Should such a sute to *Venus* be commenc'd
By her the Boy would be so much insenc'd,
To aime a shaft in *(e)* Stiptick poison dipt,
1025 By which thy hard brest on the sudden ript,
It shall besot thee on some sordid Swaine,
Which shall thy loue repay with cold disdaine.
Mar. An horrid punishment thou talkst of,I
A thousand times had rather wish to die,
1030 Than perditly to'affect one base and vile,
And he his heart towards me not reconcile.
Pam. Yet of a Virgin subiect to like fate
There hath been knowne a sad example late.
Mar. What place?
1035 *Pam* Aurelia.
Mar. Since how many yeares?
Pam. How many moneths you would say, Still appeares
The lamentable ruine,and the fame

Is

Is loud and frequent.
1040 *Mar.* Speake,what was her name?
Why dost thou pause?
Pam. I know her even as well
As I do thee.
Mar. Then why dost thou not tell
1045 What her name is?
Pam. 'Tis for the Omens sake.
Which doth not please me : I wish she could take
Some other name vpon her. You may gather
What hers is, by your owne.
1050 *Mar.* Who was her father?
Pam. A man of qualitie,and one that liues
Amongst the Lawyers, vnto whom he giues
No common luster.
Mar. I am now ambitious
1055 To know what his name is.
Pam. Hee's cal'd *Mauritius :*
Mar. But his syrname?
Pam. *Aglaius.*
Mar. Liues her mother?
1060 *Pam.* No,but of late chang'd this life for another.
Mar. But of what sicknesse dy'de she?
Pam. Wouldst thou know?
Of sorrow, that her childe was shipwrackt so.
Her father too, of valour prov'd and try'de,
1065 Did little want but of conceit had dy'de.
Mar. How was her mother styl'd,pray tell me true?
Pam. I will : *Sophronia* : one that none but knew.
But what meane all these questions? do you thinke
I speake a thing that's forg'd?
1070 *Mar.* It cannot sinke
Into my head : you rather may suspect
Our sex for that, since fables we affect.
But say, what hapned to her then?
Pam. The Maid

Was

1075 Was borne in honest place,as I then said,
Of happy dower,and amiable feature :
Why should I hold you long ? She was a creature
Fit for a Princes bed ; and sought by one
Then euery way her equall : there was none
1080 More meriting.
Mar. How call'd ?
Pam. The Omen doth offend : yet thus
Receiue his name, he was calld *Pamphilus :*
Who though he prov'd all possible waies to win her,
1085 Yet save disdaine,when he found nothing in her,
Griefe wasted him away : when she soone after
Doated vpon a Groome compos'd for laughter ;
Whom you might rather call an Ape than Man.
Mar. What is't you say ?
1090 *Pam.* So poorely,that I can
Scarce giue thereof expression.
Mar. She so faire,
To dote on one deformed ?
Pam. Thin his haire,
1095 Besides,disorderd and vnkembd,his crowne
Picked,made steeple-wise,and ouergrowne
With scurfe and dandruffe ; bald he was beside,
Extremely squint-eyd,and his nosthrils wide
And bending vpward, with a mouth most spacious,
1100 His teeth both gagg'd and furr'd, his tongue vngratious.
Stammering at every word ; a scabbed chin,
And easily seene, because his beard was thin ;
Crookt-backt,gow-bellied,bending at the knee
His legs.
1105 *Mar.* *Thersites* thou describ'st to me.
Pam. Nay more ; They say he hath but one eare left.
Mar. Perhaps the tother was in war bereft.
Pam. Most sure 'twas lost in peace.
Mar. Such an affront
1110 What's he durst giue him ?

Pam.

Pam. Now I thinke vpon't,
It was the hangman.
Mar. Notwithstanding this,
Perhaps what in his feature is amisse,
1115 His substance may make good.
Pam. But hee's no better
Than a meere Bankrupt,one that is a debter
Of his owne soule, and he hath pawnd it oft.
And yet she that's so tender,smooth,and soft,
1120 Doth with this Monster bosome,drinke,and eat;
Nay,at his churlish hands is oft times beat.
Mar. A wretched tale,if truly understood.
Pam. And yet so * *Nemesis* hath thought it good.
Most true it is, nor could the goddesse long
1125 Defer due vengeance for the yong mans wrong.
Mar. Than such a monster of a man to brooke,
I rather wish here to be thunder-strooke.
Pam. Then let not *Nemesis* be iustly mov'd,
Provoke her not, love where thou art belo'vd.
1130 *Mar.* Would that suffice,with all my soule I'de doo't.
Pam. Speake not the word,vnlesse thou stand vntoo't.
I wish moreouer, That your love may be
Lasting, and only proper vnto me.
A wife, no mistresse, I haue now in chase.
1135 *Mar.* I do not doubt it : yet in such a case,
When as our vowes continue with our fate,
Behooues vs long time to deliberate.
Pam. I haue long enough consider'd.
Mar. Lest you erre,
1140 Take heed, for Love's but a bad Counseller,
And as they say, hee's blinde.
Pam. Blinde love I scorne;
But that love sees, which is of judgement borne.
Thou dost not therefore seeme to me so faire,
1145 Because I loue thee; but I therefore dare
To love thee, since thou art as thou appear'st.

* *Venus.*

Mar.

Mar. And yet beware how you esteeme me dearest :
When you pull on your shoo you best may tel
In what part it doth chiefely pinch you.
1150 *Pam.* Well,
Dice must be cast for that, I and the rather,
Because by many Auguries I gather.
Things better may succeed.
M*ar*. An Augur too ?
1155 *Pam.* I am.
M*ar*. But what can your sooth-saying doo ?
Saw you the night-Crow flie ?
Pam. 'T had been in vaine ;
Shee onely flies to such as haue no braine.
1160 M*ar*. Or did you see two Turtles take their flight
Either vpon the left hand or the right ?
Pam. Tush these are toyes : yet one thing I haue seene,
And long time markt ; The goodnesse that hath beene
Deriv'd vnto you,nor doth it foretell
1165 Any bad Omen, to be borne so well ;
Nor forreigne vnto me were their conditions,
Or with how many wholsome admonitions
Thy education from the first hath bin,
With faire examples free from sight of sin.
1170 " And better 'tis (the Dowrie to adorne)
" To haue one well instructed, than well borne.
There is another Augurie beside :
My Ancestors (I speake it not in pride)
Are not of meanest ranke,and in times past
1175 With thine made league, which to this day doth last.
And that,not vulgar, from our cradles wee
Haue knowne each other ; but to disagree
Were neuer knowne : there is a parity
In our two yeares ; in the nobility,
1180 Riches,and honour of our parents. More,
(Which in this match I should haue plac'd before)
Your sweet indowments and behauior rare

Did

Did in all points with my condition square :
But whether myne with yours haue suted well
1185 In correspondence, that I cannot tell.
These are the Birds which I observ'd to flie,
Predicting only by their Augurie.
And these presage a marriage to ensue,
Happy and blest,nay alwaies seeming new.
1190 Vnlesse from your most delicate warbling throat
Should now proceed some harsh vnpleasing noat
To crosse my hopes.
M*ar*. Say, What song do you wish ?
Pam. I will begin,now answer you to this,
1195 'Tis but two words,and they soone learnd ; *I am thine :*
Now echo vnto me,and sing,*Thou myne*.
M*ar*. 'Tis a short song,and hath as short a theme,
And yet it beares a long (*f*) *Epiphoneme*.
Pam. What matters it how long, so it be sweet.
1200 M*ar*. And yet I should be loth,as we now meet,
That I to any motion should consent,
Of which perhaps in time you may repent.
Pam. O cease to boad vs ill.
M*ar*. I may grow strange,
1205 When age or sicknesse shall my beauty change.
Pam· Craz'd or in health,thou shalt to me be one,
Equall in both,so deare vnto me none.
I gaze not on this building,rare and neat ;
The guest within I loue.
1210 M*ar*. What guest I'entreat ?
Pa.Thy mind,whose splendor with thy yeres doth grow.
M*ar*.He'had need of more than *(g) Lynceus* eyes,that so
Can through so many roofes at once espy.
Pam. Thy minde by myne I see perspicuously.
1215 To adde to these, we in our children may,
As we wax old,grow yonger euery day.
M*ar*. I, but Virginitie meane time is lost.
Pam. Tell me, if you your selfe had layd great cost

Vpon

Vpon an Orchard, you would thinke it sin,
1220 Should nothing else but bare floures grow therein :
Had you not rather (all the floures bee'ng cropt)
To see the trees full branches vnderpropt,
Laden with ripe fruit?
Mar. O, you argue fine.
1225 *Pam.* Or answer me : To see a drooping Vine
Falne,and there putrifying where 'tis laid?
Or see one by her owne kinde claspings staid;
And round about some faire growne Elme to run,
Whilst her full clusters ripen 'gainst the Sun?
1230 Which is the goodlier sight?
Mar. Now answer me :
Which of the two sights had you rather see :
A milke white Rose still shining in its thorne :
Or cropt, and in some durty bosome worne,
1235 To lose her faire leaves?
Pam. As I vnderstand,
That Rose is happier,gatherd by the hand,
And withers,after it doth both delight
The nose with the sweet smell, the eye with sight.
1240 Rather than that which giues no more content,
Than to the Brier forfeit both leaues and sent.
It grew for use,first to be gathered, then
To wither after. So the wine that men
At merry meetings jovially downe poure,
1245 Is happier far, than what (vndrunke) growes soure.
Nor is the Virgin floure maturely growne,
Blasted as soone as cropt. Some I haue knowne,
Before their marriage languish and looke sickly,
Who after congresse haue recover'd quickly,
1250 As if they had but then begun to spring.
Mar. And yet Virginitie (you know's a thing)
Gracious and plausible to all.
Pam. 'Tis true,
Than a yong Virgin, nothing to the view

More

1255 More gratefull : but what object can there bee
Worse, than an old and wrinkled maid to see?
Vnlesse thy mother had let fall her floure,
Thy blossome had not flourisht at this houre.
And if our future marriage (as I hope)
1260 Do not proue barren, we shall then haue scope,
Though that Virginitie be lost and gone,
To yeeld the world a many for that one.
Mar. And yet pure chastitie's a thing (they say)
To God most gratefull.
1265 *Pam.* And I therefore pray,
Hee'l send me a chast Virgin to my wife,
With whom to leade a chast vnquestion'd life :
And by that means shall grow the greater Tye,
Of mindes, then bodies; so shall you and I
1270 Get to the publique weale, to Christ beget.
Then how far distant is this wedlocke set
From true Virginitie : it may so fall,
That we in time may proue as conjugall
As *Ioseph* liv'd with *Mary*. Meane time wee
1275 Shall practise 'twixt our selues a chastitie,
To whose sublimitie none can come neare,
Vpon the sudden.
Mar. What is this I heare?
Must chastitie be violated,and
1280 Then after learnd?
Pam. What else? (Pray vnderstand)
As when by drinking of a lesser draught,
We,by degrees,abstemiousnesse are taught :
In this affaire with vs so stands the state.
1285 Which of the two hold you more temperate ;
He at a full and furnisht table plac't,
And of no tempting delicate will tast;
Than he, remov'd from all that might accite,
Or any way prouoke his appetite?
1290 *Mar.* I hold him of a temp'rance far more great,

Who

Who,when beset with dainties,will not eat.
Pam. In case of Chastitie which stand you for?
Him that hath made himselfe an Eunuch; or
One that is able bodied, strong, and sound,
1295 And yet in whom there's no intemperance found?
M*ar.* Vpon the last I dare bestow the Bayes;
On the first, madnesse, and no other praise.
Pam. All such as by the strictnesse of their Vow,
No matrimoniall Contract will allow,
1300 What do they else but gueld themselues?
M*ar.* You say't.
Pam. It is not vertue, not to copulate.
M*ar.* How is it not?
Pam. Obserue me: If it were
1305 A vertue in it selfe, not to cohere;
It must be then a vice to hauecongresse.
But that to be most lawfull we may guesse,
By mutuall consocietie. Againe,
Marriage is honorable.
1310 M*ar.* Make it more plaine,
Why you infer this?
Pam. Since so oft it falls:
As, to the louing wife the husband calls
For due benevolence; it only beeing
1315 For issues sake.
M*ar.* But say there's disagreeing,
When it proceeds from wantonnesse and lust;
Then, to deny him, is't not right and iust?
Pam. Rather admonish and intreat him faire;
1320 That you may do: howeuer, bound you are
To yeeld to him, beeing instant. In that straine
Scarce heare I husbands of their wives complaine.
Mar. But libertie is sweet.
Pam. Yet further heare;
1325 Virginitie 's a weighty load to beare.
But I thy King,and thou my Queen shalt bee;

Wee'l

Wee'l rule and reigne in our owne family :
Can that appeare to thee a servitude ?
Mar. But I haue oft heard marriage, by the rude
1330 And Vulgar, calld an Halter that fast ties.
Pam. All those that sacred mariage so despise,
Are of an halter worthy. This decide :
Is not thy Minde vnto thy Body ty'de ?
Mar. It seemes to be so.
1335 *Pam.* Even iust as you see
A Bird incage'd ; whom aske to be set free,
She will deny't : and wherefore ? Can you tell ?
Because her bondage doth content her well.
Mar. Our means are but indifferent.
1340 *Pam.* Therefore more
Safe. The best way then to encrease our store,
Is your good houswifery at home, whilst I
Abroad will vse my vtmost industry.
Mar. But many children still bring many cares.
1345 *Pam.* And many pleasures too : I haue knowne heires,
For all the troubles and vncessant feares,
The cost and charge that in their tender yeares
They haue put their parents to ; being growne men,
Haue payd them backe with double vse agen.
1350 *Mar.* A miserable thing it were, I vow,
To haue had children, then to lose them.
Pam. Now,
Are you not childelesse ? But at no good rate,
Of doubtfull things thus ill you ominate.
1355 Which wish you rather to your lot might fall,
Be borne to die,or not be borne at all ?
Mar. Why of the two, borne (as I am) to die.
Pam. So much more wretched is that Orbitie
And deprivation, which yet never had,
1360 Or euer shall haue issue ; (to make glad)
As they more happy are, borne to the earth,
Than they, nor borne, nor euer to haue birth.

Mar. But who are they that are not, nor shall be?
Nay heare me yet a little further : He
1365 Who humane frailties shall refuse to beare,
(To which even all men while they sojourne here,
Are equally obnoxious ; keepe the State,
Or be they low degreed) must yeeld to Fate.
But as for thee, let come what can betide ;
1370 For thou shalt beare but halfe, I will divide
The burthen with thee : nay, the greater share
I'le cast on myne owne shoulders, (in my care)
But so, that in each joyfull accident
Doubled shall be thy pleasure in th'event.
1375 If ought disastrous ; my societie may
Take (of the griefe) the greatest part away :
And for your selfe (did but the Fates so please)
I wish on me no greater joy might sease,
Nor would I further happinesse desire,
1380 Than in thy sweet embraces to expire.
*M.*That which by Natures common course doth chance,
You men disgest with easiest countenance.
But I see with some parents how it fares,
In whom their childrens manners breed more cares,
1385 Than can their deaths.
Pam. But please you be content,
It lies in vs that danger to prevent.
Mar. As how?
Pam. I'le make it plaine ; because we see
1390 Neuer bad Fruit proceed from a good Tree,
As touching the condition, Nor is't read,
That ravenous Kytes of gentle Doves are bred.
Let vs first study goodnesse ; then provide,
That from the milke we may their youth so guide,
1395 By holy precepts and good admonitions,
That we may rectifie their bad conditions:
'Tis of great consequence,what is infus'd
Into a Vessel when it first is vs'd.

Adde

Adde to the rest,in our domesticke state,
1400 Examples, such as they may imitate.
Mar. 'Tis hard you speake.
Pam. No wonder,because faire ;
And that's some reason why so hard you are.
But the more difficult it seemes to be,
1405 'Twill aske from vs the greater industry.
Mar. Me of a pliant mettall you shall finde ;
See then you cast and shape me to your minde.
Pam. Pronounce three words in th' interim.
Mar. 'Twere small paine ;
1410 But words once past,fly neuer backe againe.
I'le giue you counsell,and consider of it,
Which may no doubt redownd to both our profit.
Solicite you our parents to this match,
They once agreed,we would make quicke dispatch.
1415 *Pam* You would haue me, the bush to beat about,
When in three words you may resolue this doubt.
Mar. Whether I can, is yet to me vnknowne,
Because I am my parents, not myne owne :
Neither did Contracts in times past proceed,
1420 Vnlesse by th'Elders they were first agreed.
But howsoever,I presume, 'twixt us
This match will proue the more auspitious,
Lesse casuall too, to both, and much more sweet.
If by our parents free consents we meet.
1425 To move them in't, your office 'tis, you know,
Because in me it comely would not show :
Virginitie loves to be forc't ; maids still,
What they giue freely,grant against their will.
Pam. Before I moue them, shall I thus indent ;
1430 May I presume I haue your free consent ?
Mar. Thou hast, my *Pamphilus*, then be of cheare.
Pam. Y'are now to me religiously deare,
Mar. But your owne voice I'de wish you stil suspend,
And e're begin, consider first the end.

1435 Do not *Affection* vnto Counsell call,
But summon *Reason*, which should governe all :
For what *Affection* swayes is apt to vary,
And is (indeed) no more than temporarie :
But that which *Reason* dictates, be thou sure,
1440 Is permanent, and euer shall endure.
Pam. How sweetly play you the Philosopher ?
And I shall no way from your counsels err.
Mar. It shall not much repent you. But againe,
There is one doubt that much distracts my braine.
1445 *Pam.* Now let all scruples vanish.
Mar. Is't your will
I marry to a dead man ?
Pam. I live still,
Reviv'd by you.
1450 *Mar.* The scruple is remov'd ;
And now at length, farewell my best Belov'd.
Pam. Be that your care.
Mar. I wish you a glad night.
Whence came that deepe suspire ?
1455 *Pam.* From no affright.
A glad night did you say ? Now as I live,
What you last whisht, would you had will to giue.
Mar. It is not fit that too much haste be made,
For yet you see your harvest's in the blade.
1460 *Pam.* Shall I beare nothing from you ?
Mar. This sweet-Ball,
Take it to cheare your heart.
Pam. A kisse withall.
Mar. By no meanes, since to bring thee,I desire,
1465 A chastitie vnblemisht and intire.
Pam. Can that detract from modestie ?
Mar. Desist :
Or would you I by others should be kist ?
Pam. Reserue them then,as these you solely owe
1470 To me and to my use.

Mar.

Mar. I'le keepe them so :
Yet I could tell you of another cause
Wherefore I dare not kisse.
Pam. Speake't without pause.
1475 ***Mar.*** You say, your whole soule, or the greater part
Is fled into my body ; and your heart
Empty'd of vitall heate, (or little there
Remaining still) it therefore is my feare,
Lest by a kisse, the little which is left,
1480 I drawing, you be quite of life bereft.
But take this hand, symbole of that affection
Which mutually confirmes our free election.
So once againe farewell : be for my sake
Carefull (I intreat) in that you undertake.
1485 Mean time I'le pray, what yet remaines vndone,
May in a faire and prosp'rous course be run.



The Argument of the Dialogue betwixt EARTH and AGE.

IN EARTH *and* AGE *is to the lise exprest,*
1490 *How bad all Men are,when they are at best:*
How fraile, how fading, and in their great'st glory
Vnsettled, wretched, vaine, and transitory.
It shewes all Learning, Beauty, Youth, and Strength,
All Pompe, all Wealth to nothing comes at length:
1495 *No Statue, Structure, Trophee, so sublime,*
Which is not quite lost and defac't by Time.
O who can then our common * *Parent blame,* * EARTH.
Since all things she produceth that haue name,
As they haue birth from her still-teeming wombe,
1500 *So the same place is likewise made their tombe.*
No wonder then her griefe so far exceeds,
Since she is forc't to bury all she breeds.

The DIALOGUE.

Earth. WHat's he so many tongues can me al-
1505 low,
As he had eies who watcht the
(*a*) *Pharian* Cow?
So many mouthes to me who's he can give,
As Fame reports the (*b*) *Sybels* yeares did live?

Had

1510 Had I as many words my thoughts to expresse,
As (by th' *(c) Ascræan* Poet) we may guesse,
The antient gods liv'd dayes? Had I beside,
As many brasen throats open and wide,
As *Xerxes* shot darts, (after fight begun)
1515 Whose number from the earth shadow'd the Sun?
So many rivulets of teares what's hee
Can to myne eyes infuse,as was by thee
Cyrus (if we may trust antiquity)
Let into Ganges drops, thereby to breed
1520 Dry waste vnto that *(d)* Channell drown'd his steed?
Who can my clamorous words supply with sorrow?
So many deepe suspires where shall I borrow;
As Valiant Roman Spirits (scorning to yeeld)
Fell in one fatall day at *(e) Canna's* field?
1525 O my great griefe,which in the height appeares,
Not to be calm'd with words, nor washt with teares.
When *(f) Phaeton* fell from the *Sunnes* bright throne,
How did his mournfull sisters him bemoane?
Who from their rough rindes where they be inclos'd,
1530 Weepe pretious Amber still. *Phœbus,* oppos'd
'Gainst *(g) Niobe,* (her children hauing slaine)
O how she still in marble doth complaine?
What sorrow, musicall *Orpheus,* didst thou feele,
When thy *Euridice,*stung in the heele,
1535 And dying, borne vnto th' infernall shade,
Thou with thy harp through hell free passage made?
What more than madnesse did corrode thy brest,
Andromache? when(*Hector* layd to rest)
Thou saw'st thy *(i)* sonne, the hope of Troy and thee,
1540 Dropt from a tower : what sorrow might this bee?
Ev'n such was thine, *(k) Aegæus,*to behold
Thy sonnes blacke sailes returning : which so cold
Strook to thy heart, thou thinking *Theseus* slaine,
Leapt from a rocke,and gav'st the sea thy name.
1545 The torment of a mighty passion thou

(l) Iocasta felt, to see thy two sonnes vow
Their mutuall ruines by revengefull Armes?
Sad *(m) Dædalus*, what pittifull alarmes
Were in thy brest giv'n, to behold from hye,
1550 Thy sonne with his feint wings drop from the skie?
There to be food for fishes, and to adde
A name vnto that sea, it neuer had?
Or should I speake how much *(n) Progne* lamented
Her husbands spowse-breach? or how discontented
1555 *(o) Anthonoë* was after *Actæon* torne?
Or of *(p) Antigone*, sad and forlorne,
Leading blinde *Oedipus* o're rocks along?
Within the compasse of my passionate song
Bring all the torments of the former age,
1560 Gyves, Manacles,and Fetters, all that Rage
Or Fury can inflict; want,hunger,thirst,
Whip,post,or prison,labor,or what's worst,
The melancholy dungeon,gallows,racke,
The forke or stake,what on the homicides backe
1565 Law can impose, the Traitor or the Theefe;
All these are toyes, if rated at my griefe.
By stings of Serpents,or their teeth,to die;
Rough winter gusts, where *Boreas* blowes most hye:
A thousand wounds were nothing to endure,
1570 Or mounted on a gybbet, there chain'd sure,
And liue to gorge the Ravens, or to bleed
Beneath the Lyons jawes; after to feed
Her whelps, were nothing.
Age. Of the gods high straine.
1575 What, or whence are you, that so loud exclaime?
Earth. EARTH, Parent of all things.
Age. Why weepe you?
Earth. Why?
Haue I not just cause? (who so great as I?
1580 Being a Mother) in this wretched state,
To see my Sons hourely snatcht hence by Fate,

Age.

Age. You haue iust cause to doo't.
Earth. I pray what lesse
Perceiue you in the vntam'd Lionesse,
1585 When she but one whelp misseth from her den?
Age. She mournes.
Earth. What of the ravenous Tygre then,
To lose her yong she tender'd with such care?
Age. She grieves and raves.
1590 *Earth.* How doth the poore Hen fare,
Clocking amidst her brood, when in her sight
One Chicken is snatcht from her by the Kite?
Age. She sorrowes.
Earth. What doth the fleece-bearing Dam,
1595 When 'fore her face the Wolfe deuours her Lamb?
Age. Laments.
Earth. Doth not the Cow with bellowing teare
The aire,to finde her Calfe spoyld by the Beare?
Age. Alas she'lowes.
1600 *Earth.* What doth the Sow,to spy
Out any of her Pigs stolne from her stie?
Age. She calls loud after.
Earth. O then what should I?
If whatsoever I produce or cherish,
1605 Procreate or beare, I see before me perish?
Is it not wondrous,Forrests should at length
Bide putrifaction,rot,and lose their strength?
The shadowie tree Time of her beauty 'reaves,
Despoiling her both of her fruit and leaves.
1610 *Age.* 'Tis wondrous I confesse,but so 't must bee.
Earth. What is it then, that I behold and see
The brazen statues of the gods decay,
The monuments of Princes turne to clay;
Mighty *(q) Colossi,* Temples deckt with Vaines,
1615 Supported with rich Columnes (by the braines
Of the best Architects) made wide and large,
With spacious arches,sacred,in the charge

Of

Of many a golden Relique : these to fall,
And in a few short seasons perish all.
1620 *Age.* So it hath pleas'd the gods.
Earth. The gods are then
Too cruell and austere to vs and men ;
Since whatsoeuer the Earths fertile wombe
Brings forth to aire,and in the world to have roome ;
1625 Whatever in her bosome she hath ta'ne
To feed and foster : what doth now remaine,
Or shall hereafter be ? That all these must
Needs be involv'd in rottennesse and dust.
Age. 'Tis fit.
1630 *Earth.* O anguish never to abate,
Or have cessation !
Age. So the gods will ha't.
Earth. Then, as I said before, th'are too severe,
And mercilesly in this kinde austere.
1635 Is't not enough strong walls are beaten downe,
And lofty turrets level'd with the ground ;
Cities are sackt, to ruine made a pray,
The famous statues of the gods decay ;
That rust the iron doth consume and waste,
1640 And pleasant Orchards of corruption taste ;
But Man must perish too,and cannot shun
Times fearefull havocke, but to ruine run ?
Age. The Fates so will.
Earth. What pitty can there be
1645 Ascrib'd to any pow'rfull deity ?
But what art thou ? What goddesse ? or how styl'd ?
Age. AGE I am call'd.
Earth. Hence false Virago, vyld
Infernall Fury ; for 'tis thou alone
1650 Bringst all my Issue to confusion :
Swift feather-footed TIME and ravenous AGE
Devour all things in their remorselesse rage.
Age. What's sublunarie,Fate will haue to fall.

Earth.

Earth. Say Tyrannesse, thou AGE, consuming all,
1655 Where be those high *Pyramides* so fam'd,
By which the barbarous *(r) Memphis* first was nam'd,
Rear'd by so many workmens sweat and toile?
Age. As all things else, even these have suffer'd spoile.
Earth. Where's Pharos Isle? the Sepulchre renownd
1660 Of King *(s) Mausolus?* where's the Image crownd
Of chast *(t) Diana*? Strumpet tell me.
Age Gone.
Earth. Where's the *(u) Tarpeian* Masse, a structure none
More famous? where's the hundred gated Towne
1665 Calld *Thebes?* or strong immur'd *Babylon?*
Where's populous *Ninive?* what's *Romes* sublime
Vast Theatre by *Cæsar* built? by TIME
Confounded all; where's the Colosse of *Rhods?*
Age. Their ruins all were foreseen by the gods.
1670 *Earth*. What's *Troy*? old *Sparta?* or *Corinthus* hye?
What's *Solomons* Temple, Harlot?
Age. All these lye
In darke oblivion buried; and in vaine
You fret, chide, wrangle, and perplex your braine,
1675 Deare Mother EARTH; weepe riuers from thine eies,
With clamors cleave thy jawes, make thy lungs rise,
Consume thy marrow, breake thy backe, and teare
Thy intrals out; the Fates are so severe,
Thou canst not breake their order, their strict lawes
1680 Inviolate are, and will admit no clause:
For them the mightiest Kings cannot oppose,
The Souldiers shield hath no defence 'gainst those;
The rich mans purse, the learning of the Wise,
No nor the Poets Verse (let that suffice.)
1685 *Earth*. If then with such ferocitie they bee
So deeply incenst; and that the gods agree
In such inclemencie: advise me how
I shall demeane me?
Age. You of force must bow

1690 To their eternall doome, though you complaine,
Grieve,sorrow,and lament,all is but vaine.
Earth. I will not therefore.
Age. Your best is to advise
Man to leave th'earth,and looke vp to the skies :
1695 To put no confidence in Mundane *Glory*,
Which (like himselfe) is meerly transitory.
Not to grow proud of Beauty,Wisdome,Wealth,
Nor of his Strength, since Age by silent stealth
Will rifle him of all. To him relate,
1700 Of far fam'd men the most vnhappy state.
Earth. Your consolable words have given reliefe
To my suspence,and now exil'd all griefe.
Age. That's all.
Earth. I will obey. Man, answer me.
1705 *Man.* Who's that?
Earth. Thy Mother.
Man. Mine? It cannot be.
Earth. Thy mother *Earth.*
Man. Deare mother then All haile ;
1710 What seeke you?
Earth. I lament.
Man. Can teares prevaile?
Deare Parent cease to grieve : lies it in mee
To give least ease to your calamity?
1715 *Earth.* No, Sonne.
Man. Why mourne you?
Earth. Have not all things birth
From me thy wretched and sad mother *Earth?*
Man. I know it well.
1720 *Earth.* Dost thou not see how I
Give to the woods production as they lie?
Sap to the Trees, Increase vnto the Graine ;
Hug in my fertile bosome stones? Againe,
Afford the Vine Grapes, and the tough Oke Mast ;
1725 Food to the Fish, and to the Birds repast :

'Tis

'Tis I that to th' embroider'd medowes yeeld
Hay, to the Gardens Floures, Grasse to the Field :
And last, as to the best of all my brood,
Birth unto Man ; and after bearing food.
1730 *Man.* I do confesse it, Mother.
Earth. I much lament,
Deare Childe, and from hence growes my discontent,
That hauing such a fertile wombe,so free,
And ever-teeming; only that by mee
1735 So many shapes and bodies hourely grow,
So firme in substance,and so faire in show,
That nothing can her ravenous throat asswage,
But all must die and be consum'd by Age :
She ruines Forrests, the hard marble weares,
1740 Frets iron,wasts Palaces, strong bulwarks teares,
Spoiles Camps,doth Citadels demolish quite ;
Even the gods sacred statues takes from sight.
She not high consecrated Temples spares,
But that which teares and torments to my cares
1745 Still addes, That Man she ruthlesly deuoures,
And makes him perish at vncertaine houres :
Therefore beware, my sweetest Childe,take heed,
Lest tympanous pride within thy bosome breed,
Of this beware, my sonne.
1750 *Man.* Mother I shall.
Earth. Then first, lest warlike glory thee assaile,
And make thee to forget thou art but Dust ;
Heare vnto what the god-like Heroes trust,
Whom Age hath worne out of all memorie.
1755 *Hector.* Lest any in his potencie rely,
Or in his militarie armes take pride,
Or powerfull skill in *(w)* Geticke weapons tryde,
Let him consider me, puissant indeed,
Hector, the strongest of all *Priams* Seed,
1760 Potent in battell, and whilst I did stand,
Ilium was safe, secur'd by sea and land :

(In

(In borrow'd armes) 'twas I *Patroclus* slew ;
Before me, Legions of the Grecians flew,
When I came arm'd in fury : Troy opprest
1765 With ten yeares siege, I garded with this brest.
I whom alone *Achilles* quak't to see,
Have yeelded vnto Fate,and vnto thee
Andromache (a widow) left my sonne.
Thus AGE ends all things an the earth begun.
1770 *Achilles.* The Trojans terror, Great *Achilles*, I
In sinewie strength excelling,and thereby
Famous of old, the only hope and stay
Of the Greeke Heroes,who alone made way
Through all the Dardan host. 'Twas I alone
1775 Was dreaded in the field, and but me none.
Alone of far-fam'd *Hector* was I fear'd,
And *Priam* quak't when he my name but heard :
Able my nerves,and matchlesse might my grace,
In body mighty, terrible my face,
1780 Big shoulderd and broad brested,sterne my brow ;
Yet to (*x*) *Minerva's* Altar as I bow,
Paris behinde me steales,and with his dart
Wounds me i'th heele,which rankles to my heart.
And thus the Valiant perish,and thus AGE
1785 All things consumes in her devouring rage.
Alexander. What's life but frailtie, bubble,or a blast,
A cloud,a smoke, no sooner seene than past?
Yeares, like a ball; are voluble, and run ;
Houres, like false Vowes,no sooner spoke than done :
1790 Time quickly wasteth by vnwary dayes,
Nothing can bribe the Sisters to delayes.
The horrid sword of Death whoso would fly,
Let him but looke into myne age,how I
Am gon and spent ; I that was calld and knowne
1795 By name of *Alexander Macedon :*
Whose fame hath from the Suns vprise been heard
Beyond the place *Ioves* Sonne his pillars reard.

Through

Through Hespery and all the Easterne lands
Have I been fam'd, whom none (oppos'd) withstands.
1800 The populous city Thebes my arme o'rethrew,
I many thousand Persian souldiers slew ;
Phœnicians,Ciclicks,Paphlagonians,all
My sword subdu'd : thrice did *Darius* fall
Beneath my potencie : great Babylon,
1805 Mighty in walls, I sieg'd,and seised on.
And after, golden-wav'd Hidaspes past ;
Porus (foure cubits high) I queld at last,
Whom,conquer'd,I set free. This done, I then
From India saild, to Babylon agen.
1810 Returning, I fell sicke,soone after dyde ;
Thus Time and ravenous AGE shall all things hide.
Sampson. Let Fame, th' admirer of all Ancestrie,
And such as are renown'd for Chivalrie,
Here shew her selfe, and in her shape divine ;
1815 Surveigh all places where the Sun doth shine,
In which large progresse let her see the head
Of flowing Nile : or say that she be fled
Vnto the Sun-burnt *(y) Garamanti*,there
To enquire newes, or what she else can heare
1820 From the Numidians or remoat estates
Of (the oft-shifting place) the (*z*) *Sanzonats.*
Search Thetis Empire through,or further go
To what the fabricke of the world can show,
She shall not finde that mortall wight that dare
1825 With me in nerves or strength of armes compare.
I am the mighty *Sampson,*famous yet,
To whom for strength *Alcides* would submit :
To strangle Lions was no more than play,
Or to out-run swift Tygres on the way.
1830 What though I with the jaw-bone of an asse
A thousand slew,and through their army passe ?
What though the city gates I rend and teare,
And (after) them vpon my shoulders beare ?

Yet

Yet notwithstanding my great power and strength,
1835 I yeeld to death, Age swallowes all at length.
Earth. Know now my Son, that such most happy are,
Whom others harmes can teach how to beware.
See,whatsoeuer I produce or bring,
Nurse or giue fostring to,even every thing
1840 Devouring Age consumes. Dost thou not see
Renowned *Hector* yeeld to Destinie?
How great *Achilles*, after wars rough stormes,
Despoil'd of life, to be the food for wormes?
Sampson and *Alexander* in their prime,
1845 Though strong, yet they both perisht: This can Time.
Now lest faire Feature should in thee breed pride,
Natures indowments,or ought else beside;
See women next, in face and forme excelling,
Swallow'd in dust; all Beauty Age expelling.
1850 *Hellen.* O you blind men,with feminine shape oretaken,
Whose amorous hearts are with their culture shaken,
Now do I finde too late,and grieve to thinke,
All mortall beauty must in *Lethe* sinke.
We kembe these haires,and trim them vp in gold.
1855 (Our curled tresses with rich gems inrol'd)
Our fronts we burnish,and there cannot passe
One blemish, but corrected by the glasse.
By art we adorne our heads,and by art wee
Dispose the face and haire; by art we see.
1860 And yet these haires,this head,these eies,this face,
Vanish like moving waves which flote apace.
Behold! I that was faire,am wormes meat made,
My flesh corrupt, and buried in the shade.
Behold (I say) that Grecian *Hellen*,shee
1865 Rap't,*Menelaus*,in her prime from thee:
Me *(a) Theseus* ravisht first,and left me so,
That saving kisses I did nothing know.
False *Paris* last (by Fate or Fury led)
Hosting with me, made stealth into my bed:

Foole

1870 Foole that he was,he little then did know,
This snare for me was Troys sad overthrow.
This putrified Coarse by him so bought,
was after by a thousand ships re-sought.
O Greece,what preparation didst thou make,
1875 To fetch that flesh which now the wormes forsake?
What broiles? what strage? what slaughter to destroy,
Did this loath'd carkasse breed 'twixt Greece and Troy?
Became it thee, friend Paris, to forsake
Thy houshold gods,and such a journey take,
1880 To hazard seas,only to fetch away
From Greece this rottennesse, this putrid Clay?
And you the (*b*) *Atrides,* would you saile so far,
And for this dust maintaine a ten yeares war?
That this vile earth, this stench you might returne;
1885 To close these ashes in my fathers urne?
Lais. If any fables haue bin sung in praise
Of Prostitutes,what fame their shapes could raise;
I the Corinthian *Lais,* choice and best,
Haue been the crowne and grace to all the rest.
1890 My chin the Ivorie stain'd, Lillies my brow,
To match myne eies the world then knew not how:
My necke was long and straight,and my veins blew,
Soft lips, in my cleare cheekes fresh roses grew;
My nose was neither crooked,long,nor flat,
1895 My visage it became,it graced that:
My wanton paps like two round hillocks grow,
From which moist springs two milky rivers flow,
My belly comely sweld, for it became
Like a plumpe Peacocks,soft as the yong lambe:
1900 My stomacke like the temperat Turtles feeding;
Modest my dyet,and no surfets breed ng;
My armes much whiter than the Lillies shwoing,
Or floures, (*d*) *Alcinous,*in thy garden growing.
Who that my leg did looke on,but did thinke
1905 He burnt in flames, or in the seas did sinke?

Or who my backe parts did behold,but sed,
O that I were a flea in *Lais* bed.
Or who my foot, but wisht himselfe a stone,
With vpward eies for me to tread vpon.
1910 And yet this face, these cheeks,these lips,these eies,
This necke, these haires,these temples, legs and thighes,
This stomacke,belly,backe,armes,hands,and feet
Are wormes meat now,and with corruption meet.
Learne yong man then,that which we trust in most
1915 Is dust and filth ; in Age are all things lost.
Thisbe. The Babylonian *Thisbe* is my name,
Noble my birth,my beauty great in fame ;
No lovely Maid that had in th'Orient place,
But with much envy gaz'd me in the face.
1920 Inraged *Iove* I with a smile could please,
Or pull his threatning thunder backe with ease.
Iuno her selfe of me hath jealous bin,
And fear'd lest *Iove* in Babylon would sin.
The white *(d) Caistrian* Bird to me did yeeld,
1925 And to my blush the Roses of the field.
Yet not this feature,not this front or face,
Nor these myne eyes,to which the stars gave place,
Could ransome me from the wormes fearefull rage,
Or the rude phangs of all-devouring *Age.*
1930 *Lucretia.* Who the divining Sybels shall commend,
Or thee, *(e) Penelope,*and not offend ?
Of *(f) Dido's* feature who shall smoothly write ?
Or the *(g) Leucadian* sisters beauty cite ?
Behold me *Lucrece,* softer than the downe,
1935 Or the swans brest,and whiter : who was knowne
More tractable than wax ; fresh as the aire,
Softer my skin than the ripe Melons are.
With this faire body I the wormes haue fed,
And a small urne containes me being dead.
1940 These paps, that *(h) Cato* the Severe would turne,
Or chaste *(i) Hippolitus* in ardor burne.

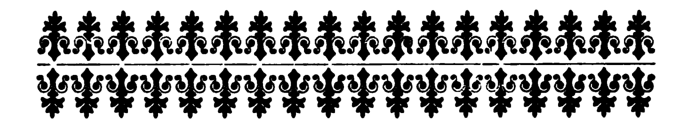
This

This pretious flesh,this shape is chang'd to dust
And putrifaction, to which all may trust.
Nothing the earth brings forth,but *Age* can wast,
1945 One and the same fate meets with all at last.
Earth. Considerthen, my Sonne,these shapes you haue,
Splendor nor feature,ransoms from the Grave :
That all things suffer change,necke,brest,and throat,
Lips,cheeks,brow,stomacke,all on which we doat,
1950 Convert to ashes. Yet lest thou be won,
Thinking to scape by other gifts ; my son
Attend with prepar'd eares, heare what the Learnd,
The Rich and others have 'tofore discernd ;
These and the rest haue the same accent sung :
1955 Now whilst they speake,thou still suppresse thy tongue.
Virgil. If Learning from himselfe shall man divide,
And make him like the Peacocke strut with pride,
He offends in madnesse, sencelesly is vaine.
Behold, I *Virgil,*of the learned straine,
1960 Of Poets Prince,their glory and their grace,
To whom *Apollo* did afford prime place ;
Me the most sacred Muses favor'd still,
For me the (*k*) *Driades* their laps would fill
With various floures,and the *Napæe* bring
1965 Chaplets of Bayes to crowne me when I sing.
To th' Palaces of Emperors accited,
And to the banquets of great Kings invited :
And yet I dy'de. What profit did it breed,
That I first taught the wanton Goats to feed,
1970 To till,to sow and reape ; or be fam'd far
For the rude slaughters of a ten yeares war ?
Yet was I food for wormes. What's Poesie then ?
Instable *Age* ends what she will,and when.
Xerxes. Lest opulencie should elate man high,
1975 And make him set his face against the skie,
Trust to his youth,or what his riches brings,
Behold me *Xerxes,*mightiest of all Kings,

And most magnipotent, I that haue bin
Possest of such an infinite Magozin
1980 Of gold and treasure,so immense a store,
As neuer Persian King enjoyd before ;
That when my pride toward Grecia 'gan to aspire,
Gave to so many souldiers food and hire ;
So many legions from the Orient brought,
1985 That in the first great battell which we fought,
Such store of shafts and darts my campe did yeeld,
As kept the Suns bright lustre from the field :
So many ships of mine the Ocean swayd,
As made astonisht *Neptune* fly,afraid,
1990 And hide him in his Deeps.What's plenty then ?
Or what doth Pompe or Greatnesse profit men ?
We vanish all like shadowes : and even thus
Dy'de *(l) Crœsus, (m) Crassus, (n) Midas, (o) Priamus,*
(p) Pigmalion, whom both Age and Death constraines
1995 To walke with *Xerxes* in th' Elysian plaines.
Nero. If any aire to Tyrants breathing gives ;
If any *(q) Catiline* or *(r) Marius* lives ;
Or if there any sterne *(s) Mezentius* be,
Contemner of the gods : these looke on me,
2000 I the base sinke of sin, the ship of shame,
Quaffer of humane bloud, *Nero*, the same
Whose murthers have been bruted over all,
From the Suns uprise, to his Westerne fall :
Whose gluttonies and lusts *Nilus* knew plaine,
2005 And *(t) Calpes*, to the farthest parts of Spaine.
To rip my mothers wombe was my desire :
Who knowes not too, I set great Rome on fire ?
Who knowes not, that my fury did betray
The lives of *Lucian* and wise *Seneca ?*
2010 Who knowes not, that Saint *Paul* and *Peter* tryde
My sword,by which most of the Senat dy'de ?
But what was then my miserable fate ?
Prest by my feares,and by the peoples hate,

Scornd

Scornd by each sex, abhorr'd in myne owne land,
2015 Contemn'd of all, I fell by myne owne hand :
Thus *Nero* dy'de, thus none can AGE withstand.
Sardanapal. Lest soft effeminacie,lust,and abuse
Of Natures gifts, might pleade the least excuse ;
I am that Sensuallist *Sardanapal,*
2020 Who to my selfe thinking to ingrosse all
Voluptuousnesse, deckt in their womanish sutes,
I spent my time 'mongst common Prostitutes ;
False periwigs vpon my head I wore,
And being man, the shape of woman bore.
2025 Yet this ranke body a small urne containes ;
To this we must, to this, AGE all constraines.
Earth. Son dost thou see how all things *Age* outweares ?
How the Strong perish, with the prime in yeares ?
How the Faire falls, and how the Learn'd decay ?
2030 And how the Rich consume and fade away ?
How Tyrants dye ? How death the Wanton tasts ?
And, to conclude, how swift *Time* all things wasts ?
Man. What (Mother) shall I do ? If I liue chast,
I am not therefore safe : or if I wast
2035 My houres in *Venus* sports, I am not free :
If ever weepe, what shall become of me ?
If ever sport, what profit can it bring ?
And though I ever mourne, or ever sing,
All's one, for die I must. Since Death ends all,
2040 Let my corrupted body die and fall
To dust, to earth or wormes, pleasure's my store,
Let me enioy that, I desire no more.
Earth. Thus I conclude ; Though mans life be vnstayd,
And as we see, by Custome hourely fade,
2045 Even as the parched leaues by Autumne change
And fall to nothing ; yet (which is most strange)
Of his owne fruit he is vnmindefull still,
And followes what proves to himselfe most ill.



The Argument of the Dialogue intituled MISANTHROPOS, or the *Man-Hater*.

2050

THis Dialogue of Riches doth entreat;
Of their true use : how they with lucre great
Are long acquir'd, and how soone lost. The cause
2055 *Of this Discourse is grounded from th' applause*
Timon *first had in Athens, where he sway'd,*
For his wealths sake, being honor'd and obay'd.
Who after a most riotous expence,
Having consum'd his state, and growne to sence
2060 *Of Povertie; such as he rais'd he tries,*
But findes them now his person to despise.
He seeing how base avarice did blinde
The world that time, in hate of all Mankinde,
So devious from Vertue, did propose
2065 *A new name to himselfe,* MISANTHROPOS;
Which gives this Tractat name. Th' Authors intent
Being to shew, how proud and insolent
Riches make men : and have it understood,
How they pursue the Bad, but fly the Good.
2070 *Reade and observe, this Dialogue affords*
Much excellent matter, coucht up in few words.

The

The DIALOGVE.

Timon. O *Iupiter*, loving and sociable,
That art domesticall and hospitable,
2075 The lightning-blaster, Oath and Iu-
ry-shaker,
Cloud-gathering god,and the great Thunder-maker :
Or if thou any other syr-name hast,
Such as by th' antient Poets in times past
2080 Hath to thy deitie been madly given,
To patch their halting Verse, and make 't run even,
(For thee a thousand nick-names are pursuing,
To helpe their Lines,and keep their Rymes from ruin)
Where's now thy all-fear'd lightning,breeding wonder ?
2085 Where's thyne high streperous and loud voic'd thunder ?
Thy radiant and bright burning bolts (once dreaded)
What, are thy late keen pointed darts unheaded ?
All these,since thou with-heldst thy terrible stroke,
Appeare vaine trifles,and Poeticke smoke,
2090 And of thy great power nothing else proclaimes,
Save meere verbositie,and noise of Names.
For these thy Poetised tooles for war,
Which being drawne,both reacht and wounded far ;
I know not by what means, but now at length,
2095 Blunt is their chastning edge,and lost their strength ;
So cold and frozen they about thee lie,
That of thy wrath no sparke we can espie
Kindled against the Nocent. These perjurers
(Iesting at sufferance) make themselves assurers
2100 Of their owne safety : being no more afraid
Of thy unquenchable lightning,than dismaid
At common fire extinguisht : it shewes like
To them,as if thou shouldst some *Tition* strike,
And they looke on ; dreading no more thine ire,
2105 Than his whose strugling breathes forth Ætna's fire :

Presuming no more wound belongs vnto't,
Than only to be smudg'd and grim'd with soot.
From hence it comes, that *(a) Salmoneus* dare
With thee in thy loud thunders to compare :
2110 Nor strange ; he a man that bold and daring is,
And thou a god so sufferant and remisse :
What could he lesse do than such revels keepe,
Since thou hast drunke *(b) Mandragora*, to sleepe
And snort away thy time ? even still forbearing
2115 Such as blaspheme and neuer cease forswearing.
Besides, like one that such misdoers tenders,
Not plaguing them, thou plumpst up great offendors.
Some hold thee blinde,and cannot see what's done :
Some,easie to be foold : like rumors runne,
2120 That thou art deafe on both sides : others hold,
Thou art decrepit,and of late growne old.
When thou wast in thy former youth and prime,
Thou didst not sloathfully mis-spend thy time ;
Then thou hadst spleen,and vnto wrath wast prone,
2125 Vengeance and iust infliction grac'd thy throne,
And wast indeed such an all-dreaded god,
No malefactor could escape thy rod :
Thou heldst with such no covenant, but thy darts
Were still in action to amase their hearts ;
2130 Thy invulnerable arme advancing hye,
Whilst through the earth thy flashing lightnings flye,
Drawne from thy quiver,where they late did sticke,
Shot as from warring Archers,swift and thicke.
Besides these,fearefull earthquakes,which were many,
2135 such as her reverend brest tare vp and cranny
Mountaines of snow by drifts made, haile in such
Aboundance,that of late we see none such :
Impetuous showres of raine made torrents rise.
And riuers o're their banks to tyrannise.
2140 It hath been said,In good *(c) Deucalions* age
Such sudden inundations 'gan to rage,

That

That all mankinde being drownd in one account,
Scarse was one skyffe sav'd on *(d)* Licoris Mount;
In that, Humanities small seeds reserving:
2145 From whence a generation lesse deserving,
And much more impious grew : they imitating
What's bad, and worse and worse stil propagating.
Nor is there cause thou shouldst with them be wroth,
Receiving but the guerdon of thy sloath.
2150 Who now vnto thy Altars offerings bring?
Or to thy dreadfull name loud Poems sing?
Thou now hast neither sacrifice nor praise,
Nor is thy ruinous Temple hung with Bayes;
Vnlesse by chance some by Olympus passe,
2155 And call to minde that such a god once was,
(And rather too for fashion sake, than feare)
Perhaps some thrifty Offering may leaue there :
Like *Saturne* they would deale with thee (I tell thee)
And (as thou him) so from thy throne expell thee.
2160 I here omit, whilst thou hast elsewhere trifled,
How often thy great Temple hath been rifled,
Ransackt and spoild, whilst thou the loud tongu'd Crier
(O'regrowne with sloath, as if thou didst desire
Thine owne vndoing) not once wake nor call
2165 The dogs there kenel'd, make them barke and ball,
Nor raise the drowsie neighbours, sleeping fast,
To present rescue, till the theeues were past :
But thou the generous Gyant tamer, who
Dost boast in the great Gyants overthrow,
2170 Didst like a sot sit neither grac't nor fear'd,
Whilst from thy chin they shav'd away thy beard :
Yet thou even at that instant wert so strong,
To hold a dart that was ten cubits long.
O thou so famous, what wilt thou endure
2175 In th' end, if still thou wilt be thus secure?
Or at what time wilt thou extirp the seeds
(By thy just vengeance) of those grosse misdeeds?

How

How many bold aspiring *Phaetons*, or
Deucalions canst thou finde? Hie expiat for
2180 This inexhausted wickednesse still flowing
From corrupt mankinde,and thou all this knowing.
Impertinent things I will submit to Fate,
And passe in silence : only now relate
Myne owne particular wrongs. How many great
2185 And mighty of th' Athenians, to the seat
Of knowne sublimitie hath *Timon* rais'd,
Creating them from beggars? whilst they prais'd
And magnify'd my bountie. Vnto all
I spred my open hand and liberall;
2190 In which most men (before me) I exceeded,
As generally supplying such as needed,
My riches 'mongst my friends parted and given,
Till I my selfe to penurie was driven.
Then suddenly a stranger I was growne,
2195 And to my most familiar friends not known :
Those (when I past them) that would croutch and bend,
In adoration : those that did depend
Vpon my grace,my presence cannot brooke,
Nor on my wants so much as daigne a looke.
2200 If (as sometimes) I chance to crosse the street,
And any one of these my Creatures meet.
" As of some statue, by long time decaid,
" They shun my shadow, of my fall afraid.
And others likewise that from far espy me,
2205 Into some by-lane skrew themselves,so fly me,
Make me an ominous spectacle of Fate,
As if malevolent and vnfortunate :
Who in my better daies was their Director,
Styl'd by themselves,their Father and Protector.
2210 These mischiefes growing,to be made so vile,
My owne deep counsels I 'gan reconcile,
Snatcht vp this mattocke,chus'd a field out, where
The Earths faire brest I am forc'd to wound and seare?
And

And thus my time in labor weare away,
2215 Being hyr'd for some foure halfe pence by the day.
Thus with my spade in solitude here I
Reade to my selfe myne owne Philosophy.
The profit reapt hence is, to be remoat,
And live out of the sight of such as doat
2220 On smoky vanities, those that inherit
Plenty of all things,and yet nothing merit;
And that doth most torment me. Now at length,
Saturn* and *Rheas* off-spring shew thy strength; (Iupiter*
Thy profound sleepe shake off,for thou indeed
2225 In sloath dost *(e)* *Epimenides* exceed.
Hand once againe thy Trisulk,and retire
To Oeta,and there kindle't with new fire :
Being full of flames,when they most hotly glow,
Part of that vengefull indignation show
2230 Which to thyne high Tribunal did belong,
When thou wert *Iupiter* the yong and strong :
Else still to those reproches subject be,
The Cretans cast vpon thy Tombe and thee.
Iupiter. What is he,so vociferously exclaimes,
2235 O *Mercury*, and Vs so often names?
His tedious clamors in myne eares sound shrill
(Neere vnto Athens) from Himettus hill,
Iust at the mountaines foot,deject and sad,
Pale,meager,lame,and in a goats skin clad?
2240 It seemes to me that delving is his trade,
His eies cast downe, he leanes vpon his spade :
'Tis a bold speaking fellow, confident too
In what he saith. After this sort to doo
Philosophers were wont, and they alone,
2245 And 'tis a wonder but this fellow's one,
That dares against our deitie devise
Such impious and vnheard of blasphemies.
Mercury. Do you not know him (Father) thus forlorne,
Son to *Echicratides*,in Collite borne;

Timon

2250 *Timon* his name, with whom we both haue guested,
And in our annuall Sacreds often feasted :
He on the sudden with such plenty fill'd,
Who at the altars of the gods hath kild
Whole Hecatombs,and in his height of wealth
2255 Hath quaft vnto vs many a gratefull health.
*Iupiter.*Whence comes this sudden change? But is this he
The honest rich man that was knowne so free,
Whom Athens with her loud encomiums grac'd,
And such a multitude of friends embrac'd ?
2260 How happens it he is so poorely arrayd,
So miserably dejected and dismaid ?
I guesse him by the spade on which he leanes,
Some painfull labourer that works for meanes.
Merc. You see how his humanitie hath chang'd him,
2265 And freenesse,from his dearest friends estrang'd him :
His mercy vnto others,being so kinde,
And then amongst so many not to finde
One gratefull, hath distraction in him bred,
Still to be living,but to them thought dead.
2270 Considering next how he is scorn'd, derided,
And his revenue and estate divided,
Not amongst Crowes and Wolves,but worser far,
Ravenous and tearing vultures, who still are
Gnawing vpon his liver ; those whom he
2275 His friends and best familiars thought to be.
For they who now in his aboundance swim,
Were more delighted in his feasts than him :
Nay, those who at his table did applaud him ;
When even unto the bare bones they had gnawne him,
2280 They suckt his very marrow,and then fled ;
So to the world gaue him both lost and dead :
Being so far, from miserie to free him,
They would not seeme to know him when they see him.
These brought him to this base despised trade,
2285 And hurld him from the Scepter to the Spade ;

Turn'd

Turn'd him out of his purple,here to sweat
And hardly earne his meat before he eat :
For which hee's so possest with mortall spleen
Against mankinde that so ingrate hath been ;
2290 Since whom his bounty rais'd and brought to fame,
Scarse now remember *Timon* had a name.
Iupiter. Yet one (beleeve me) not to be rejected,
But for his former pietie respected.
Nor blame I him his anger to be such,
2295 By men ingratefull to endure so much.
This zealous and good man not to redeeme,
To favor his afflictions we might seeme :
But we much pitty him,who to maintaine
Our adoration,hath before us slaine
2300 So many Goats and Bulls,and those the best
That his flocks yeelded ; so that I protest,
I did approve them for my service meet,
Whose savor in my nosthrils still smells sweet.
As for the boldnesse of that infinite Crew
2305 Of base perjurers,who forsware what's true ;
As likewise those in selfe-conceit so strong,
They make no conscience of what's right or wrong ;
Such as insult by rapine and rude force,
Oppressing without mercie or remorse,
2310 The Sacrilegious too,such as forbeare
Their publique robberies, not through love but feare ;
So many th' are in number, (though I strive)
At their misdeeds I no way can connive.
I cast myne eye of late on Athens,where
2315 So many strange Duels and fencings were,
Such *Pro's* and *Contra's*, quarrels in the schooles,
Like mad men railing,some ; others like fooles
Gybing : in vprore all, shrill acclamations
Of scolding Disputants ; such vociferations,
2320 And those so loudly thundred in myne eare,
The suppliants plaints I could by no means heare.

Therefore

Therefore with stopt eares I must silent sit,
Or with their confus'd noise be tortur'd yet.
There's a new toy imagin'd by these Nodies,
2325 Of things essentiall,and yet wanting bodies;
Meere fantasies, which they with might and maine
(Though nothing) to have being would maintaine :
Which is the cause I have been so vnkinde,
As this well meaning man not once to minde.
2330 It now remaines his goodnesse to requite :
Hye therefore *Mercury*, *Plutus* accite,
With all speed possible command him hither,
And bring with you a magozin togither
Of new coin'd gold,more than the man can tell.
2335 He with his treasure shall with *Timon* dwell.
Nor shall they easily be remov'd from thence,
Though by his bounty and too large expence,
He would expell them from him.For those Chatterers,
Parrots and Pyes,with other oily flatterers
2340 And Parasits that have ingratefull bin,
I now will study to chastise their sin,
So soone as I my vengefull darts have viewd,
And my three-forked thunder stone renew'd :
Some of the raies are broke,others rebated,
2345 Which with all speed I must have instaurated :
The points are dull'd, since I insenced was
Against the Sophist *Anaxagoras,*
Who to his Schollers openly profest,
The gods or were not,or were naught at least :
2350 But I through error mist, *Pericles* bestrid him,
And with his body from my vengeance hid him.
The bolt averted light upon the phane
Where the two brothers deify'de remaine,
(Castor and *Pollux)* burnt it to the ground.
2355 And not one stone was left about it sound.
But what a punishment will this appeare
Vnto those envious wretches,when they heare,

Timon,

Timon, in whose oppression they agreed,
Shall them in wealth and potencie exceed;
2360 *Mercury*. O but much more availes it for a man
To stretch his throat with all the power he can,
To be obstreperous and heard from far;
I do not meane the balling at the Bar,
Loud railing for fat fees and gaine of gold;
2365 But those like *Timon*,clamorous and bold,
Who in his Orisons hath been so shrill,
To make great *Iove* attentive 'gainst his will;
Who had he (smothering griefe) sate still and mute,
Might have long labor'd in a thred-bare sute.
2370 *Plutus*. To him,ô *Iupiter*,I will not go.
Iupiter. Tell me,ô excellent *Plutus*,wherefore so?
Especially when thou by us art sent.
Plutus. Because I have a fearefull president:
Me he with many injuries afflicted,
2375 When I was wholly to his love adicted,
He shooke me off,as one that did deride me,
And into mamocks and small bits divide me,
Even cut me into pieces: would not sell me,
But being his domesticke friend expell me
2380 With forks and prongs,as one insenc'd with ire,
Or casting from his hand hot coles of fire.
And shall I once again enter his dores,
To be consum'd on Sycophants and whores,
Flatterers and such? Send me,ô *Iove*,I entreat,
2385 To some that vnderstand a gift so great,
Him that to incorporat and hug me strives,
Or such as prize me dearer than their lives.
This stupid fellow hath a covenant made
With *Povertie*, preferring a poore trade:
2390 A mattocke and a skin-coat from her tooke,
Before my golden and all-tempting looke:
Who now with foure small halfe-pence can make shift,
And yet hath given ten talents at a gift.

Iupiter.

Iupiter. But *Timon* no such thing hereafter dares
2395 Against thy person : rather he prepares
To honour thee,as one whom Toile and paine
Hath reconcil'd, to welcome thee againe ;
His intrals with long fast and hunger clung,
Hath with his minde now likewise chang'd his tongue.
2400 But thou art too complaintive,who accuses
First *Timon* to me for his late abuses,
Because he with his gates set open wide,
Gave thee free-leaue, there or elsewhere t' abide ;
Not keeping thee in obscure prison fast,
2405 (As being jealous of thee) where thou hast
Thy liberty. Againe,thou art inrag'd
Against those Cormorants that haue incag'd
And shut thee up ; complaining, Beneath locks,
Keyes,bolts,and seales th'art kept as in the stocks,
2410 From whence thou canst not move, from light excluded,
Living in dungeons and darke holes contruded :
Of such thou hast complaind to me,and wept,
To be so long, so close in darknesse kept ;
Looking withall so meager,pale,and wan,
2415 Opprest with care as hadst thou been a man,
Starv'd and shrunke vp,thy sinues drawne together,
Thy fingers clutcht and lam'd ; I know not whether
Hoording vp gold this Apoplex compelling,
Or numnesse, made by thy assiduat telling ;
2420 Willing to stay with them by no persuasion,
But apt to leave them on the least occasion.
And what above thought makes thee ill bested,
Is, in an iron or a brasen bed
(As thou hast heard of *Danae*) to be laid,
2425 As there for ever to be kept a maid,
By impious overseers schoold and taught,
Who save in gaine and usurie know nought.
Their grosse absurdities I haue heard thee note,
Who on thy person aboue reason dote ;

And

2430 And being in their power,dare not employ them,
Or lying prostrat to their lust,enjoy them :
They all the while strict vigilancie keeping,
With gard vpon the place where thou art sleeping,
Eying the bolts and bars,and winking never,
2435 As in great hope thou wilt supply them ever,
And haue much profit from thee. Not that they
Mean to make blest vse of thee though they may,
But only keep thee in such strict tuition,
Because none else of thee should have fruition.
2440 Iust like a dog that in the manger lies,
Who though himselfe the provender despise,
As to his pallat a distastefull meat,
Yet will not suffer the poore horse to eat.
I likewise have observ'd thee laugh at those,
2445 Who though they have thee at their free dispose,
Most gripple are in sparing. In a word,
Thou holdst it most ridiculous and absurd, (knowing
That such (mean time) should starue themselves, not
To whom (their floure being wither'd) thou art growing :
2450 To what Executor,Servant,or Page,
Steward or Pedagogue, who their spent age
Haue not bestow'd on thee,but on thy coine,
To seise by force,or else by stealth purloine ;
And then for his safe hoording and close hiding,
2455 The wretched Master(new deceast)deriding,
Who did so charily in his life time locke it,
And with a snuffe halfe burnt within the sockit,
Or dry rush light,keepe wakefull his faint eies
Vpon his (now) all-forfeit vsuries.
2460 Is it not therefore,*Plutus*,ill in thee,
That hast of these so oft complain'd to me ;
Thy fickle thoughts so suddenly to vary,
And blame in *Timon* the clean contrary ?
Plutus. Yet if my cause to censure be refer'd,
2465 *Iove* shall confesse that I haue no way err'd :

Nor is there reason why I should dispense
With *Timons* lightnesse,rather negligence,
In stead of study,care,and that good-will,
Respect,and love,that should attend me still.
2470 Nor of the adverse part do I approve,
Those that embrace me with an over-love,
Imprisoning and obtruding me so close,
To make me every day more huge and grosse ;
Franking me up,to fat me,with intent
2475 I may appeare to them more corpulent ;
Yet they themselves,nor vse me in my neatnesse,
Nor shew me vnto others in my greatnesse.
All such I contumelious hold and mad,
Who notwithstanding all good from me had,
2480 Put me in shackles,where I starving ly,
Opprest with hunger,and with thirst still dry :
Not understanding they must shortly leave me
To such as stand wide gaping to receive me.
Nor do I of those Prodigals allow,
2485 Apt to part with me,and not caring how :
Such only I approve amongst the rest,
Who hold a mediocritie the best ;
That neither vow to keep an absolute fast,
Or hauing plenty,are inclin'd to wast.
2490 Consider this,ô *Iove*,Say that a man
Finde for his choice the fairest Maid he can,
To make his Bride ; and when the Nuptiall night
Invites them both to rest,he sets her light,
Neither observes her,nor is tender o're her,
2495 But sets his dores and gates broad wide before her,
To gad and wander at her pleasure,trusts
Her night and day to prostrate where she lusts :
The man that gives such libertie to vice,
What doth he(not preventing) but intice
2500 To lewdnesse ? as inviting folke to prove her :
Can such an one be said truly to love her ?

Againe,

Againe, If any shall a Faire one wive,
And bring her to his house ; when he should strive
To play the husband,and to procreate
2505 Children as hopefull as legitimate :
Even then of all due Mariage-sweets should grutch her,
Nor in her flourishing prime of beauty touch her ;
Vnwilling from a loathsome Gaole to free her,
Where nor himselfe nor any else my see her.
2510 But thus secluded,barren,and depriv'd,
Shall keepe her still a virgin,though long liv'd :
And then, That all this was for love pretend,
Preferring her thus old and neere her end,
With an exhausted body,colour pale,
2515 Deep wrinkled cheeks,and sunk-in eies that faile ;
Would you not thinke that man quite from his sences,
Who when by lawfull and most iust pretences
He might have hopefull Issue,and possesse
A goodly sweet yong woman,and no lesse
2520 Amorous,yet suffers her in care and anguish,
Sadly like one of *Ceres* Priests to languish ?
Thus us'd and I abus'd,am sometimes torne,
Rifled and pluckt in pieces,and in scorne
Baffled and kickt : by others kept alive,
2525 Imprison'd like some branded fugitive.
Iupiter. Why fretst thou against those made to endure
Strange punishments for sinnes blacke and impure ?
Or wherefore art thou at such slaves astonisht,
Who in themselves seest their owne vices punisht :
2530 The one like (*h*) *Tantalus*,in sight of meat,
And alwaies gaping,but forbid to eat :
With such dry chaps they gape vpon their gold,
Not with that sated which they still behold.
The other, though they have it in their pawes,
2535 Ready to glut themselves ; from their starv'd jawes
The Harpies snatch it, as from *(g) Phineus,*spoiling
Those dainties for which he so long was toiling.

Go thou from Vs to *Timon* without feare,
To whom (no doubt) thou wilt be henceforth dear
2540 *Plutus* But thinke you that at length he will forbeare
To poure me into leaking vessels, where
Though with great labor you maintaine it still,
The liquor runs out faster than you fill;
Sooner exhausting me, to draw me dry,
2545 Than I my selfe can with my selfe supply:
He fearing when I shall with plenty crowne him,
I haue but meerly laid a plot to drowne him.
I shall be as in *(i) Danaus* daughters tunnes,
No sooner ought pour'd in, but out it runnes;
2550 So many holes being in the bottom drild,
That it draines faster than it can be fild.
Iupiter. But though the liquor through the vessel breaks,
And that he hath no will to stop these leaks,
But by perpetuall dropping and effusion,
2555 All must of force be wasted in conclusion:
Yet 'mongst the lees and dregs no doubt hee'l finde
His leathern pelt and spade still left behinde.
Go you mean time and see the man possest
Of treasure in aboundance, and the best.
2560 That done, ô *Hermes,* call at Ætna, where
The *(k) Cyclops* are at worke, and (dost thou heare?)
Bid them repaire to me at my first sending,
For tell them that my three tynd bolt wants mending,
Both edge and point is dull'd, and in my spleene
2565 I now must have it sharpen'd and made keene.
Merc. Plutus let's walke. But stay (thou of such fame)
Tell me how on the sudden cam'st thou lame?
What, and blinde too?
Plutus. These imperfections lye
2570 Not alwaies, *Hermes,* in my foot or eye;
Only at some set times. For being sent
By *Iove,* I am thus lame incontinent,
I know not by what means compeld vntoo't,

But

But instantly I halt on either foot,
2575 And ere the place before me reach I can,
I am growne a lame decrepit weake old man.
But if I be to part frõm such, I fly
Swifter than birds make way beneath the sky;
No bars can stop me,furlongs are no more
2580 To me, than narrow strides, I strip before
The windes swift wings,and can deceiue the eye
With my unparaleld velocitie:
Nay even the publique Criers have agreed
To crowne me Victor for my pace and speed.
2585 *Merc.* I now perceive thou *Plutus* idlely pratest,
Since all things are not true that thou relatest:
How many have I knowne but yesterday
Ready to hang themselues,that could not pay
One single halfpenny downe vpon the naile,
2590 To buy an halter with: yet now they saile
In gold and purple; some in Chariots ride,
That had not late a poore Asse to bestride,
Wealth flowing on them in so swift a streame,
That they themselves haue thought it but a dreame.
2595 *Plutus.* A thing quite contrarie it is,I vow,
Of which,ò *Mercurie*,thou twitst me now:
For know,I walke not on myne owne legs when
I am sent by *Iove* to honest and good men.
But if god (*l*) *Dis* shall once command,I run,
2600 For his behest is in an instant don.
He of the great gift-Giuer beares the name,
His Magozin's in hell,whence gold first came:
And therefore when I shift from man to man,
With all the industry and care they can,
2605 They take me,wrapt and swath'd in Bonds and Bills,
Where one conveyance a whole sheep-skin fills:
So,sign'd and seald, me in some box they smother,
And tosse me 'twixt one party and another.
The owner dead,left in some obscure place,

2610 Where Dogs and Cats may pisse upon his face.
Those that have hope to enjoy me are soon found
I'th Courts,and those hot sented as the hound,
Yawning like to the Swallowes infant brood,
When the dam fluttering to their nest brings food.
2615 Now when the seale 's discover'd on the Will,
And the string cut that bound the rowle vp,still
They gape to see the parchment op't and read,
To know th' Executor to the late Dead.
Then instantly a new heire is proclaim'd.
2620 And either,there,some greasie kinsman nam'd,
Some Sycophant or fawning Parasite,
Or else perhaps a debosht Catamite.
He with a new shav'd chin,being of this treasure
Possest,then studies noveltie and pleasure,
2625 With all rarieties at the height rated,
Which the dead hoorder in his life time hated.
He must be then a gentleman at least,
And with his wealth his Title (needs) encreast,
With change of name : for he that was before
2630 Knowne by the name of *(m) Pyrrhias,Drono,*or
Tibias ; although the man be still the same,
Must either *Megabyzus* have to name,
Megacles or *Protarchus* : his minde swelling
With vaine ostent to gaine a stile excelling.
2635 Even those that did not yawne with deepe inspection
(Though at the first in like state and election)
Into these hidden Mines ; now all dis-jointed,
When they behold each other disappointed,
Although they truly mourne,seen but to fret,
2640 To see the small fish Tuny scape the net ;
Who as he living did but little eat,
So being dead could not affo d much meat.
Now he that groveling falls vpon this Masse,
(Some fat fed Budget,or dull witted Asse,
2645 Who of no good parts or clean life hath bin)

Enters

Enters upon it with an unwasht skin :
None treads so softly by him, but he feares,
And like a curre then starts up with prickt eares.
His fellow footmen he despiseth now,
2650 To th' Temple and the Horse-mill doth allow
An adoration equall. Who to dispence
Is able now with his great insolence?
Insufferable he growes,the Good despising,
And o're his Like and equals tyrannising ;
2655 Vaunting in mighty things,till Lust,incited
With some faire whore,or otherwise delighted
In keeping Dogs and Horses,or by hearing
His trencher-Flies about his table jearing,
And whispering to him,He is growne more faire
2660 Than the Greeke *(n) Nereus,Homer* made so rare :
The mischiefe's, he beleeves it ; their verbositie
Persuading him,That in true generositie
(o) Cecrops and *Codrus* come behinde him. One
Tells him,*Vlisses* unto him alone
2665 Submits in wisdome,and persuades the Beast
To be more rich than *Crœsus* was,at least
By sixteen fold : exhausting by this meane,
And in one breath of time consuming clean
What was by piecemeale gather'd, and did rise
2670 From base extortions,thefts,and perjuries.
Merc. These are no question true : but when thou go'st
On thine owne feet(being blinde) say how thou know'st
The way thou art to take? how canst thou finde
Such men as are of good and honest minde?
2675 To whom(as now)my father oft times sends thee,
And in his care and providence commends thee.
Plutus. Thinkst thou I finde those I am sent unto?
Merc. By *Iove* not I : if so,how didst thou do,
When lately being to *Aristides* sent,
2680 Thou to *Hipponicus* and *Callius* went,
And other base Athenians,scarce worth thought,

Or a poore single halfpenny, to be bought?
What is the course thou tak'st vpon the way?
Plutus. Now high, now low, in each blinde path I stray,
2685 Till unawares upon some one I fall,
And be he what he will, that man gets all:
He that is next me, and can first catch hold,
To fasten on me, having seis'd my gold,
Secludes me to some obscure place, possessing
2690 What he long wisht, then openly confessing,
In prayers and vowes, he is to *Hermes* bound,
By whose assistance this great fortune's found.
Merc. Is *Iove* deceiv'd, presuming that thou go'st
To inrich such as he affecteth most,
2695 And thinks them worthy of his largesse?
Plutus. Right,
O *Mercurie*, and justly too, my sight
Being defective, and at such times blinde;
And sending me to secke that, which to finde
2700 So difficult is, and scarcely hath a Being,
Is that a taske with my dim sight agreeing?
In which had quick eyd *Argus* in my sted
been his inquisitor, he scarce had sped:
The path so narrow and obscure, beside,
2705 It being so rare to see a good man guide
A Cities weale; for those corrupt still sway,
And those in numbers flocking in my way:
I groping, can I possibly eschew
To avoid the many, and select the few?
2710 The wicked alwaies yawning after gaines,
(The others not) how can I scape their traines?
Merc. I but how comes it, when th'art to forsake
These wretches, thou such voluble speed dost make?
And without rub or the least stumbling, when
2715 Thou canst not see the path before thee?
Plutus. Then
Both eies and feet assist, and then alone,

When

When Time invites and calls me to be gone.
Merc. Another thing resolue me : Tell me how
2720 It comes to passe (ô god of Wealth)that thou
First being blinde,next,of a pale complexion,
Last,crippled in thy feet, canst gaine th' affection
Of so many great friends and lovers,such
As thinke they cannot gaze on thee too much ?
2725 Nor can imagin they are truly blest,
Before of thee undoubtedly possest ?
Againe, If he that after thee enquires,
Chance to be frustrat in his hot desires ;
For such I haue knowne many,and some noted,
2730 That so debashtly on thy person doted,
That at their courting if thou seem'dst but coy,
Have ready been their owne lives to destroy :
Who when they saw they *Plutus* could not please,
Themselves from hye rocks cast into the seas.
2735 And yet I know,and thou must needs confesse,
(View but thy selfe as I do)thou wilt guesse,
If not conclude, it is not love,but madnesse
Makes them despaire in doating on thy badnesse.
Plutus. But thinkst thou,*Mercurie*,I to them appeare
2740 In the same forme as thou beholdst me here,
Or lame or blinde,with such defects about me ?
Merc. O by no means,for I should then misdoubt me
That they were blind as thou art.
Plutus. But not quite,
2745 O *Mercury*,like me depriv'd of sight :
And yet there falls on them,as by some chance,
A kinde of error or blinde ignorance,
Which occupies them all, over their eies
Casting a shadowie filme,which doth disguise
2750 My deform'd parts ; so I appeare to them
In golden habit,stucke with many a gem :
In pictur'd vesture I seem,passing by,
And thousand colours, to deceive the eye.

Those

These fooles imagining,what I present,
2755 To be my sole and native ornament :
And therefore being enamor'd on my forme,
If not enioy me,then they rage and storme.
But should I be before them naked laid,
And my mis-shapen ouglinesse displaid,
2760 No doubt they would condemne themselves,pursuing
A seeming good,which leades them to their ruin :
Th'are only apt themselves to reconcile
To things in their owne nature base and vile.
Merc. But when it comes vnto such passe that they
2765 Are filld with wealth,and supply'd every way ;
When they have hedg'd,nay walld their riches in,
Some notwithstanding looke so bare and thin,
Withall so gripple,you may sooner teare
Head from the body,than impart what's there ?
2770 Besides, it is not probable,but such
As haue with gready eies perus'd thee much,
Must needly know, (howe're they proudly boast,
Thy outside tin-foild,or but guilt at most ?
Plut. These my defaults (with others) to supply,
2775 I have many ready helps,ô *Mercury*.
Merc. Name them I prethee.
Plut. They no sooner fasten
With greedinesse vpon me,but they hasten
To ope their gates wide,then with me by stealth
2780 Enter (for alwaies they attend on wealth)
Hawtinesse,Boasting,with the mindes destraction,
Effœminacie,and to make vp the faction,
Oppression and Deceit,with th'interest
Of thousand more ; with which the heart possest,
2785 Is suddenly subjected and brought under,
To admire toyes which are not worth the wonder,
And covet that which they ought most to fly.
Now with this band of Pensioners garded, I
When thus attended they my state behold,

They

2790 They never dreame of other god than Gold :
For with such adoration they respect me,
To endure all torments,rather than reject me.
Merc. How smooth and slick thou art,no where abiding,
But when men thinke thee safest,swiftly gliding
2795 Thorow their fingers,neither can I spy
A handle or an haft to stay thee by,
As we hold pots and glasses ; they slip through
The hand as snakes and serpents use to doo.
When *Poverty*,to thee quite contrary,
2800 Where e're she takes her Inne is apt to tarry :
It gummy cleaves like Bird-lime,uncompeld,
Apt to be seis'd,and easie to be held ;
Having a thousand catching hooks,and so
About her plac'd, that hardly she lets go.
2805 But whilst we trifle here,there's one maine thing
We had forgot.
Plut. What ?
Merc. That we did not bring
Treasure along,it being *Ioves* intent,
2810 And the chiefe businesse about which we are sent.
Plut. For that take thou no care : I do not enter
Vpon the earth, (being calld,and leave my Center,
But I have still a care upon my store,
At my departure to shut fast my dore,
2815 Which only opens to me when I call.
Merc. Let's thither then,and *Plutus* lest thou fall,
Hold by my cloake,and follow till we come
Vnto the place assign'd.
Plut *Hermes* well done,
2820 To leade me thus ; for if thou shouldst forsake
Me as I am, I might perchance mistake
May way,and wandring,through my want of sight,
On *Hyperbolus* or on *Cleon* light.
But stay,What noise is that ? I heare some one
2852 Is with his pick-axe striking against stone.

Merc.

Merc. 'Tis *Timon,* who laboriously doth wound
A piece of mountainous and stony ground.
O wondrous ! *Poverty* by him fast stands,
And the rough fellow *Labor,* with galld hands.
2830 Here's *Wisedome,Health,* and with them *Fortitude,*
And besides these,a populous multitude
Of such like Groomes,*Need* them to worke compelling,
And yet a troupe (me-thinks) thy Gard excelling.
Plut. Therefore let's post hence with what speed we can.
2835 For, *Hermes,* how shall we invade a man
Girt with so great an army ?
Merc. Be not afraid,
'Tis *Ioves* command,whose will must be obayd.
Pov. O whether lead'st thou *Plutus ?*
2840 *Merc.* To inlarge
Timon from hence ; for so *Iove* gave in charge.
Poverty. Comes he againe to *Timon,* whom (bereav'd
Of health by many surfets) I receiv'd,
To Wisedome and to Industry commended,
2845 And in his cure so far my skill extended,
I soone restor'd him (as he still doth finde)
Sound in his body,and vpright in minde.
Have I deserv'd such scorne,or do I merit
A wrong,what is myne owne not to inherit ?
2850 That you are come,with colorable pretence,
Him (now my sole possession) to take hence ?
Whose ruin'd vertues with exactest care
I have much toyld and labor'd to repaire.
Being againe in that blinde gods protection,
2855 Hee'l bring them vassald to their late subjection,
Fill him with arrogance,disdaine,and pride,
And every ill that Goodnesse can mis-guide ;
And when all hope of faire amendment's past,
Returne him backe as I receiv'd him last,
2860 Effœminate,sloathfull,franticke,or what not,
A thing of nothing,a meere brainlesse Sot.

Merc.

Merc. Thou hear'st *Ioves* will.
Poverty. And I to it agree.
Knowledge and *Labor* doe you follow me,
2865 With all my traine : hee'l shortly to his cost
Finde what a mother he (in me) hath lost ;
What a good helper,what a true instructer.
In all good arts a tutresse and conducter :
He,whilst with me he had commerce,was still
2870 Able and healthfull,having strength at will,
Leading a manly life,turning his eies
Vpon his brest,and of proud vanities
And gawdy frailties had at all no care,
But held them trifles,as indeed they are.
2875 *Merc.* They now are gone,let us approch more neare.
Timon. What slaves be these that to myne eies appeare?
Why are you come ? what would you ? what require ?
Of a poore laboring man that works for hire ?
You shall not part hence laughing,for know,I
2880 Have store of stones that round about me ly.
Merc. Assault us not,ô *Timon*,for in vaine
Thou shalt do so, we are not of the straine
Of mortall race,but gods : I,*Mercury* :
This,*Plutus*,sent from the great Deity,
2885 Who doth at length commiserat thy state,
With purpose now to make thee fortunate :
All shall be well, we come to ease thy paine,
Leave off thy worke,henceforth be rich againe.
*Tim.*Though to your selves the name of gods you borrow,
2890 Keepe off,or I shall give you cause of sorrow :
Come not too neere me,I at random strike,
For gods and men I now hate both alike :
As for that blinde slave,him I'le first invade,
I vow to rap him soundly with my spade.
2895 *Plut.* Let vs be gone,ô *Mercurie*,hee's mad,
Lest some sad mischiefe from his hand be had.
*Merc.*This barbarous spleen good *Timon* strive to hide,

And

And thy ferocitie cast quite aside.
With gratitude receive what *Iove* hath sent,
2900 I strike thee lucke,be rich incontinent :
Prince of th'Athenians thou shalt henceforth bee,
And to contemne them that disdained thee,
Punish their base ingratitude,bee't their griefe
To see thee rais'd,live happy,and their Chiefe.
2905 *Plut.* I have no need of you,pray give me leave
To use my labor,and at night receive
My competent wages, 'tis a gainfull trade,
I have wealth enough in using this my spade :
I should be happy if you would forbeare me,
2910 But then most blest if no man would come neere me.
Merc. Thou speakst too inhumanely ; *Timon* I
This thy harsh language and absurd reply
Will tell my father : Say that from mans brest
Th'hast had more wrongs than thou canst well disgest,
2915 Yet 'tis not good the gods thou shouldst despise,
Who as thou seest all for thy good devise.
Tim. To thee,ô *Mercury,Iove,*and the rest
Of the Cœlestiall gods,I here protest,
I hold my selfe much bound,and thanke them for
2920 Their care of me, but *Plutus* I abhor,
And him I'le not receive.
Merc. Why?
Tim. Because I guesse
Him the sole author of my great distresse
2925 And mischiefes manifold,as first betraying me
To oily smooth-tongu'd flatterers,and then laying me
Open to those insidiated my state.
Envy and hate he first did propagate,
Corrupted me with vices, then disclos'd me
2930 To all reproch,and after that expos'd me
To spleen and canker'd malice which exceeded,
And last of all left me when most I needed.
Excellent *Povertie* contrariwise

Inur'd

Inur'd me unto paines and exercise
2935 Becomming Man ; truly and freely wee
Together liv'd in consocietie,
Supplying me with all things,garments,meat,
Which tasted best,being season'd by my sweat.
All vulgar things she taught me to despise,
2940 And looke on frailties with unpartiall eies ;
Persuading me, that Hope hath stedfast root,
Where mans owne industrie's assistant too't :
Shewing what Riches should be our delight,
Such namely as no soothing Parasite,
2945 No fawning Sycophant,no mad and rude,
Nay stupid and seditious multitude ;
No Orator that gathers from lewd tongues
Bad tales,and heraulds them to others wrongs :
No Tyrant that lies craftily in wait :
2950 When none of these can undermine our state,
Then we are truly rich. Labor hath made
Me able-bodied,whilst I daily trade
In this small field,from whence I cannot see
A thousand ills that in the City bee.
2955 The tooles I worke with plenteously supplying
With needfull things,vprising and down lying.
And therefore *Mercury* returne I entreat,
Beare with thee *Plutus* backe to *Ioves* high seat ;
With fond delirements let him others charme,
2960 Me for my part he never more shall harme.
Merc. Not so,good man,let me advise the best,
Study thyne owne peace,and let others rest.
This peevish (rather childish) spleen forbeare,
And from myne hand receive god *Plutus* here.
2965 In man 'tis prophanation to despise
Such blessings as *Iove* sends the Iust and Wise.
Plut. Wilt thou,ô *Timon*,heare me to the end,
Whilst I against thee myne owne cause defend,
And suffer me with patience ?

Timon,

2970 *Timon.* Speake,but briefly,
Avoiding Proëms and preambles,chiefly
Vs'd by damn'd Orators : see thou be'st short,
I'le listen to thee,but thanke *Hermes* for't.
Plut. More liberty by right I ought to claime,
2975 Whom thou of wrongs injuriously dost blame ;
Thy invective is with bitternesse extended,
Yet innocent I in nothing have offended,
Who thee of all delicious things prouided,
At thy free will to be dispos'd and guided :
2980 I was the author and chiefe instrument
Of thy authoritie and gouernment ;
I gave thee crownes,and furnisht thee with treasure,
Made thee conspicuous,to abound in pleasure.
In all rarieties I thee instated :
2985 By me thou wert observ'd,and celebrated.
If since,ought ill have unto thee betided,
('Cause thou perhaps my goodnesse hast misguided)
By seeming friends or servants, canst thou blame
Plutus for this ? I rather should exclaime
2990 On thee,for many contumelies past,
Powring me out 'mongst sordid knaves so fast :
Who only sweld thee with vain-glorious pride,
Devising strange prestigious tricks beside,
Only to draw me from thee. I'th last place
2995 Where thou hast utter'd to my foule disgrace,
I left thee in thy want to starve and pine,
Be witnesse *Hermes* if the fault were myne :
Who after injuries not to be borne,
Didst cast me from thee in contempt and scorne.
3000 Hence comes it,for thy cloake of purple die,
Thy late beloved Mistresse *Poverty*
Hath wrapt thee in this skin coat. I attest
Thee,*Mercury*,how much I was opprest :
And but that *Iove* commands,by no facilitie
3005 Could I be woon to attone this our hostilitie.

Merc.

Merc. But *Plutus* thou now find'st how he is chang'd,
And from his former humor quite estrang'd.
Therefore have free commerce,dig *Timon* still,
And in the mean time *Plutus* vse thy skill,
3010 That as by *Ioves* behest thou art assign'd,
In delving deep he may this treasure finde.
Timon. Well *Hermes*,I obey,and am prepar'd
To be againe made rich : For man 'tis hard
To wrestle with the gods . Observe,I 'ntreat,
3015 Into what miseries and mischiefs great
Thou hast headlong cast me,who (I vow) vntill
This houre liv'd happy,as I might do still.
What ill have I deserv'd,now to be vext,
And once againe with infinite cares perplext,
3020 By fastning on this treasure ?
Merc. And yet take
All,I intreat,in good part for my sake ;
Beare it,however weighty and indeed
Almost intolerable, bee't but to breed
3025 Envy in those base Claw-backs : I mean time
Having past Ætna,must Olympus clime.
Plut. Hee's mounted,hauing left us,making way
With his swift wings : but thou,ô *Timon*,stay
Till I depart,and to thy power commit
3030 A masse of wealth, solely to manage it.
But strike hard,harder yet ; and now to thee
I speake,ô Treasure,most observant bee
Vnto this *Timon*,with what speed thou hast,
Offer thy selfe by him to be embrac't ;
3035 Dig *Timon* lustily,thy stroke fetch higher,
And worke apace,'tis time that I retyre.
Too't,my good spade,use both thy edge and strength,
And be not too soone dull'd,till I at length
Have from the Earths deep intrals brought aloft
3040 Thy hidden lustre,and here coucht thee soft
Vpon this grassy verdure. O *Iove*, father

Of prodigies,or what we else may gather
From thy Divine Pow'r : ô my dearest friends
The *(f) Caribanthes*, how your love extends ?
3045 And thou light-bearing *Mercury*,behold,
And freely tell me,Whence is all this gold ?
It is some dreame,I am deceiv'd,I feare,
These are quicke glowing coles new waked here.
No sure, 'tis excellent gold yellow and bright,
3050 Most ravishing,all-pleasing to the sight,
Beautifull Coine : O let me hug thee then,
Thou art the goddesse of Good-lucke to men :
It flames like fire compact,in this huge cluster
Both night and day it keeps it's glorious luster.
3055 Approch to me my Dearest, how to misse thee
I know not now : Most Amorous let me kisse thee.
Till now I did not credit what was told
Long since,That *Iove* himselfe was chang'd to gold.
What precise Virgin could retaine the power
3060 Not to hold vp to such a golden shower ?
Or being the chastest of all humane daughters,
Not meet him dropping through the tiles and rafters.
Take *Midas,Crœsus*,and the Magozine
Heapt by the offrings made at Delphos shrine ;
3065 Compar'd with this Masse they are nothing too't,
And take the Persian Monarchy to boot.
O Spade,ô Skin-coat,late to me most deere,
To *Pan* the rurall god I leave you heere.
I'le buy a field remote hence,and obscure,
3070 Where having built a strong tower to secure
This mountainous heape,I'le study (being gone)
How I may best live to my selfe alone.
There will I build my tombe too,e're I dye,
That none may know where *Timons* ashes lye.
3075 I have decreed,and'tis establisht in me,
That none from this sequester'd life shall win me,
Nor hate 'gainst all mankinde. Henceforth a guest,
A friend,

A friend,or a companion,I protest,
Are names forgot in me : Th'Altar of *Pitty*,
3080 So much esteem'd and honor'd in the City,
I'le hold as a meere trifle. Commiseration
On those that grieve or make loud acclamation,
To give the Needy,or their wants supply,
Shall be to me as blacke iniquitie.
3085 Subversion of good manners I'le allow,
A sad and solitarie life I vow,
Such as Wolves leade,bloud-thirsty to the end,
For only *Timon* shall be *Timons* friend ;
All else my foes,with whom I am at strife,
3090 As those that still insidiate my life :
To intercourse with any that hath bin
Before my friend, I'le hold a capitall sin,
Deserving expiation : and the day
That I incounter Kinsman in my way,
3095 I'le thinke unprosp'rous : for no more I passe
For Man,than statues made of stone or brasse ;
With such I'le hold no covenant. Solitude
Be thou myne aime and end : as for those rude
Of myne owne Tribe,Cousins and Nephewes, or
3100 Myne owne domesticke servants I abhor ;
My Country likewise : I to all their shames
Shall count them as meere cold and barren names,
Th' are mad mens Saints,but trifles to the Wise ;
Be thou alone rich,*Timon,* and despise
3105 All else : Thy selfe only thy selfe delight,
And separated live from the loath'd sight
Of Sycophants, (the remnant of thy daies)
Who only swell thee vp with tympanous praise.
Offer thy gifts unto the gods alone,
3110 Feast with thy selfe,be thine owne neighbor,none
Neere thee : whate're is thine partic pate
Vnto thy proper ends,and Rivals hate.
It likewise is decreed,That *Timon* will

 Himselfe

Himselfe use gently and humanely still,
3115 Be his owne page and servant, when his breath
Leaves him,his owne eies he will close in death.
If love vain-glory,hee'l himselfe renowne;
On his owne head his owne hand place a crowne:
No stile of honor be to him so sweet,
3120 As to be call'd *Misanthropos,* 'tis meet,
Because he hates Mankinde : the Character
That in all ages I desire to weare,
Is Difficultie and Asperitie,
Fiercenesse,Rage,Wrath,and Inhumanitie :
3125 For should I see a poore wretch wrapt in fire,
And he to quench him should my helpe desire,
I would but laugh to see him fry and broile,
Seeking to feed the flame with pitch and oile.
Againe, f passing by a rivers brinke,
3130 And spying one falne in,ready to sinke,
And holding out his hand imploring aid,
Craving to be supported up and staid;
What in this case thinke you would *Timon* do?
Even dive his head downe to the bottome too.
3135 There are no other lawes confirm'd,than these,
By *Timon,*son to *Echecratides,*
Even *Timon* of *Collytte,* with his hand
Subscribes to them,which hee'l not countermand.
O now at what a deare rate would I buy,
3140 That present newes might into Athens fly,
And all of them vpon the sudden know
What store I have,how little to bestow.
What noise was that? See,multitudes come posting,
Clouded in dust,and breathlesse,this way coasting?
3145 I wonder how they smelt my gold? Were't best
I clime up to yon hill, from whose high crest
I with more ease with stones may palt them hence?
Or shall I rather for this once dispence
With my harsh lawes? to shew them all my store,
With

3150 With the bare sight thereof to vex them more?
I hold that best; their comming here I'le stay:
But soft, what's he that's formost on the way?
Gnatonides the Flatterer, who but late
When I was in my miserable estate,
3155 And beg'd of him some food for charitie,
Cast me an halter: yet ingratefull hee
A thousand times hath at my table eaten,
I am glad yet he comes first, first to be beaten.
Gnaton. Did I not ever thinke the gods above
3160 Could not neglect, but still this good man love?
Haile *Timon*, thou most faire, most sweet, most kinde,
Bounteous, and alwaies of a generous minde.
Tim. Haile too *Gnatonides*, (the corruptest slave
That ever gourmandis'd) what wouldst thou have,
3165 Thou more than many Vultures still devouring?
Gnaton. It was his custome alwaies to be pouring
Harsh jeasts vpon his friends; his quicke dicacitie
Would evermore be taunting my voracitie,
And it becomes him well. Where shall we dine,
3170 Or whether go to quaffe thy health in wine?
I have a new song got into my pate,
Out of quaint (*p*) *Dythirambs* I learn'd it late.
Timon. But at this time I rather could advise
That thou wouldst study dolefull Elegies,
3175 Such as this spade can teach.
Gnaton. O *Hercules*!
Strikes *Timon* then? with thee, I witnesse these,
Before the *Areopagitæ* I
Will have thee call'd in Court: ô I shall die,
3180 See, thou hast wounded me.
Timon. Nay be not gone;
Two labors thou mayst save me so in one:
Thou shalt complaine of murther.
Gnat. Timon No:
3185 But rather on my broken pate bestow

Some of thy gold to apply too't,and be sure,
It's both a speedy and miraculous Cure.
Tim. Still stay'st thou ?
Gnat. I am gon. Wondring hee's growne
3190 Of late so rude,that was so civill knowne.
Tim. Who's he comes next, all bare and bald before ?
Philiades : I know him of the store
Of Sycophants most execrable,who wound
Me in not long since for a piece of ground,
3195 Besides two talents for his daughters dower,
And all that substance did the slave devour,
Because he prais'd my singing : when the rest
Were silent all,he only did protest
And sware,that I did admiration breed,
3200 Nay,dying Swans in sweetnesse much exceed.
I since being sicke, desiring him to have care
Over my health,the Villein did not spare
To spurne me from his gate.
Philiades. Ingratefull age,
3205 Dost thou at length know *Timon*,he,the sage
And wise good man : full well did he requite
Gnatonides the soothing Parasite,
And Temporiser,who is only friend
To such as of their wealth can know no end.
3210 But he hath what he merits,a just fate
Depending on th' Vnthankfull and Ingrate :
But we that have been table-guests of old,
Equals,and fellow Citisens,enrold ;
Who'twixt us interchang'd the name of brother,
3215 And were not chargeable one to another,
We should renew acquaintance : Sir,God save you,
And beware henceforth how you do behave you
To sacrilegious Parasits that appeare
Alwaies at banquets and abundant cheare :
3220 They are only Smell-feasts,waiting on the Cooks,
But little differing from base Crowes and Rooks,

Men

Men are of late so'bnoxious vnto crimes,
There is no trust to any of these times;
Vnthankfull they are all,and bad : but I
3225 Knowing thy wants,and willing to supply
Thy present uses,purpos'd to have brought
A talent with me; fearing thou hadst owght
To some harsh Creditor; or might have need
For other ends : but by the way indeed,
3230 Hearing to what a surplusage of gaine,
Thou hast arriv'd, I held it a thing vaine.
Yet came I of thy bounty to make proofe,
And counsell thee of things for thy behoofe :
But needlesse were it,*Timon* being so wise,
3235 That (if he liv'd) he *Nestor* might advise.
Tim. 'Twas kindely done, *Philiades*,come neere
And see what welcome I have for thee heere.
Phil. Thou wretched churle;what vndeserved punishment
Hast thou repaid me for my late admonishment?
3240 I feare he hath broke my necke.
Tim. Behold a third,
Demeas the Orator; indeed a Bird
Of the same feather : he hath bills,records,
Fables,a man meerly compos'd of words.
3245 He calls himselfe my kinsman; who in one day
(Of myne) to th' Cities Chamber had to pay
Sixteen whole talents,he then in execution :
Yet I redeem'd him,and made full solution
Of all his debts; when he was fast in hold,
3250 I freed him thence : yet was the slave so bold,
That comming after unto eminent place,
Where he with *Erichtheiades* had grace,
(Who had the charge of the whole Treasurie,
And mony by account then due to mee)
3255 He being my feed Advocate as then,
Protested that I was no Citisen;
Therefore not capable my due to claime:

Most loudly lying without feare or shame.
Demeas. Save thee,ô *Timon*,thou,of all thy race
3260 The greatest ornament and the prime grace,
Of the whole State the Columne and the stay,
By whom protected and supported,they
Live safe : thou art the stay of Greece,we know,
The people frequently pronounce thee so,
3265 With either Court : but heare what I have writ
In thy great praise,and then consider it.
Timon, of *Echecratides* the son,
Borne in *Collytte,*who hath never don
But what became him well ; who as he was
3270 Of unstain'd life,in wisedome did surpasse
The Grecian Sages ; who from himselfe did steale
His pretious houres, to benefit the Weale.
He was so good a Patriot,besides strong,
And from th' Olympicke wrestling brought along
3275 Great honors by his swiftnesse,by his force,
The foure wheeld Chariot and the single horse.
Tim. I have not so much as spectator bin
Of what thou sayst I am so eminent in.
Demeas. All's one for that,we Orators are free,
3280 And what's not yet done may hereafter be :
These are but things of course,and aptly fitted,
I see no reason they should be omitted.
But the last yeare,no longer since,how well
Did he demeane himselfe, nay how excell,
3285 When he against the *Achernenses* fought,
And their great army vnto ruin brought ?
The Spartans in two battels he subdu'd.
Timon. How can these be ? Do not my sence delude :
I never being souldier,nor had minde,
3290 Or the least purpose to be so inclin'd.
Demeas. 'Tis modestie in you,I must confesse,
To be so sparing of your worthinesse.
But as for us,we should be most ingrate,

If

If we your great worth did not celebrate.
3295 Besides, in Lawes, which (truly understood)
Have been inacted for the publique good;
In privat consultations about war
Or peace, he did transcend all others far,
And brought unto the publique State such profit,
3300 That there is none can speake too loudly of it.
For these just causes it is held convenient,
And by the Lords and Commons thought expedient,
(Being a man so generally respected)
To have a golden statue erected
3305 To this great Commonwealths man *Timon*, grac'd
So far, as to be next *Minerva* plac'd,
In her owne Temple, shaking in his hand
(As imitating *Iove*) a fulminous brand,
Bright raies about his head, and at the least,
3310 Deckt with seven Crownes, to have his name increast.
Next, to have all his glories open laide
In the new Tragedies to *Bacchus* made.
These solemne Sacreds must be kept this day,
And who more fit than he to act them, pray?
3315 *Demect* to this decree doth first subscribe,
Because he counts himselfe of *Timons* tribe,
His neere Ally and kinsman, or indeed
His scholler rather, for he doth exceed
In learning the superlative degree,
3320 As being all what he can wish to bee.
This is the generall suffrage, and thy due:
But how had I forgot? that to thy view
I did not bring my son and heire, the same
Whom I have since calld *Timon*, by thy name.
3325 *Tim.* How can that be, ô *Demeas*, when thou hast
No wife at all, pretending to live chast?
Thou art a Batchelor.
Dem. Tush, do not feare,
My purpose is to marry the next yeare.

If

3330 If heaven permit, and thou shalt heare relation,
That all my study shall be procreation.
Then my first Borne (a boy it shall be sure)
I'le *Timon* call,to make thy name endure.
Tim. But if in this sad stroke I not miscarry,
3335 'Twill be a doubt if euer thou shalt marry.
Demeas. O me,what means this out-rage? art thou wise,
That dost upon thy friends thus tyrannise ?
To beat him hence,that hath more quicke conceit
And apprehension in this broken pate,
3340 Than thou in thy great Mazard : neither can
This iustifie thee for an honest man,
Or a good Citisen : This out-rage don,
Shall question thee before the setting Sun ;
For I dare justifie,thou durst aspire
3345 To set the Cities Citadel on fire.
Tim. That calumny will to thyne owne shame turne,
Because the place hath not been seen to burne.
Dem. But being rich,it may suspected bee,
That thou hast robd the common Treasurie.
3350 *Tim.* The bolts and locks are whole,and 'twill appeare
Most vile to such as shall thy scandals heare.
Dem. It may be rob'd hereafter ; i'th mean time
Thou thus possest art guilty of that crime.
Tim. Mean time take that,'twill speed thee if't hit right.
3355 *Dem.* O me ; that blow'twixt neck and shoulders light.
Tim. Shreeke not so loud,ô *Demeas*,if thou dost,
Here's a third for thee. Me-thinks it were most
Ridiculous,that being unweapon'd,I
Two mighty Spartan armies made to fly,
3360 And one poore snake not vanquish : so in vain
The honors from Olympus I should gaine,
To championise and wrestle. Soft,what's he ?
Grave *Thrasicles* the Sophist it should be :
The same ; I know him by his promisse beard,
3365 And beetle browes : Some things that are not heard

He

He mutters to himselfe,and his squint eye
Casts towards the Moone,as should his wits there lye :
His unshorne haire beneath his shoulders flowing,
About him scatter'd with continuall blowing :
3370 Like *Boreas* or some *Tryton* he appeares ;
Iust such as *Zeuxes* (since not many yeares)
In tables us'd to figure them. Now hee,
In habit rare and thin, makes toward mee,
Pacing a modest,but affected gate,
3375 As if he had new crochets in his pate.
He museth too : wonder you would to heare
Him every morning,with a looke austere,
Dispute of Vertue and her excellent qualitie,
Reproving all delights, only frugalitie,
3380 (Which he affects) extolling. His first care
Is first to wash, then instantly prepare
Himselfe to meat, but at some others charge.
As soone as set, the boy brings him a large
And brim-filld bowle ; no liquor him can scape,
3385 So it be strong and prest from the pure Grape,
Like *Lethe's* water, downe the wine he poures
His yawning throat ; talks,At his early houres
What his Positions were and Disputations ;
Troubling the hearers with his vain narrations.
3390 Now he begins to gourmandise,and sits
Houering vppon the choice and fattest bits,
(As if the table could not roome afford)
He strikes his neighbors elbow from the bord,
In earnest feeding ; crums hang on his beard ;
3395 With severall saucers all his chaps are smear'd.
Being almost gorg'd,vpon the fruits he flies,
And almost groveling o're the platters lies ;
Tumbling and searching with insatiat minde,
As if in them he vertue hop'd to finde.
3400 With his long finger having scrap'd the dish,
And slapt up all the sauce of flesh or fish,

So

So cleane,that not a waiter,sparelier fed,
Shall have ought left wherein to dip his bread :
Still sits he as his greasie fists have shap'd him,
3405 Vext,that some glorious morsell hath escap'd him ;
Though he alone whole custards hath devour'd,
And his wide throat with tarts and marchpanes scour'd:
Yet hee's not satisfy'd,although at least
He hath gormandiz'd a whole hog at a feast.
3410 Now the best fruits that grow from this voracitie,
Is to be loud,and prate with great audacitie.
His guts full stuft,and braines well toxt with wine,
Himselfe he spruceth,studieth to be fine ;
Either prepares his squealing voice to sing,
3415 Or dancing,hops about as he would fling
His gouty legs off from his rotten thighes.
Wearied with these,againe he doth devise
Of new discourse,and that must chiefly bee
Of temperance and grave sobrietie.
3420 Now is he made a sport to all the Bord,
Stammers and lisps,speaks not a ready word ;
Then drinks even unto vomit : Last of all,
To take the nasty fellow thence they call.
Then there's with both hands lifting ; loth he leaves
3425 The place,and unto some she Minstrell cleaves,
Ready to ravish her in all their view,
To shew that Lust doth Drunkennesse persue ;
Nay in his best sobrietie applying
Himselfe to boldnesse,avarice,and lying ;
3430 In which none can out-match him,hee's a Chiefe
Both with the soothing flatterer and Thiefe :
For perjurie there's no man that transcends him,
Imposture ushers,Impudence attends him.
He is an Object of meere obseruation,
3435 Or (truly lookt into) of admiration ;
A spectacle of scorne,that wonder brings,
Being made complete from meere imperfect things :

In

In all his imperfections,more or lesse,
Seeming a kinde of modesty to expresse.
3440 Most strange ! O *Thrasicles*,What make you here ?
Thrasicles. Not with the minde of others I appeare,
O *Timon*, who come flocking to behold
Thee and thy mighty Magozin of gold,
Perhaps to steale and pilpher,to be guests
3445 intrusive to thy table and thy feasts ;
Who daub thee with pyde flatteries,that indeed
Art a man simple,and dost Counsell need ;
A brainlesse Prodigall,wholly given to wast,
Easily parting with what coine thou hast.
3450 Besides,thou art not ignorant, I am sure,
What spare and thrifty dyet I endure,
One Chop or Fragment best with me agreeing,
Even just so much as will maintaine a Beeing :
An onion is a meat to taste my pallat,
3455 But a few water Cresses a choice sallat ;
A little salt cast on them,then 'tis rare,
And I account it most delicious fare.
My thirst th'Athenian fountaine sates and fills,
Which by seven cocks it plenteously distills.
3460 This thred-bare cloake by me is prizd more hye
Than the best robe dipt in the Tyrian dye :
For Gold, thou knowst that I esteem't no more
Than I do pebbles scatter'd on the shore.
Yet for thy sake I hither made accesse,
3465 Fearing thy wealth,thy goodnesse might oppresse ;
Being corrupt and vile in it's owne beeing,
And no way with thy temperature agreeing,
The rout of irrecoverable ills,
Which seeming most to comfort,soonest kills.
3470 Be rul'd by me, Go instantly and cast
Into the Ocean all the wealth thou hast :
What need of Gold,when all things we supply
By contemplation of Philosophy ?

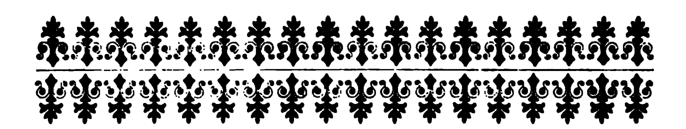
But

But cast it not into the depth I prethee,
3475 But neere the shore,when only I am with thee ;
Enough 'tis if the wave but overflow it,
To cover it,and (save my selfe) none know it.
If this dislike thee,that thou holdst it vaine,
I have another project in my braine,
3480 And't may prove the best course ; From forth thy dore
Precipitate and tumble all thy store ;
And to expresse a pure abstemious minde,
Of all thy Masse leave not a piece behinde.
There is a third way (like the second) speedy,
3485 Namely,by distributing to the needy ;
Who in all eares shall thy donation sound :
To him fiue drachma's, give that man a pound,
A talent to another. If by chance,
Philosophers of austere countenance
3490 Hither to taste thy largesse shall repaire,
Give such a double,nay a treble share,
As to the men most worthy. This (alasse)
I for myne owne part speake not,but to passe
Thy bounty unto others that more need,
3495 And would be thankfull,of thy gift to feed.
For my particular use I crave no more
Than so much at this present from thy store
As would but fill my Scrip,the bulke being small,
Holds two Ægina bushels,and that's all :
3500 To be content with little, moderation
And temperance becomes men of my fashion :
We Sophists, that in wisedome all out-strip,
Should aime at nothing further than our Scrip.
T*im*. All that thou speakst I (T*hrasicles*) allow ;
3505 Yet e're I fill thy wallet,heare me now,
I'le stuffe thy head with tumors,having made
True measure of thy skull with this my spade.
T*hrasic*. O Liberty ! ô Lawes ! neere a free City,
Thus to be us'd by one devoid of pitty !

T*im*.

3510 T*im.* Why,T*hrasicles*,thus angry dost thou show thee?
Have I not paid thee the full debt I owe thee?
Stay but a little,and t' expresse my love,
Foure measures thou shalt have o're and above.
What further businesse have we now in breeding?
3515 Multitudes hither flocke,in throngs exceeding;
There's *Blepsias,Laches,Cniphon*,and in brief,
A thousand more that hasten to their grief,
As if they ran for blowes; see how they flocke:
Therefore I'le clyme to th' highest part of this rocke,
3520 I hold that course is for the present best,
And to my wearied spade to give some rest:
Of scatter'd stones I'le gather me an heape,
And from that place I'le make them skip and leape,
Pouring my haile on them.
3525 *Bleps.* Hurle not,we pray,
O T*imon*,instantly wee'l trudge away.
T*im.* And yet thou shalt with difficultie doo't,
Without some bloud-shed and deep wounds to boot.

The



The Argument of the Dialogue intituled IVPITER and GANIMEDE.

3530

IOves *Masculine love this Fable reprehends,*
And wanton dotage on the Trojan Boy.
Shap'd like an Eagle, he from th'earth ascends,
3535 *And beares through th'aire his new* Delight *and* Ioy.
In Ganimed's exprest a simple Swaine,
Who would leave Heaven, to live on Earth againe.

The DIALOGVE.

Iupiter. NOw kisse me, lovely *Ganimed*,for see,
3540 Wee are at length arriv'd where wee would bee :
I have no crooked beak,no tallons keen,
No wings or feathers are about me seen ;
I am not such as I but late appear'd.
3545 *Ganimed.* But were not you that Eagle who late fear'd,
And snatcht me from my flocke ? where is become
That shape ? you speake now,who but late were dumbe.
Iupit. I am no man,faire Youth,as I appeare,
Nor Eagle,to astonish thee with feare :
3550 But King of all the gods,who for some reason
Have by my power transhap't me for a season.

Ganim.

Ganim. What's that you say? you are not *Pan*, I know:
Where's thẽ your pipe?or where your horns,should grow
Vpon your temples? where your hairy thighes?
3555 *Iupiter*. Thinks *Ganimed* that godhood only lies
In rurall *Pan?*
Gan. Why not? I know him one:
We Shepheards sacrifice to him alone.
A spotted Goat into some cave we drive,
3560 And then he seiseth on the beast alive.
Thou art but some Childe-stealer,that's thy best.
Iupit. Hast thou not heard of any man contest
By *Ioves* great Name? nor his rich Altar view'd
In Gargarus, with plenteous showres bedew'd?
3565 There seen his fire and thunder?
Ganim. Do you then
Affirme your selfe the same, who on us men
Of late pour'd haile-stones? he that dwells above us,
And there makes noise; yet some will say doth love vs?
3570 To whom my Father did observance yeeld,
And sacrific'd the best Ram in the field.
Why then (if you of all the gods be chiefe)
Have you, by stealing me,thus play'd the thiefe;
When in my absence the poore sheep may stray,
3575 Or the wilde ravenous Wolves snatch them away?
Iupit. Yet hast thou care of Lambs,of Folds,of sheep,
That now art made immortall,and must keep
Societie with Vs?
Ganim. I no way can
3580 Conceive you. Will you play the honest man,
And beare me backe to Ida?
Iup. So in vaine
I shap'd me like an Eagle, if againe
I should returne thee backe.
3585 *Ganim*. My father,he
By this hath made inquirie after me;
And if the least of all the flocke be eaten,

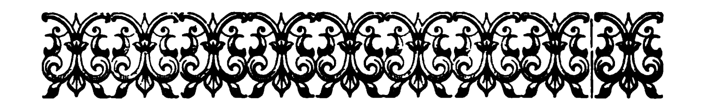
I in his rage am most sure to be beat.
Iup. Where shall he finde thee ?
3590 *Ganim.* That's the thing I feare,
He never can clime up to meet me here,
But if thou beest a good god,let me passe
Into the mount of Ida where I was:
And then I'le offer,in my thankfull piety,
3595 Another well fed Goat unto thy diety,
(As price of my redemption) three yeares old,
And now the chiefe and prime in all the fold.
Iup. How simple is this innocent Lad ? a meere
Innocuous childe. But *Ganimed* now heare.
3600 Bury the thoughts of all such terren drosse,
Thinke Ida and thy fathers flocks no losse :
Thou now art heavenly,and much grace mayst do
Vnto thy father and thy country too.
No more of cheese and milke from henceforth thinke,
3605 Ambrosia thou shalt eat,and Nectar drinke,
Which thy faire hands in flowing cups shalt fill
To me and others,but attend us still ;
And(that which most should moove thee)make thy'abode
Where thou art now, thou shalt be made a god,
3610 No more be mortall,and thy glorious star
Shine with refulgence,and be seen from far.
Here thou art ever happy.
Ganim. But I pray,
When I would sport me ;who is here to play ?
3615 For when in Ida I did call for any,
Both of my age and growth it yeelded many.
Iup. Play-fellowes for thee I will likewise finde,
Cupid,with divers others to thy minde,
And such as are both of thy yeares and sise,
3620 To sport with thee all what thou canst devise :
Only be bold and pleasant, and then know
Thou shalt have need of nothing that's below.
Ganim. But here no service I can do indeed,

Vnlesse

Vnlesse in heaven you had some flocks to feed.
3625 *Iup.* Yes,thou to me shalt fill celestiall wine,
And wait upon me when in state I dine :
Then learne to serve in banquets.
Ganim. That I can
Already,without help of any man :
3630 For I use ever when we dine or sup,
To poure out milke,and crowne the pastorall cup.
Iup. Fie,how thou still remember'st milke and beasts,
As if thou wert to serve at mortall Feasts :
Know,this is heaven,be merry then and laugh ;
3635 When thou art thirsty thou shalt Nectar quaffe,
Ganim. Is it so sweet as milke ?
Iup. Pris'd far before,
Which tasted once, milke thou wilt aske no more.
Ganim. Where shall I sleep a nights ? what,must I ly
3640 With my companion *Cupid ?*
Iup. So then I
In vaine had rap'd thee : but I from thy sheep
Of purpose stole thee,by my side to sleep.
Ganim. Can you not lie alone ? but will your rest
3645 Seeme sweeter,if I nuzzle on your brest ?
Iup. Yes,being a childe so faire :
Ganim. How can you thinke
Of beauty,whil'st you close your eies and winke ?
Iup. It is a sweet inticement,to increase
3650 Contented rest,when our desire's at peace.
Ganim. I, but my father every morne would chide,
And say, those nights he lodg'd me by his side
I much disturb'd his rest ; tumbling and tossing
Athwart the bed,my little legs still crossing
3655 His : either kicking this way,that way sprawling,
Or if hee but remov'd me,straitwaies yawling :
Then grumbling in my dreams, (for so he sed)
And oft times sent me to my mothers bed :
And then would she complaine vpon me worse.

3660 Then if for that you stole me,the best course
Is even to send me backe againe ; for I
Am ever so unruly where I lie,
Wallowing and tumbling,and such coile I keep,
That I shall but disturb you in your sleep.
3665 *Iupit.* In that the greater pleasure I shall take,
Because I love still to be kept awake.
I shall embrace and kisse thee then the ofter,
And by that means my bed seem much the softer.
Ganim. But whilst you wake I'le sleepe.
3670 *Iup.* *Mercury*, see
This Lad straight taste of immortalitie ;
And making him of service capable,
Let him be brought to wait on us at table.

IVPI-



IVPITER *and* IVNO.

3675 ## The Argument of the Dialogue.

IVno *of* Ganimed *is iealous growne,*
And much vpbraids Iove *with the Phrygian Swaine* ;
Willing (before him) to prefer her owne :
And therefore blames her husband,but in vaine.
3680 *Although this Fable to the gods extends,*
Base sordid lust in man it reprehends.

The DIALOGUE.

Iuno. SInce this yong Trojan Swain to heav'n thou hast brought,
3685 SO *Iupiter*,thou set'st thy Wife at nought.
Jupit. Of him too art thou jealous,a poore Swaine,
Though beautifull,yet innocent and plaine ?
I was in hope thou only hadst a spleen
3690 To women,such as I before have been
Familiar with.
Iuno. Nor hast thou made expression
Of thy great deitie in such transgression,
Nor done such things as have thee well beseem'd ;
3695 Who being a god above the rest esteem'd,

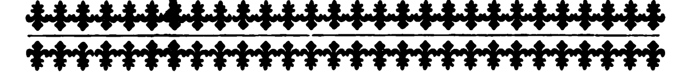
Descendest downe to earth,making it full
Of thy Adulteries : somtimes like a Bull ;
Then like a golden Showre,and keeping still
Those Prostitutes below to sate thy will.
3700 But now againe, Thou, mightiest of the dieties,
Lest that there should be end of thy impieties ;
Being now inflam'd with an unheard desire,
Hast this yong Phrygian Lad snatcht from his Sire,
Brought hither to out-brave me,and set ods
3705 Betwixt us,filling Nectar to the gods.
Is there such want of Cup-bearers ? or weary
Is *Hebe* yet,or *Vulcan*,to make merry
Thy Guests invited ? that no sooner thou
Tak'st from his hand the bowle,but straight to bow
3710 And kisse his sweet lip, nay in all our sight :
In that kisse seeming to take more delight,
Than in the Nectar drunke : but which is worst,
Oft callst for drinke when there's no cause of thirst ;
And as in sport (but sipping) thy arme stretchest,
3715 And the full Chalice to the Wanton reachest,
And he but tasting,as shall please him best,
Then to his health carowsest all the rest ;
And in the same place where his lip did touch,
Thou tak'st thy draught,thy lewd desire is such,
3720 With heedfulnesse and care noting the brim,
So,at once kissing both the cup and him.
Not long since too,this King and potent Father
Of men and all mortalitie,the rather
To sport with him,his Scepter laid aside,
3725 And thunders,with which late he terrify'de
The lower world. And speake,was not this wrong
To a Brow so great ? a Beard so full and long ?
All this I have seen,all these I have endur'd,
And nothing's done that is to me obscur'd.
3730 *Iupiter*. Why's this to thee so grievous,ô my wife,
That it should raise betwixt us the least strife ?

That

That a yong Lad,so faire and sweet as this,
Should please me both with Nectar and a kisse?
Shouldst thou but taste those lips (which I am loth)
3735 Thou wouldst not blame me to prefer them both
Before all Nectar and Ambrosia too;
Nay,if thou didst,even so thy selfe would doo.
Juno. These are the words of masculine love,much hated,
Nor am I mad,to be degenerated
3740 By base effeminacies as to take delight
In the loath'd kisses of a Catamite.
Iup. Pray (you most generous) do not so deprave
Those loves and pleasures I am pleas'd to have:
This pretty sweet effeminat Lad to me
3745 Is dearer far ——— but I'le not anger thee.
Iuno. I wish in my place you had that Lad wedded,
With whom you ofter than with me have bedded
Since his arrive: your loath'd wife shall bethinke her,
How better to behave her toward your Skinker.
3750 *Iup.* Is't only fit, *Vulcan* thy son should fill
Nectar,who being lame is apt to spill;
And bluntly running from the furnace,smells
Of smoke,dust, sweat, and what I know not else,
With sparks scarce quencht,before the gods to stand,
3755 His sooty tongs new laid out of his hand,
To take from him the goblet? which being done,
To embrace,then kisse thy most deformed sonne;
Whom scarcely thou his mother wouldst so grace,
Fearing his smudg'd lips should begrime thy face.
3760 Is he that only sweet Youth must adorne
The gods high banquets,being made their scorne?
And therefore must this Phrygian be confin'd,
Because hee's cleare in looks,as pure in mind?
Whose face so smooth,whose tongue doth so excell,
3765 And in all points becomes the place so well.
But that which most torments thee,since his kisse
Many degrees more sweet than Nectar is:

Iuno. Now *Vulcan* vnto thee (ô *Iove*) seems lame,
His forge,his apron,tongs,and tooles,thy shame :
3770 What nastinesse ? What loathsomnesse ? but hee
Now at this instant doth appeare to thee
Infected with ; whilst thou before thee hast
That faire fac'd Trojan Lad ? but in times past,
None of this foule deformitie was seen,
3775 No sparks,no soot,no dust to move thy spleen :
His furnace in those daies did not affright thee,
But then his filling Nectar much delight thee.
Iupit. Thou mak'st thy selfe sicke of thine old disease,
O *Iuno*,and this Trojan doth more please,
3780 Because of him th'art jealous : if thou scorne
From him to take the Cup ; of thy selfe borne
Thou hast to fill thee, *Vulcan*,one so smug,
As it he gap'd still for his mothers dug.
But thou,ô *Ganimed*,to me alone
3785 Reach the rich bowle.Two kisses for that one
I'le give thee still, when I receive it first,
And when returne it,having quencht my thirst,
Why weep'st thou?feare not,they that mean thee harme,
Mischiefe are sure to taste. Sweet boy thyne arme.

IVPI-



3790 # IVPITER and CVPID.

The Argument.

GReat Iupiter *on wanton* Love *hath seis'd,*
Ripping up iniuries before time done ;
And hardly is the Thunderers rage appeas'd,
3795 *But holds him fast that is about to runne.*
The childish Wag submissive language useth,
And with what art he can himselfe excuseth.

The DIALOGVE.

Cupid. WHerein have I,ô *Iupiter*,transgrest;
3800 That by thy pow'r I should be thus oppreſt ?
Being a childe,and therefore simple?
Iupiter. Thou
A childe at these yeares,*Cupid*? who I vow,
3805 Art older than *Iapetus*,hop'st thou to win
Favor, because no haire vpon thy chin
Appeares ? and thou art beardlesse ? but beguild
Must we be still in holding thee a childe ?
Being both old and crasie ?
3810 *Cup*. I pray tell
This subtill old man,whom you know so well,
What wrong he'hath done,that you would bind him ?
Iup. See,

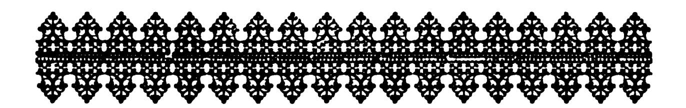
Thou

Thou wretch,dost thinke it a small injurie,
3815 To make me such a mockerie and a jest
To all men : that a god should to a beast
Transhape himselfe : into a Satyre, than
Into a Bull,an Eagle,and a Swan :
Next to a golden Showre ? all these th'hast made me.
3820 But that wherein thou chiefely hast betrayd me,
My will by force or sleight I must obtaine,
But never love,to be belov'd againe :
Nor by thy power have I more gratious been
To my wife *Iuno* the celestiall Queen ;
3825 But forc'd to use prestigious strange disguise,
In all my scapes to hide me from her eies.
Besides,our mutuall pleasures are not full,
They only kisse an Eagle or a Bull :
But should I in my personall shape appeare,
3830 Even at my sight (poore things) they die with feare.
Cupid. That only shewes thy power and divine might,
Since mortall eies cannot endure thy sight.
Iup. How comes it,*Hyacinthus* is so deare,
And *Branchus.* to *Apollo ?* Is his Spheare
3835 More bright than ours ? yet they about him cling,
In his owne shape.
Cup. But *Daphne* that coy thing,
Though he shew'd yong and beardlesse,his cheeks red,
And each way lovely,his embraces fled.
3840 If *Iove* then would be amorous,and apply
Himselfe to Love,his shield he must lay by,
And fearefull thunders,smoothly kembe his haire,
And part it both waies,to appeare more faire :
Weare on his head a Chaplet for a Crowne,
3845 And flowing from his shoulders a loose gowne
Dy'de in Sidonian purple : on his feet
Sandals,whose ties with golden buckles meet :
Vnto the Pipe and Timbrell learne to dance,
And foot it to them finely : so by chance

More

3850 More glorious Beauties may to him incline,
Than *Menades* attend the god of Wine.
Iup. Away : I more esteeme my regall state,
Than to appeare so poorely effeminate:
Cup. Love not at all,and that's more easie far.
3855 *Iup.* Yes,love I must,whil'st here such Beauties ar,
And gaine them with lesse trouble,mauger thee.
So for this time be gon.
Cup. I now am free.

VVLCAN



VULCAN *and* APOLLO.

The Argument.

3860

’TWixt Vulcan *and* Apollo *speech is held*
Of yong Cillenius, Maia’s *new-borne son* ;
How he in cheats and theevings hath exceld :
Relating strange things in his cradle done.
3865 *Since whom, all infants borne beneath his star,*
In craft and guile exceed all others far.

The DIALOGVE.

Vulcan. HAst thou not seen *(Apollo)* the yong Brat
So late brought forth by lovely *Maia*? that
3870 Looks in his swathes so beautifully faire,
Snarling on all such as about him are ;
Whom no one that beholds him, but surmises
That he is borne for some great enterprises ?
Apollo. Shall I (ô *Vulcan*) him an infant call ?
3875 Or thinke him borne for any good at all ?
Who for his craft and subtiltie (I vow)
Is than *Iapetus* older.
Vulcan. Tell me how ?
What wrong can this yong Baby do, I pray,
3880 Who came into the world but yesterday ?

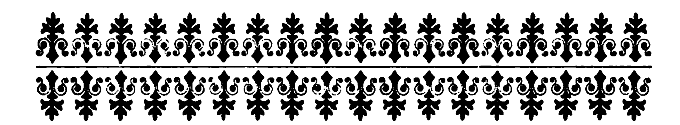
Apollo.

Apollo. Aske *Neptune* that,whose Trident he hath stolne :
Demand of *Mars*, (with rage and anger swolne)
Whether his braine least subtiltie afford ?
Out of whose scabberd he hath stolne his sword ?
3885 Or let me speake what by my selfe I know :
From me unwares my quiver and my bow
He slily snatcht.
Vulcan. How can it be,his hands
Being ty'd up so close in swathing bands.
3890 *Apollo.* Yet be not thou too confident,I intreat thee,
For come he neere thy shop,hee'l likewise heat thee.
Vulcan. He was with me but now.
Apollo. Dost thou misdoubt thee
Of nothing lost ? hast all thy tooles about thee ?
3895 What, not one wanting ?
Vulc. None.
Apollo. Free from his wrongs
Art thou alone ?
Vulc. By *Jove* I misse my tongs,
3900 Th'are stolne out of my forge.
Apoll. These thou shalt finde
About him hid,do but his swathes unbinde.
Vulc. Hath he such catching fingers ? (past beleeving)
Sure in his mothers wombe he studied theeving.
3905 *Apollo.* Didst thou not heare him, *Vulcan*,talke and prate
With voluble tongue,and phrases accurate ?
Now in his infancie,so yong, so small,
Offering to be a servant to us all.
No sooner borne, but *Cupid* he did dare
3910 To try a fall with him,and threw him faire.
Him *Venus* for his victorie embrac't,
For which he steales her girdle from her wast.
Iove smiling at the theft,and therewith pleas'd,
Mean time the crafty wag his Scepter seis'd :
3915 To steale his Trisulke he had made a shift,
But 'twas too heavy for his strength to lift.

Vulcan.

Vulc. Thou telst me of a Lad active and daring,
A nimble jugling Iack.
Apollo. Nay, hee's not sparing
3920 To professe Musicke too.
Vulc. How is that knowne?
Apoll. Th'invention too he seekes to make his owne:
Having the shell of a dead Tortoise found,
He makes an instrument thereof for sound;
3925 To which a crooked necke he first made fast,
Boring therein round holes,and in them plac't
Pinnes to winde up the cords by : to th' Shells backe
A belly frames : seven strings,which he doth slacke,
And sometimes stretch,he fixeth ; which but touch,
3930 They yeeld a sweet sound that delighteth much.
Whose notes I envy,be they flat or sharpe.
Since he contends to exceed me in my Harpe.
Even *Maia's* selfe I oft have heard complaine,
She cannot in the heavens her son containe :
3935 His ever-waking braine, in action still,
Can take no rest : by night (against her will)
In silence he conveyes himselfe to hell,
Whether to steale ought thence she cannot tell.
Besides,he hath wings,a *Caducæus* too
3940 Of a miraculous power, and force to doo
Things wonderfull,by which he can bestow
Soules hence departed,in the fields below,
Or thence convey them hither.
Vulc. Most sure I will
3945 Adde something to encourage his rare skill.
Apoll. Which he hath well requited ; for to day
(No longer since) he stole thy tongs away.
Vulc. 'Twas well done to remember me of this,
Because my tongs are tooles I cannot misse.
3950 Somewhere about him they are still,no doubt :
But first the fire I'le in my forge put out.

MER-



MERCVRY and APOLLO.

The Argument.

OF Iove *and of* Alcmena : *The long night*
3955 *In which the great* Alcides *was begot,*
This Fable speakes. And if I guesse aright,
In this the Author much profaned not,
To tax the heathen Idols his pretence is,
Since men are punisht for the gods offences.

3960 ## The DIALOGVE.

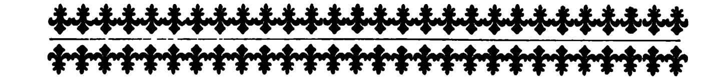
Mercury. TO thee,ô *Phœbus,Iupiter* doth say,
Forbear to mount thy Chariot for this day;
The next too,and the third,disclose no
3965 light,
But for that time make it continuall night.
Keepe in,command the Houres thy steeds to untrace,
And thy bright Sun beams plucke from off thy face.
For,without intermission being opprest
3970 With such long paines, 'tis fit thou shouldst have rest,
Apollo. Thou telst me a new thing,unheard till now ;
Have I transgrest my course,or been too slow,
Ot over-swift ? that *Iove* should prove a way
To make the night thrice longer than the day.

Merc

3975 There's no such thing ; he only hath intent
At some one aime on which his minde is bent,
And this time only (but not still to bee)
To have this one night made as long as three.
Apollo. Where is he now,or from whence art thou sent
3980 To tell me this?
Merc. Boetia's continent ;
And from (If I shall make a true confession)
Amphitrio's wife,with whom he hath congression.
Apoll. With her his courage then and strength he tries :
3985 But for his lust will not one night suffice ?
Merc. O by no means,since in this copulation
Must be begot one that shall awe each Nation ;
Of a most potent arme,and daring much,
And therefore 'tis not possible that such
3990 A mighty worke as making up *Ioves* son,
Should in one night be perfected and don.
Apollo. Well, I but little have to say unto him,
But with this great worke much good may it do him.
These things,ô *Mercury* (we are alone)
3995 I'th antient daies of *Saturne* were not knowne ;
He did not turne from *Rhea,* nor mis-led
Could he be to adulterat her chast bed :
Nor did he leave the heavens,in Thebes to sleepe ;
The day was then day,and true course did keepe,
4000 The night within her certaine houres was bounded,
No times,no seasons in his reigne confounded :
He had with mortall creatures no congresse.
But now for one poore womans sake (I guesse)
All things are topside-turn'd,and must be made
4005 Prepostrous henceforth,and run retrograde.
My Steeds with rest will grow more fierce and hot :
The way more hard and difficult,because not
In three daies past : Men miserably dwell
Here on the earth in darknesse,as in hell.
4010 And these are the faire fruits of his foule lust,

That

That sublunarie creatures suffer must;
Warning at once the absence of the Sun,
And waiting till this mighty worke be don.
Merc. *Phœbus* no more : had *Iove* intelligence
4015 Of what thou speakst, his rage it would incense.
I'le to the *Moone* and *Sleep*, and what in charge
I had from him,deliver them at large :
To her,to change the course she late did keepe :
To him,to fetter them in bonds of sleepe,
4020 So fast,they may not dreame of that great wrong,
To have been kept from sight of day so long.



MERCVRY and MAIA.

The Argument.

HErmes *his tedious labors doth complaine,*
4025 *As troubled more than all the gods besides,*
Not able his imployments to sustaine,
As one that in no certaine place abides.
Yet by his mother he at length is swayd,
Who tells him Ioves *hests must be still obayd.*

4030 ### The DIALOGVE.

Merc. IS there amongst the gods (ô Mother) any
So wretched as my self,though there be many?
Maia. Take heed, my son, what thou speakst
rashly.
4035 *Merc.* Why?
Can you name one that hath such cause as I?
Who have so many businesses in hand,
And those so great I scarce beneath them stand;
Into so many services divided,
4040 I am tyr'd and spent,and for my paines derided.
For in the morning, e're I can devise
Of what my dreams were,I betimes must rise,

Then

Then my first office is to sweep the house
Where all the gods must banquet and carouse.
4045 That done,I next prepare the Consistorie,
Whereas the Deities in all their glory
Appoint their meetings : all things I make fit,
That they in ease as well as state may sit.
Then at *Ioves* elbow I attend,where he
4050 Still sends me on his errands : I must be
Here,there,and every where,and these too all
Hurrying together ; for hee'l sometimes call
As soon as I am sent. When the whole day
I have toild,not having time to wipe away
4055 The dust and sweat,new labor I begin,
Supper comes on,and I must then serve in
Ambrosia : e're the Phrygian had to doo
With *Ioves* crownd Cup, I filld him Nectar too.
But what of all's most tedious,and accites
4060 Me to this spleen,I cannot rest a nights ;
For whil'st each other god upon his bed
Takes due repose, even then I of the Dead
And new deceast have charge,and through the shade
To *Pluto's* Court I see them safe convay'd.
4065 These done,I cannot rest me where I list,
But at their generall Sessions I assist,
For nothing's done without me. 'T might suffice,
That I all dayly businesse enterprise :
At Wrestlings I am present,at the Bar,
4070 Where Causes and Law-Suits determin'd ar',
Instruct such Orators as Fees desire ;
Sometimes supply the place of common Crier.
Nor would these things appeare so great a trouble,
But that th' affaires of hell make them seeme double.
4075 The sonnes of *Læda* much more happy bee,
They interchangeably have leave to see
The heaven and hell by turnes ; while one doth show
Himselfe above,the other stayes below.

If thou refuse to doo't,as fearing skath,
Thy timerousnesse will but increase my wrath
And deep displeasure : therefore strike I say,
Instantly, boldly,and without delay :
4130 Quickly deliuer me,I am full of paine,
A thousand throwes are laboring in my braine.
Vulc. Well looke too't *Iupiter*,my axe is keen,
Nor can this birth be without bloud-shed seen.
'Twill be a dangerous wound made in thy head ;
4135 Beleeve't, *Lucina* brings not thus to bed.
Iupit. Strike boldly then,ô *Vulcan*,feare not blood,
For I know best what for my selfe is good. (stand
Vulc. Though 'gainst my will, I shall, who dares with-
When *Iupiter* himselfe shall give command.
4140 What's here ? A woman arm'd leaps on the Plain :
O *Iove*,thou hadst much mischiefe in thy brain.
No marvell thou wert angry and much paind,
When in thy *Pia mater* was containd
A live *Virago*,arm'd,and having spread
4145 Castles and townes and towers about her head ;
She leaps and capers,topt with rage divine,
And danceth (as she treads) the Matachine,
Shakes her steele pointed Lance,and strikes her Tardge,
As if she had the god of War in charge.
4150 Nay,which is more,she is exceeding faire,
And ripe for mariage, made in all parts rare,
And amiable, onely she hath blew eies,
But those her gracefull helme doth well disguise :
And therefore *Iupiter*,because I have
4155 Thus playd the mid-wife for thee, what I crave,
Grant me for my reward,namely that she
May be my wife,this day espous'd to me.
Jupit. Thou demandst that which cannot be allow'd,
For this *Minerva* is a Virgin vow'd,
4160 Nay,a perpetuall Votary : but if I
In this could do thee any courtesie,

Thou

Thou mightst presume't.
Vulc. It is my great desire,
And to my best of wishes I'le aspire
4165 In waiting time to rape her.
Iupit. O my sonne,
Thou aimst at that which neuer can be done :
She vowes to live a Virgin, let that guide thee,
Pursue not things which never can betide thee.



4170 ## NEPTVNE and MERCVRY.

The Argument.

TH'abortive Infant from the wombe tooke late
Of dying Semele, Iove *doth translate*
Into his owne thigh : but the time expir'd
4175 *For mature birth, which (pregnant) he desir'd* ;
This childe, by one conceiv'd, borne of another,
Bacchus, *enioyes the name of* * *double Mother.*

* *Bacchus bimater.*

The DIALOGVE.

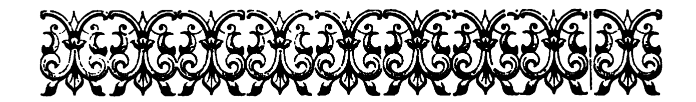
Nep. MAy I not see my brother?
4180 *Merc. Neptune*, no.
Nep. I do intreat thee, Nephew, let him know
That I attend without.
Merc. It cannot be,
4185 And therefore leave this importunitie ;
You must not at this present be admitted.
Nep. Hee's then in bed with *Iuno?*
No, (Grosse witted.)
Or *Ganimed?* Prethee resolve me quickly.
4190 *Merc.* Neither ; but *Iove* at this time's weake and sickly.
Nep.

Nep. How comes it that thou likewise lookst not well?
Merc. There is a cause in't,which I blush to tell.
Nep. What e're it be,the secret do not hide
From me thine Vncle,and so neere ally'de.
4195 *Mer.* Hee's newly brought to bed.
Nep. *Mercury* fie,
Not possible; it is a thing that I
Cannot beleeve : it would have come to light
Ere now,had Iove been an Hermaphrodite.
4200 Besides,I ne're perceiv'd his wombe to swell.
Merc. 'Tis true, in that (ô *Neptune)* thou sayst well :
His childing burthen did not lie within.
Nep. Now to conceive thee better I begin;
Some other *Pallas* from his skull is ta'ne;
4205 My Brother ever had a teeming braine.
Merc. Not so; this burthen in his thigh was bred,
Tooke from the wombe of *Semele*,late dead.
Nep. Wondrous! This generous god,by thy relation,
Will teach to us new waies of procreation.
4210 But what's that *Semele?*
Merc. Of *Cadmus* race,
A Theban Damsell,in whom *Iove* had place,
And left her great.
Nep. Most kindely it was done,
4215 To spare her throes,himselfe to beare her son.
Merc. Ghest somwhat neere; not altogether,tho,
Iumping with truth. But wonders wilt thou know,
From thee yet forrein? *Iuno* (jealous still)
By strange deceit seeks means the wench to kill;
4220 Persuades her (their united loves to sunder)
To beg of *Iove*,to bed with her in thunder
And blasting lightning (cause of all her griefe.)
To her the credulous Wanton gives beleefe;
She craves,*Iove* grants,descends in glorious fire,
4225 And in these flames the poore Girle doth expire.
Who grieving the faire Theban so should die,

Caus'd

Caus'd me to rip her wombe vp instantly,
And bring the Infant,now seven moneths conceiv'd,
Whom from my hand he gratefully receiv'd :
4230 Not knowing better how to make provision
For this Abortive,he made deep incision
In his owne thigh,and there it three moneths lay,
Till (now mature) it for it selfe made way.
This day he is deliver'd,and now growes
4235 Somewhat distemper'd by his painfull throwes.
Nep. But where's the Infant?
Merc. Him I did transport
To Nisa late,where the faire Nymphs resort,
By them with great care to be educated,
4240 And by the name of *Bacchus* celebrated,
Or *Dionysius.*
Nep. Then of this thy brother,
As *Iove* the father is, so hee's the mother.
Merc : It so appeares : but *Neptune* I am gon,
4245 For other things I now have thought vpon ;
I must go fetch him Lotion for his wound,
Yet green,and will in few dayes scarce be sound.
There's nothing but to him we must apply,
That's done to women that in childe-bed lie.

DIOGENES



4250 ## DIOGENES and MAUSOLUS.

The Argument.

T*He dead* Mausolus *doth himselfe advance*
Before all others of the buried Throng :
And therefore he erects his countenance,
4255 *Because on earth he was so faire and strong.*
Diogenes *derides his boastings vaine,*
And proves himselfe more happy of the twaine.

The DIALOGUE.

Diog. ATtend,ô *Carion,*what is thine intent
4260 To be even still so proud and insolent?
Prating of thy great worth, others to brave,
As if thou for some great desert wouldst have
Before us all precedence.
4265 *Maus.* I first claime
Prioritie,rais'd from a kingdomes name,
(O Synopesian) for I empir'd o're
All Caria : next,I pierc'd the Lydian shore,
There govern'd Nations barbarous and rude :
4270 Besides,I many other Isles subdu'd.

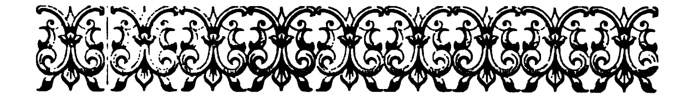
The

The great'st part of Ionia I laid wast,
And my great army to Miletum past.
Nay more, I was of beautifull aspect,
Tall and well shap'd,and (what I much affect)
4275 In power (before me) I exceeded all.
But that which made me most majesticall,
Of costly marble from the rocke dissected,
I have a stately monument erected
In Halicarnassus,fam'd for magnitude,
4280 With rare and never equal'd pulchritude,
So faire, so large,that all that see it know,
No King that ere deceast the like can show.
Statues of men and horses 'bout it stand,
Graven and carv'd by a most elaborat hand;
4285 In which expression Artists were at strife,
Not one of them but imitating life;
Of such admired height and spatious roome,
It rather seemes a Temple,than a Toome.
What wrong is't then,my glories not to smother,
4290 And to claime a precedence before other?
Diogenes. Is't potencie? is't beauty? or rich stones
In such huge number heap'd upon thy bones,
That swells thee with such pride?
Maus. By *Iove* the same.
4295 *Diog.* And yet *Mausolus,* thou that hast the name
Of Beautifull, thy strength is not all one,
Nor face that was; both now are past and gone:
For an unpartiall Vmpire should we chuse
To point the Fairer out; let him but use
4300 An unsway'd eye,not squinted with affections,
Shall finde small difference in our two complexions:
For both our heads are bald and alike bare,
Having no lips, our teeth apparant are;
Neither of us a nosthrill hath to show,
4305 But through these empty holes alike we blow.
This being granted, if because thy shroud

Beneath

Beneath so great a Structure make thee proud,
And that thy countrymen that Mole retaine,
Boasting of it with ostentations vaine,
4310 To shew to strangers the rare excellence
Of polisht stone ; what profit reapst thou thence,
Thou exquisite man ? unlesse thy shallow wit
Account thy greatest hurt a benefit ;
To have of huge stones,wondrously convay'd,
4315 Agreater heape than others on thee layd.
Maus. Am I no whit the better then for these ?
Is *Mausolus* one with *Diogenes ?*
Diog. Not so,good man,no paritie's confest ;
The Carian King shall be with griefe opprest,
4320 Excruciated and perplext in minde,
To thinke of his great pleasures left behinde,
Honors and wealth : *Diogenes* the while
At thy vexation stand aloofe and smile.
Thou in thy lasting memorie shalt have
4325 The art and charge bestow'd upon thy grave,
By thy faire sister and thy widdowed Queene,
In Halicarnassus still to be seene.
When as *Diogenes* yet doth not know
Whether on earth he have a grave or no ;
4330 Therefore can take no care for't. My fame lies
Tomb'd in the bosomes of the Iust and Wise.
Stories to future times deliver can,
I lead a life that did become a man.
Time shall thy Structure wast,but never myne,
4335 (Thou impure Carian) for 'tis made divine :
My monument growes neerer to the skye,
As built in place much more sublime and hye.

CRATES



Crates and Diogenes

The Argument.

4340 *Nature with too much darknesse overcast,*
Is maskt and blinded with the worlds affaires,
Still doating upon things that cannot last,
As on vaine frailties fixing all their cares.
" *Man that on mundane things himselfe assures,*
4345 " *Cheats all his hopes* ; *'tis* Vertue *sole endures.*

The Dialogve.

Crat. TEll me *Diogenes*, hast thou not knowne
Rich *Moerichus*, the man so overgrowne
With wealth superfluous, that from Co-
4350 rinth came
With ships so richly fraught ? the very same,
Cousin to *Aristæus* thought to be,
By computation full as rich as he :
Tkese two betwixt themselves use *Homers* phrase,
4355 *Claw me, I'le claw thee* ; *Let's live many dayes.*
Diog. What was the reason, *Crates*, first did move
These monied men to enterchange such love ?

Crates.

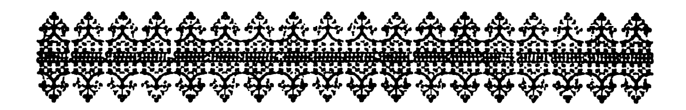
Crat. The cause they were intyr'd so,and calld brother,
Was,aiming to be heire to one another,
4360 Being equally possest : and therefore they
Publisht their Wills ; If *Moerichus* his day
Should before *Aristæus* chance to fall,
He the succeeder then should enioy all.
So *Aristæus*, If he dy'de before,
4365 Then *Moerichus* was heire to all his store.
This by Indenture seald,they cog,speake faire,
Flatter,in hope to be each others heire,
With gifts and presents mutually contending,
Yet still one gaping for the others ending.
4370 Insomuch that Diviners (whether skild
I'th stars or no I know not) all have fild
Their itching eares with Novels. Dreamers too
(Like the Chaldæans) have enough to doo
To mocke them with vain hopes,and at high rate
4375 Having betwixt them cast so even a fate,
Phœbus himselfe was pusled : first agreeing,
That *Aristæus* should have longest beeing ;
And then again,That *Moerichus* the Old
Should count new daies when he had all his told :
4380 Not knowing whose ambition should prevaile,
Their Fates being ballanc'd in so even a skale.
Diog. But what's become of this their time out-wearing?
Speake freely *Crates*,'tis a tale worth hearing.
Crat. Those that each others state sought to betray
4385 By bribes and flatteries,both dy'de in one day ;
And that huge Magozin did chance to arrive
To those whom they scarce thought of, being alive,
Thrasicles and *Eunomius* their Allyance :
Yet the Diviners in their great pre-science
4390 Ne're spake of them. Now the two rich men, they,
Fearelesse,still hoping with the Fates to play,
Being from Sycion unto Cyrra bound,
Were in the mid way neere Iapygium drownd.

Diog,

Diog. No matter,*Crates*,but when we were living,
4395 There was no emulation, no such striving
To be each others heire ; never did I
Desire of heaven, *Antisthenes* should die,
To be made his Executor ; or summe
His dayes, in hope his staffe to me might come.
4400 Nor do I thinke thou ever didst desire
(O *Crates*) I the sooner might expire,
To inherit my possessions,and to strip
Me from my Tun,and pulse left in my scrip.
Crat. I had no need of them,nor thou to claime
4405 His staffe for legacie, since thou didst aime
At a much fairer heritage,to bee
Better'd by him, as I have bin by thee ;
And that in treasures richer and more hye,
Such as the Persian Empire cannot buy.
4410 *Diog.* And what be those ?
Crat. Wisedome,frugalitie,
Truth and good life, in all these libertie.
Diog. By *Iove*,I well remember I had store
Of these from him, but thou (ô *Crates)* more.
4415 *Crat.* Yet others that have thought themselves more wise,
All such inheritances much despise ;
Nor sycophant they us,such things to attaine
By us, as we from him were proud to gaine,
They only thirst and hunger after gold.
4420 *Diog.* No marvell, since they all of them have sold
Themselves to Ignorance,not capable
Of Knowledge and instructions profitable ;
Having their mindes with dissolute lusts infected,
Like foule and loathsome dishes long neglected,
4425 Grow fur'd and sluttish with voluptuous sin,
Corrupting the most choice Cates serv'd therein.
Th' are full of rifts and cranies, every houre
Greater than other : therefore should we poure
Into these leaking Vessels, Iudgement sound,

Or

4430 Or Truth,or Freedome,all drop to the ground,
Through their craz'd bottomes,and lie spilt and wasted,
Much with their putrid noisomnesse distasted :
(So *Danaus* daughters here in hell are said,
Laboring with Sives a flowing Spring to unlade)
4435 And yet even those that can no goodnesse keep,
Will watch gold falling from them,and shun sleep,
Hoording it with all care.
Crat. And so'tis best
We do those vertues we in life possest.
4440 Locke they their stuft bags in chests ne're so strong,
They shall but one poore halfe-penny bring along,
And that no further than to *Charons* barge ;
The Ferriman will ease them of that charge.



CHARON, MENIPPVS, MERCVRY.

4445 ### The Argument.

CHaron *the Ferriman exclaimes vpon*
Menippus, *for not paying him his fare,*
By him being wafted ouer Phlegeton ;
For which these two at great dissention are.
4450 Charon *is forc'd to pardon it in the end* ;
For he that nothing hath must nothing spend.

The DIALOGVE.

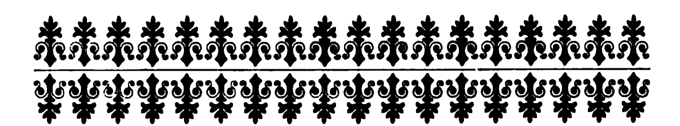
Char. PAy me my fare,thou wretch.
Menip. Nay, scold outright,
4455 If thou to heare thy selfe speake tak'st delight.
Char. My due for thy trajection downe here lay.
Menip. I prethee how can he that hath not,pay ?
Char. Is't possible there any one can be
4460 That is not worth a single halfpenny ?
Menip. I know not to whom else thou pratest here,
But for myne owne part I have none I sweare.
Char. I'le bast thee with this ship-rope, if my hire
Thou tendrest not.
4465 *Menip.* Then shall my staffe aspire

To

To fly about thine eares.
Char. So long a cut
Must I take paines to waft thee,and thou put
To no expence at all?
4470 *Menip.* Let *Hermes* stand
Ingag'd for me, who gave me to thine hand.
Merc. By *Iove,* in time I shall be ill bested,
If I be put to pay fares for the dead.
Char. He shall not so passe from me.
4475 *Men.* For his sake
Continue still thy course,and quickly make
Towards the shore; What to thy share can fall
from him who (as thou seest) hath nought at all? (long?
Char. Didst thou not know what thou shouldst bring a-
4480 *Menip.* 'Tis true I did,but can excuse the wrong;
I had it not,because I want to give,
Is't therefore fit that I should ever live?
Char. Wilt thou be he then,who alone canst boast
To have ferried this great river without cost?
4485 *Menip.* Not so, ô *Charon,* wanting to defray,
Thou hast my paines, I pumpt part of the way,
Then tug'd at th' oare,being that only soule
Who in thy barge did neither mourne nor houle.
Char. Tush, these are nothing to my fare that's due,
4490 Lay downe my halfpenny,my fare,in view.
Men. Not having it,best way to end this strife,
Is, That thou *Charon* beare me backe to life.
Char. For that Gramercy, so I might be sure,
From *Æacus* a beating to endure.
4495 This base Ghost would persuade me to the whip.
Men. Be not so peevish then.
Char. What's in that scrip
Thou keepst so close about thee?
Men. A small cheat,
4500 A little pulse for *Hecate* to eat.
Char. Tell me,ô *Mercury,* whence hast thou brought

This Dog to us? a wretch that mindeth nought.
What strange things talkt he by the way, I guiding
The helme,whilest he was all the while deriding
4505 The passengers? what a loud coile he kept,
He only singing whilest the other wept?
Merc. Knowst thou not him? he hath a spirit daring,
Hee's bold,free spoken,and for nothing caring:
This is *Menippus*, (Foole.)
4510 *Char.* Well,if againe
I take him here, ———
Men. Thou threatnest me in vain:
This passage,though not for 'twixt shore and shore,
Yet once being past,cannot be traveld more.

ME-



4515 MENIPPVS, ÆACVS, PYTHAGORAS, EMPEDOCLES, and SOCRATES.

The Argument.

Iudge Æacus *doth to* Menippus *show*
The obscure Ghosts and Sulphur Vaults below.
4520 *And after that he brings him to the Plaine*
Where both the Valiant and the Wise remaine :
Who as the freenesse of his tongue him guides,
(Wretched himselfe) their sorrowes he derides.

The DIALOGVE.

4525 *Menip.* NOw even by *Pluto* I entreat thee show
(O *Aeacus)* to me the Vaults below.
Aeac. Not all, *Menippus,* that were hard
to do :
But such especially as belongs vnto
4530 Thy late demand, namely the prime and choice ;
If these content, I'le listen to thy voice.
Thou knowst that to be *Cerberus,* and him
The ferriman, who from the rivers brim
Trajected thee : this, *Periphlegeton :*
4535 That the Lake *Styx,* thine eyes now dwell upon.

Men. I know both thee and these, *Æacus* the Great,
Who in this portch hath a determin'd seat.
To observe all entrance, I have likewise seen
The Furies, with th' infernall King and Queen.
4540 The men of old I now desire to see,
Precelling others in nobilitie.
Æac. This *Agamemnon* is, *Achilles* hee,
That *Idomen,* a third rankt in degree,
And next them plac'd : The fourth discovered,
4545 *Vlysses, Ajax* then, next *Diomed.*
The rest, the far fam'd Grecian Hero's are.
Menip. O thou ingenious *Homer,* see how bare,
How groveling and how dejected lie,
How low the heads of thy great Rapsodie :
4550 Ignoble and obscure they now are all,
Ashes and dust, trifles in value small ;
For (as thy selfe said) nothing hath production,
But's mutable and subiect to corruption.
Now *Æacus* what's he ?
4555 *Æac. Cyrus* hee's cal'd.
Now he that next him sits so much appal'd,
Crœsus the Rich ; *Sardanapalus* then,
Who was the most effeminate of men :
Beyond these *Midas,* and that *Xerxes,*
4560 *Menip.* How ?
Is it my fortune then to meet thee now
(Thou wickedest of wretches) in this plight,
Who once didst put whole Greece into affright ?
That o're the raging Hellespont mad'st bridges,
4565 And with thy fleet hadst purpose o're the ridges
Of mighty mountaines to have saild ('tis knowne.)
But what a poore Snake is that *Crœsus* growne ?
Pardon me, *Æacus,* for above all,
I have a great minde with *Sardanapal*
4570 To go to present buffets.
Æac. Do not so.

He

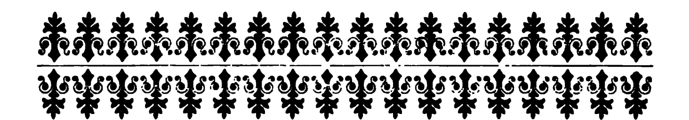
He is so weake and womanish,the least blow
Will breake his skull to pieces.
Men. As I can
4575 I'le gripe him tho,halfe woman and halfe man.
Æac. Wilt thou see those in wisedome did surpasse?
Menip. By any means.
Æac. Behold *Pythagoras.*
Men. Haile,thou *Euphorbus,*or *Apollo,*or what
4580 Thou wouldst be calld by else, I give thee that.
Pythag. Haile to thee likewise.
Men. Speake and do not lie,
Hast thou about thee still thy golden thigh?
Pythag. I have it not. But tell me,I intreat,
4585 If thou hast ought within thy scrip to eat?
Men. Pulse, nothing else : Thy words are meerly wast,
For that I know thy pallat cannot taste.
Pythag. Yet give me part; amongst us here below
Doctrines are taught which then we did not know.
4590 As namely,That there nothing is to boot
Between a Bean and a Satyrion root.
Æac. Cast thyne eyes further now,for besides these,
Here's *Solon*, son to *Ercecestides,*
Thales and *Pittachus*, With th' other Sages,
4595 Whose memories shall live to after-Ages :
And these alone seem pleasant 'mongst the rest,
Iocond and free,as with no cares opprest.
Menip. Cover'd with ashes from the toe to th' head
What might he be, that looks so like to bread
4600 Bak'd on an hearth unswept,blister'd beside,
As if he late had rosted been,or fry'de?
Æac. Empedocles.
Men. He that from Ætna came,
Halfe broild of late, I know him for the same :
4605 Thou excellent of foot,what was the cause
Thou threwst thee headlong into Ætna's jawes?
Emped. Madnesse it was,*Menippus.*

Menip. Not,by *Iove* ;
But a vain arrogance,pride,and selfe-love,
4610 With madnesse added, though thou didst not see't :
These scorcht thee,with the sandals on thy feet.
Thou Worthlesse,what have all thy feignings bred,
Being now as others thrust amongst the Dead.
But *Socrates*, ô *Æacus*, where's hee ?
4615 The only man I now desire to see.
Æac. With *Nestor* and *Palamedes* consorting,
And those with whom he best loves to be sporting.
Menip. Yet were he here, I would salute him faine.
Æac. Behold then that bald Fellow.
4620 *Menip.* All are plaine
And without haire : it is an equall note,
As well amongst these,as in place remote.
Æac. He without nose.
Menip. Why,amongst great and small,
4625 I cannot spy one wise amongst them all.
Socrat. Dost thou seeke me,*Menippus ?*
Menip. Thee alone.
Socr. How stand all things in Athens ? long agone
It is since I came thence.
4630 *Menip.* Many yong men,
Puny and junior Sophists,such as then
Durst not have talkt in publique, now looke hye,
and openly professe Philosophie.
Nay, who their habits shall observe,the gate
4635 Must needs confesse that they still imitate
The old Philosophers. Th'hast seen, I know,
How *Aristippus* to these Vaults below,
And *Plato* came : daubd with sweet unguents,th' one :
The other in smooth flatteries,cast upon
4640 The Tyrant of Sicilia.
Socrat. But of me
What censure they ?
Menip. A blessed Ghost to be,

And

And one,in those daies,whose predicting tongue
4645 Spake of all things that to this place belong.
And therefore they admire thee,hold thee rare,
With whom none of the Sages might compare ;
Above them skild, of such things speaking truest,
Yet (sooth to say) I thinke more than thou knewest.
4650 *Socr.* I spake of these things as my skill enabled,
Which they held dreams,and that I meerly fabled.
Menip. What are these three about thee ?
Socr. In a word,
Charmides,Phedrus,Clima's son the third.
4655 *Menip.* 'Tis well done (here too) to professe thy Sect,
And use those thy faire followers with respect.
Socr. What can I better do,my selfe to please ?
Come then,sit downe,and by us take thine ease.
Menip. Not I,by *Jove*, but instantly returne,
4660 To heare *Sardanapal* and *Crœsus* mourne :
Next to these two my mansion I will keepe,
Of purpose to deride them when they weepe.
Æac. I must be gon too,and have speciall care
Lest some ghost steale hence whil'st we absent are.
4665 My place is where thou foundst me,next the dore ;
When next we meet,I'le shew thee ten times more.
Menip. I thanke thee *Æacus*, even with my heart :
We have seen enough at one time, now let's part.

NEREVS,



NEREVS, THERSITES, MENIPPVS.

4670 ## The Argument.

B*Etwixt* Thersites *and* Aglaia's *Son*
A sudden emulation is begun,
Which of them both (being dead) is now most faire.
The Morall shewes, In death alike we are.

4675 ## The DIALOGVE.

Ner. TO end this new borne strife, *Thersites* see,
Here comes *Menippus*, he shal Vmpire be.
Prethee thou Cynick thy free censure tel,
Which of us two in beauty most excell.
4680 *Menip.* Resolve me first, Who are you that thus seeke
To make me judge?
Ner. I *Nereus* the faire Greeke.
Thers. Deform'd *Thersites* I.
Men. But tell me now,
4685 Which *(a) Nereus*, which *(b) Thersites?* for I vow
I cannot guesse.
Thers. In this thou art o'recome,
Nereus : *Menippus* cannot give his doome,

We

We are so like. What though blinde *Homer* boast,
4690 And stile thee fairest of the Grecian host?
What though my thin and unkemb'd scattered haire
Fell in long Elfe-locks from my scalpe, now bare?
Do not my living ouglinesse revile,
Death ranks us now together in one file.
4695 Therefore to have this difference quickly ended,
Now iudge *(c) Menippus.*
Ner. Am not I descended
From *Charopes* and *Aglaia,* fam'd so far
'Bove all that came vnto the Trojan war,
4700 For my rare beauty?
Menip. But *Nereus* know,
None bring their beauty to these Vaults below.
Of the fine flesh thou bragst of, wormes have fed,
Leaving thee nought save bones, like us now dead.
4705 *Ner.* Aske *Homer*, of what fame *Nereus* was then,
And he will answer, The most faire of men;
Ascribing Beauties praise fully to mee.
Men. Thou tellst me dreames : I iudge by what I see.
If amongst them that knew thee in those daies
4710 Thou wert so famous, seeke from them thy praise.
Ner. Am I not then the fair'st?
Menip. Nor he, nor thou,
Nor any one that is amongst us now,
Can claime precedence : for equalitie
4715 Reignes 'mongst the Dead.
Thers. And that's enough for me.

IUPITER,



IVPITER, MERCVRY, IVNO, PALLAS, VENVS, and PARIS.

The Argument of the Dialogue, entituled *Deorum Iudicium.*

4720

THe *Troian* Paris, *being yet a Swaine,*
Is made the Iudge of Ates *golden Ball.*
Three goddesses contend, but two in vaine;
Venus *(faire Beauties Queene) prevailes 'bove all.*
4725 *With* Youth, *her fraile gifts are more potent charmes,*
Than Iuno's *state, than* Pallas *Arts or Armes.*

The DIALOGVE.

Iupit. TAke *(Mercury)* this Apple, and make speed
To Phrygia, there where *Priams* son doth feed
4730 His herds of Cattell; thou art sure to find him
In Ida mount, the part that's now assign'd him
Call'd Gargarus: and thus much to him say
4735 From *Jupiter*, That we command him stay
All other his affaires; for being yong,
And beautifull withall, of a quicke tongue,

Whom

Whom most for amatorious things commend,
Him we appoint this doubtfull cause to end,
4740 And he alone shall the prime Vmpier bee,
To tell which goddesse is the fair'st of three :
She that's crownd Victresse by the Trojan Boy,
For meed this golden Apple shall enioy.
This is the houre that calls you to be gon :
4745 I am no competent judge to take upon
Me this arbitrement,since I approve,
They all have equall portion in my love ;
And,were it possible,I would renowne
Each severall Beauty with a Victors Crowne,
4750 As bee'ng to me like deare. Whoso shall give
The Palme to one,he cannot chuse but live
In envy of the other : therefore I
Allow me no fit Iudge. Go then,apply
Your selves in haste unto that Phrygian Swaine,
4755 Who is descended of a regall straine,
And Cousin to my *Ganimed* ; a Youth
Simple,(as mountain-bred)who nought save truth
Knowes,and there's none that hath beheld his face,
But would esteeme him worthy this great grace.
4760 *Venus.* For my part,*Iupiter*,what would I care,
If in this censure,Which should be most faire,
Thou wouldst us instantly to *Minos* send,
What can he finde in me to reprehend ?
However I am confident, yet these
4765 'Tis likewise fitting the yong man should please.
Iuno. Neither have we, ô *Venus*,cause to feare,
Should *Mars* your Sweet-heart be made Vmpier here.
But to this Youth selected we assent,
And (be he what he will) we rest content.
4770 *Iup.* Is this your minde,my lovely *Pallas?* Tush,
I now perceive you turne your eies and blush :
Such bashfulnesse becomes chaste Virgins still ;
I take thy silence for consent, thy will

I finde

I finde with theirs hath correspondence : Go,
4775 And from yong *Paris* thy precedence know ;
But take this charge from me, In those that speed not,
Malice or spleen against the Iudge it breed not,
Nor the yong man with any mischiefes threat,
Since all of you alike cannot be great.
4780 *Merc.* Proceed we then : this path directly leades
Vnto those Phrygian pastures and faire Meads ;
I'le shew the way, you follow me apace,
Be all of courage, I both know the place,
And *Paris* too, a beautifull yong man,
4785 And in these amorous contentions can
As much as any ; fit to undergo
This charge,and will not iudge amisse,I know.
Venus. All this is as it should be : I delight
In one not partiall, that will censure right.
4790 But is he yet a Bachelor, canst tell,
Or doth some Wife or Damsell with him dwell ?
Merc. I cannot say hee's altogether cleare
And free from women.
Ven. How's that ? let me heare.
4795 *Merc.* There lives with him a smug Idæan Lasse,
Sufficiently faire,and one may passe
Amongst the rest, but rusticall,as bred
In the same mountaine where his herd is fed :
Oft in familiar conference I have seen them,
4800 But tooke no note of any love between them.
Why aske you *Venus ?*
Ven. For no ill intent ;
It came into my thoughts by accident.
Miner. Ill dost thou,*Mercury*,and us much wrong,
4805 To hold us in sad conference so long.
Merc. Not so *Minerva,* lovely *Venus* spake
Nothing 'gainst you ; only she chanc'd to make
A question, if this *Paris* had a Bride.
Minerv. If nothing else,why didst thou closely hide
Such

4810 Such talke from us?
Merc. She spake the word by chance;
To keep't from you was but my ignorance.
Miner. Hath he none then?
Merc It seemes not.
4815 *Miner.* Doth he incline
To militarie Arts and discipline?
Is he of warlike spirit,from a straine
Ambitious after glory? or meere Swaine?
Merc. In that you plunge me; but as I can guesse,
4820 Being yong and strong,what can he promise lesse,
Than prove a hopefull souldier?
Ven. Well,you see
I 'plaine me not,nor is it griefe to mee,
That you two spake in privat; these complaints
4825 Fit jealous heads,but none of *Venus* Saints.
Merc. Take nothing ill, faire *Venus,* I beseech,
For truly to resolve you, her late speech
To yours had reference: Then (as you are wise)
Presume this, nought can bate you of your prise;
4830 The selfe same answer that to you I made,
I gave to her. I'th mean time whil'st we trade
In this discourse, the greatest part assign'd us
Of this our way we haue past, and left behind us
The stars already; Phrygia is not far,
4835 For in our view Ida and Gargarus ar';
And if I be not much deceiv'd, I spy
Paris the Iudge that must your beauties try.
Iuno. But I see no such man.
Merc. Close by me stand,
4840 And cast your eye that way, toward the left hand,
Not to the mountain top,but to the side,
Where you may spy a caves mouth gaping wide,
By which a faire herd's grasing.
Iuno. No such sight myne eies are guilty of.
4845 *Merc.* Looke here forth-right,

Iust

Merc. Iust as my finger points,and in your sight
Will fall a goodly herd of Beeves and Cowes;
Not where the rocke unto the steepest growes,
But towards the middle part,somewhat descending,
4850 Behinde them comes a Swaine,it seemes,intending
To keepe them close together,lest they stray,
Downe from the rocks he makes his speediest way;
Holding withall a sharpe goad in his hand.
Iuno. Now *Hermes* I begin to understand:
4855 If that be he, I spy him.
Merc. 'Tis confest:
But being now so neere the earth, 'tis best
(If so you thinke it fitting) we descend,
And towards him a moderat pace extend;
4860 Lest sousing on the sudden from an hye,
The frighted Swaine may take his heeles and fly.
Iuno. Hermes speakes well: Let's all at once alight;
You (*Venus)* in this way have best insight,
As she therein best skild, who (as Fame tells)
4865 Vpon this mountaine oft in caves and cells,
To satiate your lust,and pay Loves debt,
In *Vulcans* absence with *Anchises* met.
*Venus. Iuno,*your scoffes and taunts are ill apply'de,
Nor do they move me.
4870 *Merc.* Come,I'le be your Guide,
These well knowne paths I did of custome tread,
When *Iupiter* first lov'd his *Ganimed*;
They were then frequent with me,as being sent
Still to and fro,to accomplish his intent:
4875 When hither like an Egle he descended,
I present was, (for alwaies I attended,
And in his rape assisted) at what time
He snatcht him hence,unto yon place sublime.
The Lad by chance close by his Fold was fitting,
4880 Voice to the pipe, the pipe to his voice fitting.
Iove soaring high,downe on the sudden shifteth,
Behinde

Behinde him falls,and at an instant lifteth
Him gently from the earth,his crooked bill
Fastning vpon the wreath the Lad kept still
4885 About his browes,griping and holding fast
Yet (without harme) th'affrighted Youth,who'agast,
Turneth his head the clean contrary way,
Not knowing what to thinke,much lesse to say :
His oten pipe he then let fall through feare.
4890 But leaving this discourse,we now draw neere
The Iudge we came to seek for.Herdsman God save thee.
Paris. The like to thee yong man : I only crave thee
To be resolv'd,What art thou ? and to tell
What are these faire ones that in shape excell ?
4895 They are not such as daily we behold
Vpon these hills their flocks to graze and fold,
But fairer much.
Merc. Know,these no women be,
But of more high strain and sublimitie ;
4900 That,*Iuno* ; that *Minerva* ; *Venus* shee,
And I the son of *Maia, Mercurie.*
Iove greets thee thus : Why do thy spirits faile ?
Why trembl'st, and so suddenly lookst pale ?
Feare not,there is no danger,his command
4905 Is, Thou 'twixt these the vnpartiall Vmpire stand,
Of their choice features : Thus he bad me say,
Since thou thy selfe art beautifull,and may
(Though in this Ida there be Louers many)
Yet in these complements compare with any.
4910 Therefore to thee this iudgement I commit,
As vnto him that best can censure it :
Behold this *Golden Apple*,and advise,
'Tis of the choicest beauty,the rare prise.
Paris. Pray give me leave, what 's there inscrib'd to view;
4915 *Give to the Fairest this as Beauties due.*
How can I, my Lord *Mercury*,bee'ng humane,
And least of Mortals,a meere rustick swaine,

Be a sufficient judge?that *Iove* should prove me
In matters weighty and so far above me?
4920 Such desceptations would be better try'de
In cities wall'd,where men are solely apply'de
To delicacies : what more can you expect
From me,than censure those that I protect;
To say,that she Goat is than this more faire,
4925 And that this Heifer may with that compare :
To iudge of such I may perhaps have skill;
But these are beautifull alike,and still
The more my ravisht eies vpon them dwell,
The more they seem in beauty to excell :
4930 Such admirable parts in all I spye,
From none of them I can retract myne eye;
Where first it fastens it insists,and thence
I hardly can withdraw myne Optick sence :
How am I then distracted severall waies,
4935 Where still the present Object I must praise?
Where having dwelt with pleasure,if by chance,
Vpon a second I shall hap to glance,
Myne eye 's took captive and surpris'd again,
For thence I strive to ransom it in vain.
4940 What judgement can I give,when I protest,
The beauty that is neerest will shew best :
Then what a tumult it within me breeds,
When as by birth-right each of them succeeds?
In briefe,who to my true sence can restore me,
4945 Their pulchritudes being circumfus'd all o're me?
As if my weake conceivements to confound,
At once they circle and involve me round;
Now I could wish I'had eies behinde,before,
And that I were like *Argos*, (eies all o're)
4950 Iust, only I shall then my iudgement call,
When I this *Apple* can dispose to all.
Let me collect my selfe! This is the Wife
And Sister to Great *Iove*, with whom to have strife
Were

Were dangerous. These two his daughters,and
4955 'Gainst them how can my opposition stand,
Without much prejudice?
Merc. All I can say,
'Tis *Joves* command, thou must perforce obey.
Paris. One thing persuade them,*Mercury*,I intreat,
4960 That the two Vanquisht would nor rage nor threat;
But to impute it, if they lose the prise,
To the fraile weaknesse of a Mortals eies.
Merc. They so haue promis'd: but the time drawes on,
That now thy sentence must be call'd vpon.
4965 *Par.* Then to please one,I'le dare the spleen of two,
For in this straight what lesse can *Paris* do?
Yet one thing,*Hermes*,I with leave would know,
Is it enough to judge by th' outward shew,
Perusing them thus habited and clad?
4970 Or wert not fit a nearer course were had?
To have them all stript naked,that myne eye
May view them with more curiositie?
Merc. A question that from sound discretion growes,
And being Iudge, they are at thy dispose.
4975 *Paris.* At my dispose? Then I will haue all three
Stript to their skinnes.
Merc. He'hath spoke; so it must be.
Vnbrace your selues,put off,and nothing hide;
Whilst he surveighs each part,I'le turne aside.
4980 *Iuno.* Well apprehended,*Paris*,and see, I
Disrobe me first: Now this way turne thine eye,
Behold my white wrists,and my arms quite bare,
And are not these incomparably rare?
I am nor staring, nor yet narrow ey'de,
4985 These two the marks of Cowardise or Pride;
Where e're thy curious eye shall now invade,
I'am equally and vniformly made.
Paris. Disrobe you likewise,*Venus*.
Minerva. Not in haste,

4990 Till she hath ta'ne her girdle from her waste,
And cast it by ; that first thing let her grant thee,
For,*Paris,*shee's a Witch,and will inchant thee,
Being long studied in prestigious guiles,
And apt to circumvent thee with her smiles.
4995 Nor was it meet she should have come thus gay,
Trickt vp in colours and such rich array,
Her cheeks with sundry paintings plaistred o're,
Like to some Prostitute or obscœne Whore :
When nothing bnt bare form and feature true
5000 Should be expos'd vnto the Iudges view.
Paris. Of that inchanted Belt you well advise ;
Cast it away.
Venus. Why doth not she likewise
Her glorious plumed helmet cast aside,
5005 Or heave the brim that doth her forehead hide,
Displaying her uncover'd face and brest,
But with her truncheon strikes vpon her crest,
As if she meant the Iudge to terrifie,
That he th'upright cause might not verifie ?
5010 Or else (her threatning Burgaret cast hence)
Her blew faint eies might give the Iudge offence.
Miner. There lies myne helmet.
Venus. There my girdle by.
Iuno. We now all bare to thine inspection ly.
5015 *Paris.* O *Iove,*thou Wonder-maker,make me bold.
What glorious objects do I now behold !
What pulchritude ? What extasy'de delight ?
What a rare Virgin 's that ? how faire,how bright ?
But she,how venerable ? nay,divine ?
5020 What royall power within her front doth shine ?
What majestie ? yet intermixt with love,
She alone worthy to be wife to *Iove*
How lovely shines the tother in my face ?
With what a moving irresistable grace ?
5025 Her tempting lips, so paralleld in meetnesse,

Whisper

Whisper to me all blandishment and sweetnesse.
Of this vnbounded surplusage of pleasure,
I am now sated in abundant measure :
Therefore so please them to my will attone,
5030 I gladly would peruse them one by one ;
Being ambiguous in my selfe, and doubt,
(Distracted thus) I shall not long hold out :
How can my brain or eye be truly guided,
Being at once so many waies divided.
5035 *Venus*. So let us do.
Paris. You two your selves retyre ;
But *Iuno* stay.
Iuno. It is my sole desire.
And when thou hast with thy acutest eyes
5040 Perus'd this feature,void of all disguise,
And with thy most inquisitive eyes made way
Through all that thou canst possibly display,
I'le give the rest place. Great is my donation,
If I prevaile by thee : make proclamation,
5045 That I am Vict'resse,and take *Iuno's* word,
I'le of all Asia make thee King and Lord.
Paris. I am not sway'd with gifts ; but be you gon,
What's right and iust must now be thought vpon.
Draw neere,*Minerva*.
5050 *Miner*. See,I am at hand :
If in this strife of Beauty first I stand,
And thou pronounce me fairest ; from thy cattell,
I'le bring thee vnto many a glorious battell,
From whence thou, vanquisht never shalt retyre ;
5055 I'le make thee a prime Generall,and aspire
To deeds of fame and honor,in all which
Thou shalt be conqueror,crown'd with triumphs rich.
Paris.Of thundring wars I (*Pallas*) have no feare ;
Peace (as you see) is publisht every where,
5060 Phrygia and Lydia are now both at rest,
Neither with forrein nor home-broiles opprest,

My fathers Empire is in quiet : yet
Thinke not that I your noble gifts forget;
You may hope well,yet know me thus far stayd,
5065 I being Iudge must not with bribes be swayd :
Take up your garments,put your Helmet on,
I'have seen sufficient,you may now be gon.
Now your time calls you, *Venus.*
Venus. I am here,
5070 And be not sparing, *Paris*, with eies cleere
Contemplate me in all and every member,
Passe nothing cursorily,but still remember
What now thou seest ; fix both thine eies and heart
Not in one place,but all and every part,
5075 And where the object pleaseth let them dwell ;
Then truly iudge if I the rest excell.
Whilst th'other sences are full feasted here,
Lend me (ô Faire one) for a while thine eare;
I'have seen thee oft,and have observ'd thee long
5080 To be a Youth more beautifull and strong
Than any other here in Phrygia bred;
So I have thought,so I have often sed.
Yet as I for thy curious parts commend thee,
For some things I of force must reprehend thee;
5085 Who'mongst these crags and rocks consum'st thy prime,
Spending thy beauty,which will fade by time,
In solitudes,with beasts that peopled are,
And not in cities,who can judge what's rare :
What (prethee) in these mountaines canst thou gain ?
5090 Thy Beeves and Cowes shall censure thee in vain,
Thou'art lost amongst them : it should be thy pride,
(Richly arrayd) to seeke thee out a Bride,
No Shepherdesse or rustick Damsell,such
As Ida in aboundance yeelds too much.
5095 I would haue thee finde out some Grecian Queen,
Such as in Argos are,or Corinth seen,
Or in Lacena. Now I call to minde,

There's

There's Spartan *Hellen* ; ô that thou couldst finde
And compasse her : to thee I make confession,
5100 Shee's yong and beautifull beyond expression,
Nay in all parts both outward and interior,
(Still view me) no way to this shape inferior ;
And what above these should inflame thy minde,
She is not coy,but affable and kinde :
5105 Who had she seen,as I behold thee now
(All fortunes quite relinquisht) would,I vow,
As knowing no way to be better sped,
Fly to thine armes,thy bosome,and thy bed.
Perhaps of such an one you have heard tell.
5110 *Paris.* Never,ô *Venus*,but you please me well
In her description : on : to whatsoe're
You speake of her, I'le give attentive eare.
Venus. She was the childe of *Læda*, than her mother,
(Till she outstript her) liv'd not such another.
5115 For *Læda* was *Ioves* Paramor,who then
To have of her fruition,like a swan,
Downe sowsing came from heaven,by whose congression
Hellen, is *Ioves* owne daughter,by succession.
Paris. Of what aspect is she ?
5120 *Venus.* White without spot ;
And needs she must,being 'twixt two Swans begot :
That she is soft and tender,agrees well ;
Conceiv'd and born too in a smooth white shell ;
Naked she wrestles oft for exercise,
5125 And from these games returnes with many a prise :
Sutors from all parts have come thronging to her,
And happy he could finde the grace to woo her.
Nay,such as have bin forc'd to go without her,
Not only threatned,but rais'd war about her.
5130 Even *Theseus* held her choice of all his blisses,
Nor could he stay till she were ripe for kisses,
But ravisht her yet yong : but when she came
To a full feather,her unequal'd fame

Grew with her feature : then the Optimates,
5135 Princes,and of the Argives the chiefe States
Solicited her Nuptials : the prime man
Was *Menelaus* the Pelopidan,
He wood and woon ; and yet if thou agree,
Her and her Dower I will confer on thee.
5140 *Paris.* What's this you speake? wil you your pains imploy
To give me, whom another doth enioy ?
Venus. Is that a thing which difficult appeares?
Thou art as yong in knowledge as in yeares.
I promise what I can performe with ease.
5145 *Paris.* Shew me the means how,and it well shall please.
Venus. Then thus ; Thou shalt a voyage vndertake
To travell through all populous Greece, and make
That thy designe. Now when thou shalt arrive
At Lacedemon, *Helena* will strive
5150 To give thee welcome. What shall then succeed
Leave to my care, for thine it shall not need.
Paris. But this appeares incredible to me,
Impossible and meerly absurd,that she
Should leave a husband,kingdome,and a Crowne,
5155 Subjects and servants,and all these her owne,
Forsaking land,to hazard the seas danger,
To follow me,a rude guest and a stranger.
Venus. Be thou of courage ; for the same intent
I have two lovely children shall be sent
5160 Thy Guides and Captaines,who with all facilitie
Shall worke my ends : (*Cupid* and *Amabilitie*)
Cupid shall altogether undermine her,
And to thy selfe impulsively combine her.
With thee shall *Amabilitie* persever,
5165 At all occasions be about thee ever ;
By whose infusion thou shalt be inspir'd
To'appeare to her much lovely,most desir'd.
I will be present there, the more to friend thee,
And will entreat the Graces to attend thee,

Who

5170 Who shall be thy companions ; all together,
What cannot we compell her to ? and whether ?
Paris. And yet,faire *Venus,* I am still in doubt,
By what safe means this may be brought about.
I love that *Hellen,*though as yet unknowne,
5175 And (by what means I know not) I am growne
Inamor'd of her ; for beholding thee,
(O *Venus*) now me-thinks I *Hellen* see.
Me-thinks for Greece I now am vnder saile,
In Sparta am safe landed,and prevaile ;
5180 That I behold her in her beauties pride,
And bring from thence a bright and glorious Bride.
Why,e're begin,do I applaud the end ?
I grieve I act not what I apprehend.
Venus. Be not too forward in thy love,I prethee,
5185 But (ô thou fair'st of Neat-heards) take me with thee ;
Doat not too soone,nor be thou over-speedy,
Till I my selfe thy Bride-bed have made ready,
Having first reconcil'd you : with condition
That I of this great prise may have fruition.
5190 'Twill grace your mariage,when as Victresse I
Shall present be at that Solemnitie,
And after all such busie pain and toile,
Vnto my triumph adde thy glorious spoile.
Do but thou make this golden Apple mine,
5195 Shee with her love and bride-bed are all thine.
Paris. And yet perhaps when you have gain'd this prise,
You may neglect,and me (a Swaine) despise.
Venus. Shall I sweare to thee ?
Paris. No,it shall suffice,
5200 That you have past your promise.
Venus. Heare me then,
(O thou most faire and beautifull of men)
I vow,all lets and cavils set aside,
This hand shall give thee *Hellen* for thy Bride ;
5205 That from all future dangers I'le defend thee,

And

And in thy journey carefully attend thee,
That she shall follow thee,and prostitute
Both will and body to thine amorous smile :
That I'le be there to see howall things stand,
5210 And have in all these an assistant hand.
Paris. But will you bring along rankt in their places
Cupid and *Amabilitie*,with the *Graces ?*
Venus. Doubt not I will,and to make quick dispatch,
Desire and *Hymen*, to conclude the match.
5215 *Paris.* For these,and these alone,as fair'st of all,
Venus,to thee I give the golden Ball.

IUPITER



IVPITER and IO.

The Argument.

IO, *of whom we next discusse,*
5220 *Daughter toth' River* Inachus,
(The fairest Nymph that liv'd that time,
As being in her youth and prime)
Was seen by Iove, *lov'd,and comprest.*
Queen *Iuno,*Her,as of the rest,
5225 *Growne jealous o're, doth project lay,*
How in their sports them to betray.
Whom to prevent (J know not how)
But Iove *transhapes her to a Cow.*
The Goddesse knowing how indeard
5230 *She was to him,comes to the Heard,*
And begs this Heifer. He not dar'd
(However the request seem'd hard)
Her to deny. Shee's now her charge,
And nought her freedome can inlarge.
5235 *The passages that hence may grow,*
The sequell will hereafter show.

Enter *Iô,Daphne,* with other Nymphs called *Naiades,*the Daughters of the Rivers neere adjacent.

Io. HEre,*Daphne,*by your father *Peneus* streams
5240 (which falling from the top of Pindus mount,
Waters *Hemonian Tempe)* let us sit,

All

All daughters to the Rivers flowing neere :
There old *Apidanus* steales (murmuring) by ;
Next,Poplar-shadowed *Enipeus* glides :
5245 Not far,*Amphrisus, Æas*,and'mongst these,
(Not least) my father,good old *Inachus*
Lifts up his reverend head,with fresh floures crown'd,
Prescribing lawes and limits to his streams,
To bound them in their channels,curb their torrent,
5250 Lest in their pride they should o'reswell their banks ;
Commanding them, through thousand strange indents
To pay his plenteous tribute to the seas.
Daphne. And how much are we bound vnto the gods,
(Faire *Io)* to be Nymphs, not generated
5255 From marish Meares,nor yet from standing Lakes,
From sedgy brooks,thick pooles,or shallow foords,
Nor yet from violent and robustuous seas.
Their waters keep a smooth and gentle course,
Not mov'd to fury by the warring windes ;
5260 Nor when loud fluxes fall to swell their bounds,
And make deep inundations on the meads :
Nor can the parching drought so dry their springs,
But that their channels keep a temperature :
Their modest shallowes serve us for coole baths
5265 In summer time to play and wanton in :
Their depths,to bate our hookes with wormes and flies,
Fastned to lines made of small twisted silke,
And so betray the creatures of the floud.
Their chrystall waves are Myrrhors,in the which
5270 We dresse our heads,and put these curles in forme,
Sometimes so cunningly,as if that Art
Had power to exceed Nature : and againe,
With carelesse,but so curious a neglect,
As if meere Chance did antecede them both.
5275 This makes us of the Satyrs so admir'd,
And of the Faunes and Swaines so much belov'd.
Io. Why,have you Sutors,*Daphne ?*

Daphne.

Daphne. Besides such,
(For these my father, by whose will I am swayd)
5280 Accounts as mean) of Gallants I have change;
Both City and the Court.
Io. But I may claim
Prioritie above all water Nymphs,
Nor can the *Naiades* compare with me;
5285 No,*Daphne*,not your selfe. The rurall Swaines,
They gather from these banks mellifluous floures,
And make you chaplets to adorn your browes,
And shadow your choice beauty from the Sun,
Nay thinke them costly Presents : but I'am one
5290 To whom the gods themselves have offred gifts.
Then before all the daughters of these floods
I claim a just precedence.
Daph. By what dream,
Or rather by what brain-sicke fantasie
5295 Hath *Io* been deluded?
Io. My apprehenfions
Are no weake fantoms to beguile the sence,
But reall,and in action; with their form
They beare a being substance.
5300 *Daph.* Hath your Beauty
Had amongst men such long and strange neglect,
That *Io* would to colour such disgrace,
Accuse the gods of weaknesse?
Io. Let earths Beauties
5305 Censure of Earth,meere terren as yours be,
And aime no further : the while this of myne
Shall be new question'd by the Powers Divine.
Daph. Now by what gods,for Heav'ns sake?
Io. Not the meanest,
5310 Or such as we call under-deities,
As melancholy *Saturn*, (by his son
Exil'd and banisht from the supreme rule)
As *Phœbus*,a meere Vassal to the earth,

And

And forc'd each naturall day to measure heaven ;
5315 As *Neptune,*Soveraign o're the Seas,to whom
Our tributary rivers hourely pay :
As *Mercury,*though son to *Iove* himselfe,
No better than his Foot-boy or his Page,
Compeld at every summons to his speed :
5320 But of the potent Thunderer.
Daph. He of whom
You have learn'd to thunder these impossible braves.
*Io,*I am asham'd.
Io. Yes,that your beauty 's
5325 Composed of the grosser elements,
Want that attraction to call *Iove* himselfe
Downe from his heavenly Fabrick,to behold
Vs in our eminence.
Daph. Strange wonder sure,
5330 To looke vpon that face in which we Mortals,
And value it at best,can nothing spy,
Breed admiration in a Deity !

A noise of thunder.Enter Iupiter *in his glory,his Trisull in his hand burning ; at sight of whom they stand afrighted.*

5335 *Io.* Appeare,*Iove,*in thy glory, let them know
Ei, sham'd confesse their fond surmises vain,
And what it is,thy god-head to prophane.
Daph. Fly,fly,lest we be thunder-strooke,away ;
Let's seeke our safety,danger's in our stay. *Exit.*
5340 *Iup.* Thou *Daphne,*who *Ioves* presence now dost shun,
Swifter ere long shalt from *Apollo* run.
But there lie that which makes us terrible,
Affrighting gods and men. *Io* to thee
In calmes I come, and Faire one make me proud,
5345 To seale the love which I so long have vow'd.
Io. What steale ? what vow ?

Iup.

Iup. Both thou shalt finde imprest
On thy smooth cheeke,soft lip,and Ivory brest.
Io. Forbeare to handle ; yet I never knew
5350 A man so bold and rude : Can gods dispence,
To teach us Women unknowne impudence ?
Iup. Nay rather we solicit you to prove
What yet you have not try'de,the sweets of love.
Io. Things that I would not learn.
5355 *Iup.* A Truant still?
If you want art,*Io*,I can teach you skill :
Give me your hand,your lip : why these but are
The Prologue to a pastime much more rare.
Women by nature are ambitious,and
5360 Long to know what they do not understand.
I'le practise you in that which you before
Ne're knew.
Io. In all this lip-sport ? or what more
Is in these kisses meant ? I am so dull, ———
5365 *Iup.* All these my Comment shall explain at full.
In vain you strive.
Io. Should I do ought save well,
I were vndone,my fathers flouds would tell ;
These are his banks,they'l blab : What mean you ? fie ;
5370 They swell above their bounds,only to spie
And see what we are doing. Pish,away,
Such deeds of darknesse can you do by day ?
Besides,shall I consent to what you mean,
Not all these silver drops can wash me clean.
5375 *Iup.* Where I doe stain I can again make pure :
And that Day shall not hinder us,be sure :
Arise you fogs and damps,your vapors gather,
To shroud us both from *Iuno* and thy father.
Io. You make me blush. *A great damp ariseth.*
5380 *Iup.* These blushes none shall see ;
Behold these mists,to curtain us and thee.
Io. Well,when what most you sue for,you have won,

My

My comfort is, I see not what is done.
I*up*. And I*o* now I'le teach thee sports untry'de,
5385 In darknesse best a Virgins blush to hide. *Exeunt*
Enter Iuno.
Iuno. Not in the heav'ns? where then? In vain it were
To search the seas; the blew vein'd *Nereæ,*
And green hair'd *Dorides* with all their brats,
5390 Styl'd by the names of water goddesses,
(Though Prostitutes to *Neptune)* 'mongst them all
Yeeld not a face to please his curious eye.
Where then? The earth? I that,if any place,
Yeelds choice of tempting Beauties: Argos bred
5395 A golden *Danaë*, Thebes afforded an
Alcmena and a wanton *Semele*;
Pelagia,a *Calisto*; Sparta nurst
A swan-like *Læda*, (Strumpets) of all which
I sought a sure,but found a vain revenge.
5400 Why may not then Thessalian Tempe yeeld
Like fascination,since their impudence
Is more and more encourag'd by my wrongs:
Here then I make inquiry. The day's cleare;
Whence come these foggy mysts that choke the aire,
5405 In so serene and bright an hemisphere?
Aut ego fallor,aut ego ledar.
*I*f from the earth,this sudden overcast
Would smell of thicke and suffocating damps:
If from the aire,or any sulph'rous fire,
5410 It would be found by their caliditie.
If from the Rivers,or these moorish fennes,
Humiditie would tell vs whence they were.
No,these are forc'd,and by some god-like power,
Created for a more peculiaruse:
5415 And now my jealousie most truly prompts me,
'Tis some illusion,made to blinde myne eies
From a new injury; which if I finde,
On this one Strumpet I will study more,

Than

Than all that have my vengeance scap'd before. *Exit.*

5420 *Enter* Iupiter,*and* Io *transformed into a Cow.*

Jup. The clamorous Queen's descended from the Spheres,
To finde the cause of this illusive Fog·
But *Io* I have so transhap'd thee now,
That she by no means can discover thee;
5425 And in that confidence I'le front her boldly.
Iun. *Jove* heare? my jelousies are then not vain,
Howe're I'le give him gentle entertaine,
Concealing what's within.
Iup. My lovely *Iuno*?
5430 *Iun.* My Brother and my Husband *Iupiter*?
Iup. What make you here on earth?
Jun. What other reason,
But that I mist my soveraign Lord in heaven;
And then I yoakt my Peacocks,to their bills
5435 Ty'd silken bridles, and in my light chariot
Made of fine gold,and deckt with Estrich plumes,
Descended as you see. But what affaire
(Might *Iuno* be so bold to aske her Lord)
Detaines you now in Tempe?
5440 *Jup.* Though it fits not
Your Sex to aske a thing that ill beseemes,
Or pry into the counsels of the gods;
Yet thus much I'le resolve you? I came downe
To censure here some causes amongst men,
5445 And set things crooked upright.
Jun. Now I spy
That which hath drawne him headlong from the sky,
And I will make th'Adulterer himselfe
Author of my iust vengeance.
5450 *Iup.* Thou once gon, *Spoken aside.*
She were again transhap'd,and we both one.
Sweet *Iuno* will you once more mount your Chariot,
And keep your state above: My designes ended,
I will not long be from you.

5455 *Iun.* My craft now
Shall match his cunning ; if there be in me
A godhead,I have cast her destiny.
Deare loving Lord,since 'twas my kindenesse drew me
To see vnto your safety (though I know
5460 The Deities in every place secure)
Give me some gift on earth,that I in heaven
May applaud your royall bounty.
Iup. Be it bred
Beneath the Moon,'tis my *Saturnia's.*
5465 *Iun.* I have not seen so sweet and lovely a Beast
White without spot or stain ; Is she of the herd
Belonging to these Medowes ?
Iup. She is,no doubt.
Why doth my *Iuno* aske ?
5470 *Jun.* To make her myne.
Iup. A gift too small for *Juno* to entreat,
Or *Iove* to grant ; Demand some greater boon.
Iun. This Cow or nothing.
Iup. Shee's not for thy use ;
5475 What would my Love do with her ?
Iun. Only this,
(Being above the rest most beautifull)
To sacrifice her to your Deity. (*Iupiter* starts.)
Iup. Not for the triple world : What was it,Sweet,
5480 That you of me demanded ?
Iuno. Now to know (*Aside*)
What put you in this feare ? Nay I have beg'd,
And must not be deny'd. And have I found you ?
Iup. In what a streight am I ? her to betray,
5485 And give her up into her enemies hand,
In man would prove a savage cruelty,
Much more in us : and to deny a gift
Appearing of so small a consequence,
Would but augment her too much jelousie,
5490 And open that which is as yet conceal'd.

Iuno

Iuno. What hope have I to enioy greater things,
That am deny'd a trifle?
Iup. Say I will not, *(Aside)*
And give no reason; it may then appeare,
5495 This Heifer to be no such as she seems.
Well,she is yours; but how will you dispose her?
Iun. So carefully,because she is your gift,
My seruant *Argus* with a hundred eyes
Shall guard her from all dangers.
5500 *Iup.* 'Tis enough,
In that,to us you shall expresse your love.
But prove he to her churlish or vnkinde. *(Aside.*
There's one,at once his hundred eies shall blind.
So,she is now your charge. *Exit.*
5505 *Jun.* And being myne,
I'le teach base Earth to injure what's divine.
Where is my seruant *Argus?*

Enter *Argus* with a hundred eyes.

Argus. Who's that calls?
5510 The sacred goddesse *Iuno?* What new service
Will you command your vassal?
Jun. Tak't in briefe;
Beholdst thou This? This? This no matter what,
Not worth a name; only a thing I loath;
5515 Out on thee: But I'le spare my railing words,
To expresse my hate in action.
Arg. What's the cause
The poore beast trembles thus?
Jun. A Beast indeed:
5520 Like such she shall be us'd; behold her, *Argus*;
Are these lips fitting for a god to kisse?
These hoofes apt palms to gripe? these teats fit pillowes?
On which a Deity should brest himselfe?
These,eyes to tempt? or this an hide to touch?

5525 These hornes? (ô me) in myne owne heraldry
She mocks me without blushing.
Argus. In all this
How will you use my service?
Iuno. As a Spy:
5530 An hundred eyes thou hast, of all which number
I will allow thee two to sleep by turnes;
The rest to watch this Strumpet; and of all,
But two to winke,the rest to gaze at full:
Behinde thee thou hast eyes,both sides,before;
5535 Which way soe're thou turnst shee's in thy view.
" A thousand he had need,all piercing bright,
" To watch a Lover from his choice delight.
Arg. And is this all?
Iuno. Something I had forgot:
5540 Thou art an Herdsman,*Argus*,and thou know'st
To tame vnruly cattell; she is such:
In some unworthy halter binde her neck,
For such a Beauty the fitst Carkanet.
Her browsing be the Brakes and bitter couche,
5545 For dainties feed her with the sourest herbs;
Lead her through briers & brambles, which may scratch
Her itching skin even till her soft sides bleed,
Raise vp the mud in cleare springs when she drinks,
Keep her from shadow,in the parching Sun,
5550 Till she be stung with horse flies,and the brees:
Let her not rest but where the ground's still bare;
Feather her bed with thistles and sharp thornes;
And for her footing chuse the barren paths
Strow'd with loose pointed flints to gall her hoofes.
5555 *Argus* farewell, I leave her to thy trust,
A sweet reuenge for her insatiate lust. *Exit.*
Argus. Drawing this piece of Beasts flesh thus along,
Me-thinks I looke like Lybian *Hercules*
Leading the Dog of hell: nay I shall fit her
5560 According to my charge, and I will keep thee
(Calfe

(Calfe with the white face) safe enough from bulling,
The longest day that I haue eye to see.
What do you hang an arse? Ptrow, come along,
I'le leade you to bare feeding,and finde sallets
5565 To take downe your full flanks and these plump cheeks.
Along, I'le watch thee well enough from shrinking
Necke out of collar. Nay,on ; thou shalt finde,
Though my face from thee, I have eyes behinde. *Exit.*

Enter Inachus *the father of* Io, Peneus,Appidanus,Am-
5570 phrisus, *(all Riuers)*Daphne,*and the other Nymphs,&c.*

Inachus. Speake not to me of comfort, *Jo's* lost!
Had she miscarried on the earth,her body
Would have given instance of her timelesse fate :
Or had she been by savage beasts devour'd,
5575 Her garments stain'd with bloud would tell her death.
Had she in myne or these my neighbour floods
Perisht,they would have borne her gently vp,
And cast her on some banke for buriall.

Peneus. Deare *Inachus* do not torment your selfe,
5580 Nothing so lost,but may be found at length :
For hauing seen no token of her death,
There's of her life some hope.

Amphr. Behold,*Amphrisus*
With this your antient neighbour *Appidan,*
5585 *Peneus* and others,as we moane your losse,
So in our pitty come to comfort you.

Appid. O,brackish not your waters with your teares,
That yet run pure and fresh ; but be of comfort.

Inach. In vain you speake of what you cannot give,
5590 As I in vaine lament myne *Io's* losse.

Enter Argus *leading in* Io.

Arg. How now,curst Cow?What,start you at that name?
I'le make your long hornes shorter. *Jnac. Io,*where?
If under earth,I'le send my springs in search
5595 As low as to the Centre. *Io,*where?
If snatcht vp in the aire,like dew exhal'd,

With eyes fixt vpward I will still thus gaze,
Till from the bosome of some gentle cloud,
Thou drop into myne armes. Faire *Io*,where ?
5600 *Arg.* I thinke the beast hath breezes in her taile,
She cannot keepe her still.
Inach. But stay, what's hee
That leads the fairest Heifer tether'd fast,
That e're drunke of my streames ; for *Io's* sake
5605 I loue all creatures that are beautifull.
Arg. How now you Harlatry ?
Inach. Thou churlish heardsman,
I know thee, *Argus*, jealous *Iuno's* Spy,
Why canst thou be so fierce to one so faire ?
5610 *Arg.* What's that to thee,or any of you all.
Pen. Amongst all creatures Nature ever made,
Some to have native beauty 'bove the rest,
Commanding soft affection, this is such.
Arg. With all myne eyes I spy no difference,
5615 But love all beasts as beasts.
Inach. The more beast thou.
Pen. But why should this,the fairest of all heards,
Cast such a pitteous moving eye on you,
As wooing your acquaintance ?
5620 *Inach.* And 'tis true,
Where ere I go,her sad eye followes me,
So she too, did not *Argus* keepe her backe :
See,see,how gently she endures my touch,
And makes an offer (had shee power) to speake.
5625 Heare,take these floures, and now she kist myne hand,
Whilest pitteous teares drop down her tender cheeks.
What should I say ? poore beast I pitty thee,
And all the good I can do is to grieve,
Th'hast such a churlish Keeper.
5630 *Pen. Inachus*,I feare
There's something greater in't.
Inach. What greater can be,

Vnlesse

Vnlesse there live some vnderstanding spirit
In this irrationall and savage shape :
5635 What wouldst thou have,that in this bestiall figure
Beg'st humane pitty ? what intends she,thinke you,
By pawing on the ground ? Observe her, brethren,
It seemes she hath writ somthing in the dust,
And see,two letters are imprinted faire,
5640 As if it were my *Io's* Character, And here I reade *Io.*
Pen. Io : and see,in every step she hath trod,
That word imprest.
Inach. This she ? whom I so long in vain have sought,
Through forrests,groves,and mountains,fields & floods ?
5645 This she,whom I in finding shall most lose ?
O miserable wretched *Inachus,*
More miserable *Io,* thus transform'd :
I terme thee lovely, till I knew thee such ;
But when thy former beauty I record,
5650 Thou ougly art,mishap'd,and terrible.
Can the gods suffer this ?
Arg. Leave this your howling.
Forbeare, or in this cord I leade her forth,
Ile strangle her. Dare not to follow me,
5655 There's danger in me both waies ; she shall perish,
And you must bleed. Come, Minion we will clime
Yon craggy mountain top, a prospect fit
For *Argus* only,who (not moving) can
Behold at once from whence the foure winds blow,
5660 And there with her I'le like a Beacon stand,
To watch and to give warning. Will you drive ?
I say pursue me not, for if you do,
Ile make her sure, and you repent it too.
Why ptrow there. *(Exeunt* Argus *and* Io.
5665 *Amph.* With what a pitteous action,wailing tongue,
She gave a loving,but a loath farewell.
Apid. But that the high Powers are not limitable,
Who would beleeve this wonder possible.

Pen. We must not question what the gods can do,
5670 Yet in th' extremitie of all extremes,
And worst of bads, despaire not, *Inachus.*
Inach. How easie 'tis for those that tast not griefe,
Bid others be of comfort.
Amph. Reverend Sir, ———
5675 *Inach.* There is no reverence due : not to the gods,
If this be seen and suffer'd : O my *Io.*
With acclamations I will fill the Meades :
In stead of prayers, Ile execrate and curse,
And to the burthen of myne untun'd shreeks
5680 The rocks and caves shall echo to thy name.
Pen. But *Inachus.* ———
Inach. But when your Chanels swell,
You can have dammes and sluces to discharge
Superfluous waters, lest your torrents rage ;
5685 And will you bar the conduits of myne eies
To ease the flux of my surcharged heart ?
My care was, *Io*,to provide a man
To be thine husband ; but I now must finde
One of the bellowing heard to cal me sonne :
5690 To have some pretty infant draw thy brest,
But now must some py'de urchin sucke thy teats.
But that I am immortall,and the dores
And gate to death against me are debar'd,
I'de weepe my selfe to nothing,and this Beeing
5695 Scatter amongst my flouds, that mixt with them,
They might (in lesse than drops) amongst their waves,
Convey me to the all-devouring seas,
To mix my brine with his,and be so lost ;
And lost,forgotten : But I am still the same,
5700 And *Io*, I'le still call vpon thy name. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iupiter *and* Mercury.

Iupit. How am I mov'd with *Inachus* exclaimes ?
Why are the eares of gods kept open still,
But first to heare, then pitty ? hast thou not,*Mercury*,
Seen

5705 Seene *Io's* teares? Perceiv'd her scalding sighs,
And even thus far heard her suspires and grones,
Tortur'd beneath that Neatherd churlish groome,
More savage than the beasts he feeds?
Merc. I have.
5710 *Iup.* How oft hath she, thinking to heave her hands
For divine pitty; when she spy'de her hoofes
Cast them to th'earth,with them her head with shame,
And bellowing when she would complain her griefe,
Started at her owne sound?
5715 How oft, when grazing on her fathers banks,
(These fruitfull banks on which she vs'd to sport)
Offring to drinke,when in his Crystall streams,
In which so often she with pride hath lookt,
On her white brow,red cheeke,and golden curles:
5720 Now when she spies those lips a god hath kist,
Stretcht to so vast a widenesse,penthous'd o're
With inlarg'd nosthrils; looking on those eyes,
(In which 'twas once my sole delight to looke)
To see them broad and glaring; her cleare brow
5725 Late deckt with shining jewels, prest with hornes.
How oft hath she (more frighted than asham'd)
Thought,from her selfe,in vaine,to hide her selfe?
Merc. This can you see? not study how to helpe?
Iup. I do,and will, by thyne aid, *Mercury*;
5730 Hye therefore to the top of Pindus mount,
(There *Argus* keepes his watch) in some disguise;
Thy *Caduceus* and thy wings layd by,
Finde with the slave some conference,till by cunning
Thou charm'st his waking eies,and being fast,
5735 Cut off his head,and with one blow extinguish
So many lights at once.
Merc. Great *Iove* I will:
But thus condition'd,you will interpose
Your awfull power'twixt me and *Iuno's* hate.
5740 *Iupit.* Presume th'art safe in vs.

Merc.

Merc. Then *Argus* dies;
One fatal stroke shall shut an hundred eies. *Exit.*

Enter Argus *leading* Io *in an halter.*

Argus. How dost thou like thyne usage,madam *Cow?*
5745 Your lodging and your dyet? How dost thinke
This hempen chaine becomes thee? Will you see
Your sweet face in the riuer once againe?
Or how doth your faire beastship feele your selfe?
Wouldst thou not haue some Bulchin from the herd
5750 To physicke thee of this venereall itch?
If not, I'le see what Nettles muddy streams,
Couch-grasse and weeds,thornes,briers,& flints can do.
These failing,here's a goad to prick your sides.
If all these medicines will not tame your lust,
5755 I'le muster new inventions. Nay,I know
You looke for pitty, but it lives not here.
In this high watch-tower stand I sentinel,
To spy who comes and goes. I am made thy gardian,
Ile gard thee both from danger and from rest;
5760 'Twas in thy hearing,*Iuno's* late behest.

Enter Mercury *like a yong formal Shepheard.*

Merc. This shape may prove suspectlesse,and the fittest
To cloud a godhead in; my plumed hat
And fether'd sandals,by the which I am knowne,
5765 I have left at foot of this descending hill:
My snaky Rod I have to this sheephooke turn'd.
Accommodated thus,to *Argus* now,
Aristors sonne: behooves him keepe good watch,
Whom *Mercury (Ioves* son) intends to catch.
5770 But Many-eyes have spy'de me.
Arg. How now shepheard,
There's none who in that simpl shape or name
Needs treason feare. Should any come prepar'd
For mischiefe, I have lights about me shine
5775 Sufficient to prevent it: but thou seem'st
None of such ranke. Come sit by me and talke.

Merc.

Merc. The servant to the great *Saturnia*
Doth me no common grace
Arg. Thou know'st me then?
5780 *Merc.* What shepheard but not only knowes your name,
But feares your strength?
Arg. Nay sit (by me th'art safe)
And tell some pretty tales to make me laugh :
I have not long been merry.
5785 *Merc.* First resolve me ;
Is that faire heifer of some neighbour herd,
You drag thus in an halter?
Arg. Shee's my charge,
A witty Brute,a most ingenious beast,
5790 A very apprehensiue *Animal,*
That can do tricks : she hath been taught,I tell thee,
To write and reade.
Merc. *Argus,*not possible.
Argus. 'Tis as I said before : but having her,
5795 Some pretty tale, I prethee.
Merc. But what if
Some goddesse should live in this shape disguis'd,
To whom you are so churlish. I could tell you
A story to that end.
5800 *Arg.* Such toyes I love.
Merc. Thus the *Pierides* report : The Gyants
Assembled and made war against the gods,
Heapt Ossa upon Pelion, Caucasus
Vpon Pernassus, Pindus above them ;
5805 Hill upon mountain, mountain vpon hill,
Till they had made a scale that reacht to heaven.
The conflict then began : the monstrous *Typhon*
Was Captain of the Gyants : Of the gods
Great *Iove,* Archduke. The Generals met and fought.
5810 In briefe (to cut off circumstance) the earth
Prevaild 'gainst heauen. The gods are forc't to fly :
*Iove,*chac'd by *Typhon* into Egypt, chang'd
Himselfe

Himselfe into a Ram : *Apollo*, frighted,
Turnes to a Crow, *Bacchus* into a Goat,
5815 *Iuno* a Cow, *Diana* to a Cat ;
Venus into a Fish, and tooke the sea ;
Mars to a Pigmy, lest he should be knowne :
And *Mercury*, syrnam'd the crafty god,
Into a Fox.
5820 *Arg*. A Fox ? But I would meet
That craft which could beguile *Argus* bright eyes.
Proceed,proceed,good shepheard.
Merc. Why may not then
Some goddesse be included in this shape ?
5825 *Arg* A goddesse,saist thou ? thinke me equall then
With one of these huge Gyants,if not greater,
That have the power and potencie to leade
A god-head in a string. But ha, what musick (*Musicke*.
Was that strooke vp ? 'Twas sweet and delicat,
5830 Nor have I heard the like.
Merc. My fellow shepheards
Behinde that rocke (from whence an echo growes)
For the more grace have chus'd that place as fittest,
Prest to bestow their cunning vpon you,
5835 Whom they have heard,much tyr'd with watching long.
Arg. And shall we have some merry Madrigall
To passe away the time with ?
Merc. What you please.
Arg. I faine would know how first these Pipes came up,
5840 That make this dainty musicke ?
Merc. First from *Pan*
The god of Shepheards. In the memory
Of the Nymph *Syrinx*, Musicke strike and tell,
How in th'Arcadian plaines it once befell.
5845 *Mercuries* Song.

SIrinx, *one of* Dian's *traine,*
Hunting with her on the plaine,
Arm'd alike with shafts and bow ;

Each

Each from other would you know?
5850 *Which from which could not be told,*
Saue ones was horne,the others gold.
Arg. Hey ho ; very fine musicke I promise you.
Merc. Now it begins to worke.
Pan *he sees himselfe makes fine,*
5855 *In his cap he pricks a Pine :*
Now growes carelesse of his heard,
Sits by brookes to prune his beard,
Meets her, and hath minde to wooe,
Much he speakes,and more would doe.
5860 *Arg.* 'Tis pleasing, but it makes me melancholy,
And drowsie too withall.
Merc. 'Twill do anon. *(Aside.*
Still he profers, she denies ;
He pursues (for Syrinx *flies.)*
5865 *Past her knees her coats vp flew,*
He would faine see something new :
By the leg and thigh he guest
(It seemes) the vertue of the rest.
Arg. Were it not for my charge I'de take a nap.
5870 *Merc.* *This addes wings vnto his pace,*
The goale for which he is in chace.
She addes feathers to her speed ;
Now it was no more than need.
Almost caught, Alas she cries,
5875 *Some chaste god my shape disguise.*
Arg. The rest may sleepe secure,so I can keepe
But two eyes waking.
Merc. Here's a charme for them.
Lædon *heares, and girts her round,*
5880 *Spies a reed that makes sweet sound :*
Such is Syrinx.*Wondring* Pan
Puts it to his mouth anon :
Yet Syrinx *thou art myne he said,*
And so of her his first pipe made.

My

5885 My charm hath tooke effect; with these thyne eyes
Take thy last sleepe,thou hast not one to see;
My taske is done,and *Jo* thou now free. (*Cuts off his head.*
Enter Iuno. *Exit.*
Iuno. The dying groans of *Argus* call'd me down,
5890 To know what of his lustre is become.
What,all extinct? and is no memorie
Extant of their knowne brightnesse? hath one night
(Whose nature should be to be proud of stars)
Shut at one time an hundred? nay at once?
5895 Should euery piece of time deprive so many,
How shortly would these lights innumerable
Be vanisht into nothing? But deare *Argus*,
That all may know thou hadst a louing mistresse,
Grieuing thou shouldst thus perish for her sake;
5900 And that these eies (now blinde) in after-times
May giue a light to perpetuitie,
And memorize thy name,thy faith and fall,
Thy hundred eyes (who wast for *Iuno* slain)
I will transport into my Peacocks traine;
5905 Whilst such a bird hath breeding,and can bee,
Her painted feathers shall remember thee.
Enter Iupiter *and* Mercury.
Jup. And whilest an heifer graseth on the plaine,
Io, her hoofe shall still imprint thy name.
5910 My *Iuno* are we friends? Let her long divorce,
My faire intreats, with *Inachus* exclaimes
Invoke thy love and pitty, by my life.
Iuno. You vse me like a sister,not a wife,
My bed is still so empty.
5915 *Iup.* Now by Styx,
An oath no god was ever knowne to breake,
Signe her release, she shall hereafter be
To *Iove* as a meere stranger.
Iuno. Since by that you sweare,
5920 What's past is lost, it cuts off future feare,
Saving my quarrell, *Mercury*, to you.

Merc.

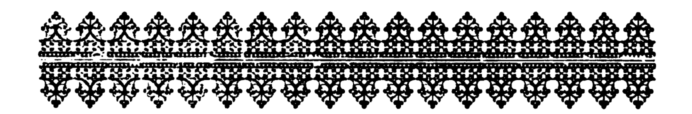
Merc. Madam,I did your seruant no great wrong,
Save teaching him to relish a new song.
Juno. Where jars are mediated,vain it were
5925 Call injuries in question. As with *Iupiter*,
With you we are atton'd.
Iup. Now *Mercury*,
Since *Iuno* is appeas'd,fetch *Io* hither,
In her owne native beauty,whom we will
5930 Restore vnto her father.
Merc. Sir I shall.
Enter Inachus *with the other* Riuers,&c.
Inach. O *Iupiter* ! ô *Iuno* !
Iup. *Inachus*,
5935 Surcease exclaimes, thy prayers have had accesse,
Thy teares been pittied, and thy losse bemoan'd ;
Argus is slain,and faire *Saturnia* pleas'd,
And *Io* to her pristine shape restor'd.
Enter Mercury *with* Io.
5940 *Inach.* Thanks you immortall gods.
Merc. No sooner was this mighty Queene appeas'd,
But the rough haire dropt from her tender skin,
Her hornes fell off, her eies appeard to shine
In a lesse orbe,her mouth and lips contracted
5945 Both into compasse,and their native sweetnesse,
Her shoulders are restor'd,fingers and hands ;
Her parted hoofe diuided into five,
Now with two feet contented, for on them
She straightway stood erect,and of a Cow,
5950 Save whitenesse,nought retaining,and even yet
She feares to speake, lest she in stead of words
Should bellow forth her minde.
Jo. Yet will I dare
To give my father greeting.
5955 *Inach.* O my childe.
Iuno. I am still jealous of that face : What's he
That makes but a mean sport of wedlocks breach,

But

But thinkes to violate an oath no sin,
Though calling testates all the Stygian gods?
5960 Great King and Lord, Brother and Husband too,
If I be worthy of those attributes
Your self have daignd, and all the gods approve,
Grant me a second boon.
Iup. For thy remisnesse
5965 In *Io's* late affliction, speake, 'tis granted.
Iuno. Then from these fields of Tempe banish her,
As far as into Egypt.
Inach. From her father?
Iup. Be you pleas'd,
5970 And *Iuno* shall, I hope, be satisfied.
Io, you shall to Egypt be confin'd,
Be that your punishment for *Iuno's* hate:
Which executed you shall taste our love.
In Egypt held a goddesse thou shalt be,
5975 Ador'd and worshipt in thine heifers shape;
Oblations shall be daily offer'd thee,
And Incense burnt to thy divinitie,
And this for ever. *Iuno*, in vain you sorrow,
Ioves word is past, and cannot be revok'd.
5980 And now with this one Maxim we conclude;
Where lust is punisht, though the bloud be tainted,
It (after such long Penance) may be sainted. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

APOLLO



APOLLO and DAPHNE.

5985 ## The Argument.

AFter many a louing greeting,
Mars *and* Venus *point a meeting;*
And that Vulcan *might not haue*
Least note thereof, they chuse a Cave
5990 *Obscure and darke, to which they trust,*
Intending there to sate their lust.
But when themselues most safe they thinke,
The rising Sun *pries through a chinke,*
Sees all, and what hee sees discovers
5995 *To* Vulcan, *touching these two Lovers.*
Th' inraged Smith taking foule scorne
To be affronted with the horne,
Provides for them a subtill ginne,
Jn hope to take them both therein.
6000 *His plot prevail'd,and now being fiery*
In iust reuenge, by strict inquiry,
To finde where these by custome met,
He by his art contrives a Net,
More fine than is the Spiders thred,
6005 *And yet of wire ; which he so spred*
About the place, all things compact
So well, he tooke them in the act :
And then doth all the gods invite,
Who came at once to view that sight.

6010 *Some jeer'd, some pitty'd their disgrace,*
One wisht himselfe in Mars *his place.*
Yet for all this, the churlish Sir
So kept them that they could not stir.
Mars *chafes and threats, and strugling keeps :*
6015 *But* Venus *blushes first, then weeps.*
And when the gods could laugh no more,
Then Vulcan *freed them, not before.*
Now Venus *knowing all this done*
Was first discover'd by the Sun ;
6020 *Against him open war proclaimes,*
And at him her revenge she aimes :
Cupid *she vseth as her instrument.*
And that's of our Scœne the sole argument.

Enter the riuer *Peneus* the father of *Daphne, Daphne, Amphrisus* and *Apidanus* two Riuers that were Suiters unto
6025 her ; two Nymphs Attendants on *Daphne.*

Peneus. WHy lovely *Daphne,* will you lose your Youth,
And let your best houres passe you?
6030 Well you know,
Beautie's a Floure, which not being cropt in time,
Soone withers on the stalke, and then (alas)
Will neither serve for vse nor ornament.
You owe me sweet grand-children, pretty babes,
6035 Even for your birth you do : it is a debt
That I would see discharg'd : I to my parents
Paid it in thee ; it is a Bond stands firme,
'till canceld in thy sweet posteritie.
See, I have brought thee Suitors, choise ones too,
6040 Two noble Rivers, both residing neere,
Amphrisus, and still-flowing *Appidane,*
Yong, and of means, both active and of strength
To wrestle against barrennesse, and give

The

The hugge the foile. Being dead, I live in thee:
6045 Live thou too in thine issue ; so successively
Our Line and memory shall never perish,
But last as long as Time.
Amph. Your father (*Daphne*)
Counsels with iudgement, and this argument
6050 I could by many reasons amplifie.
As, That without succession (one age past)
Mankinde should cease to be. O what a punishment
Deserve they from the gods, that would destroy
So glorious a creation, and to leave
6055 So wonderfull a fabricke as the world is,
To no admirers ?
Appid. Save the Plants and Beasts ;
And what can they distinguish ?
Pen. Therefore,Daughter
6060 Make vse of time : a season being past,
Can never be recall'd,no,not a moneth.
A moneth ? no day, no houre, no minute can :
Therefore make use of opportunitie
Which throwes it selfe vpon thee : but being streightned,
6065 Will after prove a stranger ; the least instant
By long repentance cannot be redeem'd.
Daphne. To you I bow in duty,as to a father ;
And these affront in noble courtesie,
Not wronging him, to shew my breeding base,
6070 Scoffing your profer'd love with womanish scorne.
His counsels,your persuasions, I commend,
Knowing both fitting, were they seasonable.
That Maids should love men I am not ignorant,
Or that the breeding world should still encrease ;
6075 That Progenie should reach from age to age,
And that the gods make't a necessitie,
To have all their miraculous works admir'd :
All this I know ; but
Amph. I'le proceed : But what

6080 Can you produce against this?
Daph. Heare me out:
But when I in my best considerat thoughts
Ponder my youth,and what it is to loue;
That vowes are tyes not easie to be loos'd,
6085 And that the smallest finger can pluck on
What not the hand and arme can well put off:
That Mariage is a Maze,which enter'd in,
The line is snatcht thence which should guide us out.
Ere hazard then that vnknowne labyrinth,
6090 Much blame me not to pause.
Pen. What needst thou feare?
Fond timerous Girle, did not thy mother this
Long time before thee?
Appid. Nay,hereafter too
6095 May not your daughter do so?
Daph. I'le resolve you
That,when I have a daughter of my yeares,
And tutor'd by her mother.
Amph. Excellent Nymph,
6100 These are evasions meere vnnecessarie;
We know you to be ripe,and our selves grown,
Betwixt us is equalitie in state,
And paritie in yeares: nor is our course
Irregular or indirect, we come
6105 Admitted by your father, as a way
Plain,and not interdicted: nor is our suit
So far with cradle it may childish seem;
Nor so old, to appeare decrepit: we are two
Rivals,yet friends;so you chuse one of either,
6110 Even he that is despis'd rests satisfied,
Nor is our love divided.
Daph. I commend you:
There is of you lesse danger,and least feare
That you should die of love; when both of you
6115 Come with like premeditation to disgest

A rigorous

A rigorous answer.
Appid. Pray what should we do?
Our service we have offer'd equally:
The world is wide,and if we speed not here,
6120 We must provide us elsewhere.
Daph. Worthy friends.
To be most plain, to me most pleasing is:
Then take as plain an answer; I confesse me
(Weake as I am) vnworthy of your love.
6125 And yet not so low pris'd, but have bin courted
Both by as great and good. Nor can you blame me,
If I in adding to your worths, shall spare
From mine,in the least kinde to derogate.
To you then,as my equals, I entreat;
6130 Or if you shall deny me, *Daphne* then
Proclaimes it as her will. I must retyre me
For some few moneths,in them to meditate
What mariage is, and truly study man,
(A booke in which I yet have truanted.)
6135 Now,if I in my more maturitie,
And after some cessation of your suits,
Can ground this Maxime,Man is worthy us,
And we of him; wee'l breviat your long motions
Within a few short termes.
6140 *Amph.* You speake but reason:
And so long wee'l attend you.
Appid. Most fit,that such as bargain for their lives,
Should reade us o're and o're,before they set
Their hands to that Indenture. We are pleas'd.
6145 *Daph.* And I that you are so. Nor can my father
At this be discontented.
Inach. Not I, Childe;
I would not hurry on my ioyes too fast,
Having such hope of them. And yet,sweet *Daphne,*
6150 The more thou hasts their harvest,the ripe crop
Shall be to them more welcome. For this time

'Tis best to leave her to her privacie :
More leisure that she hath to meditate,
Lesse time you have in which to be resolv'd,
6155 'Twill shorten expectation.
Amph. May these houres
That adde vnto your yeares, still as you grow,
Increase toward us your love.
Appid. Friend you pray well,
6160 And in that hope I take a loving leave,
By kissing your faire hand. *Exit.*
Daph. You understand a curtesie as well,
Once being done,as she that knowes to do't.
Farewell. Where be my maids ?
6165 1 *Nymph.* My Lady,at hand.
Daph. Doth either of you know what this love is,
That men so much affect it ?
2 *Nymph.* Trust me,not I:I never lookt so far into man; and most sure I am,man never yet entred so farre into
6170 me, that I should know how to define it. But can you tell the reason why this little god is still portraid like a childe ?
Daph. I think, because that dotage which he breeds
Only belongs to children. 1 *Nymph.* But why naked?
6175 *Daph.* Either t'affright the Modest ; or to such
As vow to him, to expresse their impudence.
2 *Nymph* But why with bow and arrowes ?
Daph. That denotes
Inconstancie,because the shafts of love
6180 Are ever shot at random.
1 *Nymph.* Wherefore hoodwinkt ?
Daph. Howe're his shafts are aim'd, it shewes his kinde,
Because they strike the eies of Reason blinde.
2 *Nymph.* Then am I with Love quite out of love,because
6185 at these yeres I should be loath to have one to lead me.
Daph. Yet do I love the beauty of the spring,
To listen to the birds,with various layes

To welcome in his comming. I affect
The pride and warmth of Summer,to behold
6190 Aboundant Autumne poure his harvest forth
In plenteous sheafes ; to see the presses bleed
A flowing vintage. But I most admire
The glory of the Sun who comforts these:
For without him,what were the earth ? what heaven ?
6195 If all were darknesse,who should then discerne
The lustre of the one or of the other,
The fresh fertilitie proudly adorn'd
With choise and change of all discolour'd floures?
More than a cas'd up Iewell, what were Beauty,
6200 Without the Sun to give a brightnesse to't ?
What's ornament,without the Sun to iudge it ?
What to be faire or foule, without the Sun,
To censure and distinguish which is best ?
The Sun's the deity which I adore.
6205 Here then upon this verdure cast your selves,
And rest a while ; not long 'tis e're he will
In all his glory mount the Eastern hill.

They lay themselues downe, then enter Venus *and* Cupid.

Venus. Here on the top of the mount Ericine
6210 Ambush thy selfe, (a place sacred to me)
Where thou mayst boldly front the god of Light,
Who hath by this already chac'd hence night.
I'le leave thee now : strike,but strike home,my son,
I'le in these shades absent me whil'st 'tis done.
6215 *Cupid.* He mocks my bow,but *Phœbus* soon shall finde
Cupid hath power to strike the Sun-god blinde.

Enter Apollo *with his glittering beames.*

Apollo. The stars are frighted from the firmament,
And at the sight of our illustrious beams
6220 Darknesse vnto the blacke Cymmerians fled.
Now to our daily progresse through the Signes.
But stay,what's he that with our honors,arm'd,
(The Bow and quiver, proper sole to us)

Braves us upon high Erix Promontorie?
6225 I know him now, 'tis Paphian *Venus* son,
To whom some fooles have vow'd a deity.
I'le know the reason why the bastard brat
Dares thus assume my trophies. 'Morrow *Cupid.*
Cupid. As much to *Phœbus.*
6230 *Phœb.* Weake brat resolue me,
By whose inticement thou hast bin so bold
To take to thee the emblems of my power?
Is't not sufficient,thou with brain-sicke toyes
Canst fill the heads of mad men and of fooles,
6235 Who'ascribe to thee a god-head,meerly usurpt?
But thou must weare my due *Impresa* insculpt,
And ('bout thy shoulders) those known ornaments,
Apollinis insignia? (*Apollo's* Ensignes)
Cupid. And why thine?
6240 *Apoll.* Because I am styl'd the god of Archerie;
And where I aime I hit,my prey or enemy,
Kill neere or far. The monstrous serpent *Python*
(Whose bulke being slaine, an hundred acres spred)
Had from this bow his wounds,and I my honors:
6245 And shall a childe boast eminence with me?
Cup. Phœbus, thy bow hath monsters strooke to ground,
But myne hath power the gods themselves to wound,
Of which thou art not least. Mother he's sped, *He shoots.*
I have pierc'd him home with my shafts golden head.
6250 *Ven.* Thou art myne own sweet boy, thy darts ne're fail;
And now *Apollo* languish and looke pale,
More wan than did thy sister *Moon* once prove,
When for *Endymion* she was sicke of love,
Whil'st I laugh and reioyce. Now make all sure,
6255 And strike faire *Daphne* whil'st she sleepes secure,
But with contempt and hate.
Cup. My arrow flies,
And as it hits, sicke of disdain she lies.
Now mother let's away.

Venus.

6260 *Ven. Phœbus*, I divine,
Thou'lt say his shafts can wound as deep as thine. *Exit.*
Apoll. What alteration's this I feele? a heate
Beyond myne owne fire,kindled at myne eye.
Daphne *starts up.*
6265 *Daph.* All sleep is still in darknesse,yet our soules
See when our eies are shut. My brest's in uprore;
And yet a dream tels me, the morning gray
Sayes the Sun's up, I shame to looke on day.
Apoll. What Beautie's this on earth, transpiercing more,
6270 Than can the beams from my celestial Orbe?
Daph. The Sun is up; Awake: What,shame you not
That he should finde you sleeping?
Apol. Sweet Nymph stay.
Daph. The shades best please me,I in them will play;
6275 The Sun's too hot and sultry.
Apol. I am hee
That measures out the yeare; and shun you me?
Fair'st of thy sex, behold the Suns bright eye,
That all things sees,by whom you all things spy.
6280 Will you in everlasting darknesse dwell?
Light is heavens emblem,and becomes it well:
Where I appeare,I comfort and make glad;
Be comforted in me,why are you sad?
Would you in blindnesse live? these raies of myne
6285 Give that reflect by which your Beauties shine,
For what are artificial lights? when I
Appeare in fulnesse they soon faint and die.
They only put on counterfeits: my rayes
False colours finde,and give the true the praise.
6290 If yours be such,then prove them by my light,
The world will censure they are pure and right.
Daph. His piercing beams I never shall endure,
They sicke me of a fatall Calenture.
Apol. What are you better to be lovely born,
6295 If not beheld? What's state, if not observ'd?

Or

Or wherefore before Cottages do we
Prefer the stately Palace,and the sumptuous roofe?
What vertue were in jewels without me?
Else should they be with pibbles equall pris'd.
6300 Wherefore did Nature make you with bright eies,
Which profit not in night without my beams?
Why should the Rose be red? the Lilly white?
The Violet purple? and the Holly greene?
All rhese my creatures. But when I decline,
6305 And night usurps upon the Vniverse,
Their tincture's not discern'd : but white and red
Which in your peerlesse cheeks exceed all floures,
What lustre beare they? When my beams are gone,
The faire and foule in darknesse seem all one.
6310 *Daph.* That darknesse doth best please me : let's away,
My beauty will be sun burnt if I stay,
Hee'l blast me like an Ethiope. *Exit running.*
Apol. Dost thou fly me?
Love bids me follow,and I must pursue :
6315 No vault,no cave or cavern so obscure,
Through which I will not pierce,to finde thee out.
Th' Antipodes for ever want my rayes :
To gaze on her,I'le this Meridian keepe,
And till attain the saint that I adore,
6320 Here ever shine,where night shall be no more. *Exit.*

Enter Venus *and* Cupid.

Venus. Laugh *Cupid*,laugh, for I am halfe reveng'd,
And shall e're long be fully,when this Blab
Shall in his course,or too much lag or speed
6325 Post somtimes,and again run retrograde.
Where by his too long presence th' earth is scortcht,
Or by his absence th'other world shall freeze :
And all that lies beneath the Moon complaine :
And that the gods at mans request shall call
6330 Disorder into question. What can then
Both heaven and earth conclude when this is done,
But

But this thou didst to avenge me of the Sun.
Cup. Will not *Mars* thanke me for't?
Ven. And kisse thee too.
6335 O still by his example punish those
That shal our sweet adulterate sports disclose. *Exeunt.*
Enter Daphne *flying,and* Apollo *pursuing her.*
Apollo. Why flies my *Daphne*, knowing 'tis in vaine:
Love makes me swifter than thy feare can thee.
6340 *Daph.* O me, I am so tortur'd with the Sun,
I hate my very shadow.
Apol. I persue not
As Eagles,Doves do; or the Lions,Harts;
Or Wolves, the Lambe. Love is my cause of hast:
6345 Run not so fast,lest thou shouldst trip perhaps,
And do thy selfe some dammage: the ground's rough,
Shouldst thou but slide,and I the Author on't,
How much would it offend me? To preuent which,
Stay but thy hast,and I will slack my speed.
6350 *Daph.* I am almost breathlesse.
Apoll. See, I am no Satyre,
Shepheard, or such as live by grazing herds,
Delphos is myne, Pharos,and Tenedos:
Thou know'st not who thou fly'st, I am *Apollo*,
6355 The only god that speakes by Oracle:
Iove is my father, and the *Muses* nine
Are all my daughters: I am Patron held
Of Numbers,Raptures,and sweet Poesie.
My shafts are ever certain where they aime,
6360 (Yet one more certain,which hath pierc't me deep)
Physicke is myne, I first devis'd that Art,
And could it help me, I were then assur'd:
But Love is by no Simples to be cur'd.
Daph. O now I am quite spent; help,goddesse *Iuno*,
6365 (Queene of chaste marriage) bright *Diana*, help
One of thy true vow'd Virgins: change my shape,
That I this hot adulterous Sun may scape.

Sudden

Sudden Musicke, and she is turned into a Laurel tree.

Thanks, ô ye Powers divine : the Spheres assent
6370 To my chaste prayer : your heavenly dooms are iust.
Here grow I fixt against all powers of lust.
Apoll. Strange prodigie ! Lesse hope is in her stay,
Than in her speed : her bodie's round incompast
With a rough rinde,in which her warm heart beats.
6375 Her haire is all grown vpward into boughes,
Here milke white fingers and her armes advanc'd
To great and lesser branches : her faire feet
But late so swift, fast rooted in the earth :
And I,whom Love late blinded, now may see
6380 My *Daphne* turn'd into a Laurel tree.
Her life still struggles in the churlish barke,
And from her lips I feele her breath still flow.
One blessed kisse at parting, but in vain,
The very tree shrinks from me in disdain.
6385 And yet in lasting memory of thee
And of my love, thou shalt be ever myne :
In all ovatious triumphs and rich shewes
The Laurel shall ingirt the Conquerors browes.
All eminence shall thinke it grac'd in thee.
6390 Poets,the Muses darlings, shall from thee
Receive their honor, and the best esteem'd
Be crowned Laureat,and no excellence
But have it's noble estimate from hence.
Emperors shall prise thy leaves above pure gold :
6395 For thou shalt ever wait on victorie ;
And as my youthfull and still unshorne haires
(Vnchanging) of this golden hew are seen,
So shall thy boughes and branches still be greene,
And arme against *Ioves* lightning. And all these
6400 Shall be for our sake by the gods approv'd,
In memory that *Daphne* we once lov'd. *Exit.*

Enter Aurora *attended by the* Houres.

1 *Houre.* How comes it,faire *Aurora*,we the *Houres*

Are

Are thus disturb'd?
6405 2 *Houre.* One halts, whilest th' other runs;
Somtimes made longer by a many minutes,
Somtimes not full three quarters?
Aurora. Am not I
As much distemper'd, being forc'd to rise
6410 So oft before my time? which makes my husband
Old *Tython* jealous (for he bed-rid lies)
I have light on some new Love.
1 *Houre.* All's out of order.
Enter the foure Seasons, Spring, Summer,
6415 Autumne, Winter.
Spring. How comes this strange confusion rise of late?
My spring to grow so forward by the Sun?
Summer complaines that I usurpe on her.
Sum. As much as I on thee, Autumne on me,
6420 And saith, that in my ripening I include
His harvest, and so rob him of his due.
Aut. Have I not cause? when thou not only claimst
The honor of my crop: But frozen Winter,
Hee keeps a coile too, swearing, I intrude
6425 Into his bounded limits. *Wint.* This I am sure
I am curtaild of my right; my snow is melted,
And hath not time to cloath the mountain tops:
September is like May, Ianuary as Iune:
And all my bright and pretious Isicles
6430 Melting to nothing: What's the reason trow we?
2 *Houre.* 'Tis the Suns slacknesse, or his too much speed,
That breeds all this distraction.
1 *Houre.* The Sun, say you?
Breake he, or not directly keepe his day,
6435 Seasons and Houres all out of order stray.
Enter Day.
Som. Behold her whom you speak of, *Day*, whence come ye?
Day. I parted now with Night, who had bin here,
But that both must not in one place appeare.
Auror.

6440 *Auror.* And what saith she?
Day. Like you,railes on the Sun,
And saith he doth her wrong : nor blame her, when
Being full twelve houres, he scarce affords her ten.
Autumne. Day,you are the Suns mistresse, hath he not
6445 Reveald the cause to you?
Day. No, his known brightnesse
Hath unto me been only darke in that.
Nor am I of his counsell.
Winter. Fine world grown,
6450 When every drunken Sexton hath the skill
To make his giddy clocke go truer far
Than can the best Sun dyall.
Enter Apollo.
Apollo. What are you
6455 That murmure thus against our Deitie?
Are you not all our creatures? though we give you
Full sailes on earth,do not we steere the helme?
Disposing you both where and how we please;
And dare you thus rebell?
6460 *Omnes.* The god of Light
Is our great Lord and Soveraigne.
Apoll. This submission
Hath somewhat calm'd us : had you still stood out,
Disorder,we had to Confusion turn'd,
6465 And so you all been ruin'd. But henceforth
Morning shall keep her houre, Houres measure day,
In a true scope the Day proportion Weekes,
Weekes,Moneths; Moneths,seasons;to sum up the yeare.
And wee our course in that, perfecting time :
6470 That nothing in this concordance appeare
Either preposterous or vnseasonable.
For which our grace,where-ever you shall finde
This new sprung Laurel,you *Aurora* I charge,
With your moist teares bathe her green tender boughes :
6475 From whence I will exhale them with my beams.
Houres

Houres, do you wait vpon her gentle growth.
Day comfort her : *Ver* cheere her with thy spring.
Thou *Summer* give her warmth : and *Autumne*, thou
Dare not to spoile her of her plenteous leaves :
6480 Nor *Winter* thou with thy robustuous gusts,
To blast her lasting verdure. These observ'd,
Still flourish under us. And that this unitie
May last amongst you many fortunate yeres,
End in a Hymne tun'd to the chiming Spheres.

6485 The Song.

HOwsoe're the Minutes go,
Run the houres or swift or slow :
Seem the Months or short or long,
Passe the seasons right or wrong :
6490 *All we sing that* Phœbus *follow,*
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

Early fall the Spring *or not,*
Prove the Summer *cold or hot :*
Autumne be it faire or foule,
6495 *Let the Winter smile or skowle :*
S*till we sing, that* Phœbus *follow,*
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

F I N I S.

The Argument of AMPHRISA the forsaken *Sheapheardesse*.

6500

THe innocence, truth,and simplicitie
Of countrey Damsels : What felicitie
They arrive to in their low estate ;
What freedoms they participate,
6505 *What ioy, what solace,what content*
To their innocuous life is lent.
The humble shed and cottage held
More safe than gorgeous houses, swell'd
With pompe and wealth. It likewise proves
6510 *More simple truth in their chaste loves,*
Than greater Ladies, tympany'de
With much more honour, state,and pride.
Here's of the Willow wreath dispute,
How,and why worne. What best doth sute
6515 *Forsaken Virgins, reade and finde*
Their characters who prove vnkinde.

Enter two Shepheardesses, *Pelopæa* and *Alope*.

Pel. GOod morrow.
Alop. So to you, faire Shepheardesse.
6520 *Pel.* What newes in our Arcadia ?
Alop. I know none :
For well you wot it is no newes with us,
That men should prove inconstant.
Pel. Thinke you so ?
6525 *Alop.* Thought's free.
Pel. I pray can you define me Thought ?

Alop.

Alop. Let me bethinke my selfe, I thinke I can :
For I have thought of many things e're now.
Pel. But can you guesse what I thinke ?
6530 *Alop.* I (perhaps)
May jumpe with your conceit,come neere't at least.
Of colours there are none so opposite
As white and blacke : and of the Elements
Than fire and water none more contrary :
6535 Nor is there ought so antipathy'de in men,
As what they thinke and speake.
Pelop. Now let me helpe you :
Mens thoughts like Courtiers clokes are often shifted,
And change as oft as they are truly sifted.
6540 *Alop.* This then hath been the cause of womens sorrow ;
Men thinke to day ill, to do worse to morrow :
Witnesse *Amphrisa's* servant.
Pel. Pitty 'tis,
So faire a body, and so sweet a soule
6545 Should be so foulely dealt with. Her false Lover
Vnkindely hath forsooke her.
Alop. That's the reason
Shee's growne into so deepe a melancholy.
I wonder any woman dare trust man,
6550 Since,like as the Chamelions change themselves
Into all perfect colours saving white ;
So they can to all humors frame their speech,
Save only to prove honest.
Pel. You say well.
6555 But as no wormes breed where they feele no warmth,
No Vultures watch where they can finde no prey ;
No Pirat roves but where he hopes for spoile :
So none of these false servants wait,but where
They finde a yeelding Mistresse.
6560 *Alop.* Indeed light minds are catcht with little things,
And Phancie smels to Fennell.
Pel. But *Amphrisa*

Is held to be the wisest shepheardesse
That lives in our Arcadia.
6565 *Alop.* But I have heard,
Late wit and cheated wisedome to be counted
Next neighbours unto folly. Shepheards now,
The holier that they seeme in outward shew,
The hollower are their hearts. By subtill sophistry
6570 (As I have heard) the best Philosophy
May be perverted. And mens flatteries
Are iust like *Circes* riches, which can turne
Vain-glorious fooles to Asses, credulous Fooles
To Woodcocks, pretty wanton Fooles to Apes,
6575 And proud Fooles into Peacocks.
Pel. But amongst these,
Amphrisa had no place.
Enter Amphrisa *seeming discontented.*
Alop. See, here she comes
6580 That for her selfe can answer.
Pelop. But 'twere sinne
In us, not to be answer'd, thus to suffer her
To pale the cheerefull bloud in her faire cheeks,
Through wilfull passion. Which I'le not endure.
6585 *Alop.* Then rowse her from these dumps.
Pel. You 'r sad, *Amphrisa* :
Sweet may we know the cause?
Amphrisa. You have prevented
A strange conceit which somewhat troubled me ;
6590 But by your interruption almost lost.
Pel. Nay recollect your selfe, pray let us hear't.
Amph. I was thinking, why *Parrasius*, drawing Youth,
Made Love to tickle one side with a feather,
To move a smile ; and with the other hand
6595 To sting it with a Scorpion.
Pel. You 'r stung then.
But I was thinking on *Praxiteles*,
Who drew his mistresse thus: Looke on her one way,
She

She laught upon him : Strait before,she wept.:
6600 But change the side, and cast your eye adverse,
And then she appear'd sleeping. And so you,
Fit but your phansies unto such a face,
You'l ne're complain of servant. *Amph.* Then it seems,
My storie 's told aforehand. *Alop.* Yes, and rumor'd
6605 Through all Arcadia. *Amph.* And none pitty me?
Pel. There's none so marble brested, but doth melt
To heare of your disaster. *Amph.* Is there one,
To whom the cause of my disease is knowne,
That can prescribe,me cure for't?
6610 *Pelop.* Without feeling
Your pulse, I know the nature of your griefe :
You have an heate, on which a coldnesse waits,
A paine that is endur'd with pleasantnesse,
And makes those sweets you eat have bitter taste :
6615 It puts eies in your thoughts, eares in your heart :
'Twas by desire first bred, by delight nurst,
And hath of late been wean'd by jelousie.
Amp. But how can these disgusts be remedy'd,
Which Reason never yet could comprehend?
6620 *Pel.* By patience.
Amp. That's a physicke all prescribe,
But few or none doth follow. Pray what is't?
Pel. It is the best receit that can be tooke
Both against love and fortune (Crost in both.)
6625 *Alop.* To wish the best, to thinke vpon the worst,
And all contingents brooke with patience.
Is a most soveraigne medicine.
Pelop. And moreover;
What cannot be redrest with peevishnesse,
6630 Ought to bee borne wirh patience.
Alop. Patience?
She is so like to Fortitude herselfe,
That by her sweet aspect she appeares to be
Her sister or her daughter.

6635 *Pel.* The onely remedy for injuries, is
By patience to forget them. And more noble
It *is* to yeeld your selfe in triumph to't
Then to be drawne by force. *Amp.* You have prevaild,
For I am now your Patient; and intreat you,
6640 Like skild Phisitians, study for my health.
Alop From their Doctors
The sick expect more art then eloquence:
And therefore what defect you find in words,
Expect in our Prescriptions.
6645 *Enter their Queene and two Nymphs.*
Queen I never was with pastime better pleas'd;
So cleare a morning, and such temperate ayre;
The Sun so bright, yet sparing of his heat,
Made all the toyle we tooke (to chace the Stag)
6650 To seeme no labour, but an exercise.
The wily beast to shun our swift pursute,
Forsooke the Plaines, to take the mountaine tops.
Yet maugre the opposure of the Rocks
And clifts depending to molest our speed
6655 Our well-tride Nymphs, like wild Kids clim'd those hils,
And thrild their arrowie Iavelins after him:
Nor left the chace, till all those golden heads
Were new stain'd in his blood.
1.*Nymph.* It prov'd, great Queene
6660 Your active Nymphs were better breath'd than he,
For whom we could not overtake, we tyr'd:
That done, we toucht our Beagles, and so made
Both hills and vallies eccho to his death.
2 *Nymph.* He stood so long, and made us stray so far,
6665 Amongst the Swaines and lovely Shepheardesses,
That use to graze their Flocks upon these downes;
The Sun must needs passe the Meridian,
E're we can reach the Lodge.
Qu. The Arcadian Girles
6670 Are of no common beauty; as their habits

Much

Much grace the fields ; so many of those features
Mine eye by chance hath glanc't on in the Chace,
In mine opinion would become the Court.
They say, these virgins are acute in wit,
6675 And fluent in conceit, to speake or sing ;
As having oft drunke from the Muses spring.
1.*Nym* See, Royall Queene, where three (not of the mea-
Or least to be respected) are retyr'd. (nest
Qu. Be not too lowd,These bowes will shelter us ;
6680 Let's listen how they fashion their discourse,
And how far short the Folds and Cottages
Come of the Court or City.
Amp. Nay pray prescribe. 'Tis said of all Physitians
What good comes by their Physick, the Sun sees :
6685 But in their art, if they have bad successe,
That the earth covers. Howsoe're I suffer,
You blamelesse are.
Alop. All those that are unskilfull
Will flatter griefe 'till it grow desperate.
6690 But though you know the use of Physick sweet,
To taste it is unsavory.
Amp. Howsoever I am prepar'd.
Pel. Imagin first, You never had a servant.
Alop. Not so : for who can know the sweet of ease,
6695 That never was in paine ?
Pel. Or say she had,
Thinke that he ne're playd false.
Alop. A meere relapse,
Before the first be cur'd, to thinke him faithfull,
6700 Were but to enter her disease anew,
To make her griefe more violent.
Amp. But one speake :
The medicine that's propos'd of contraries,
Can ne're breed peace of mind.
6705 (*Qu.* All, solid sence.)
For I perceive,those that are sound themselves,

Have still more will to help, than skill to cure.
Pel. Well, Mistresse Doctor I'le give way to you.
Alop. Thinke then you had a servant, and he false ;
6710 For whose sake never more trust perjur'd man.
And though some say *Iove* winks at Lovers Oathes,
'Tis (after) with broad eyes to punish them.
Words should not credit men,but men their words :
For he that breaks his promise lies to heaven ;
6715 And whom Heaven hates, who but would feare to love?
Most cursed 'tis to flatter and forsweare ;
And dearth of oathes is blessed barrennesse.
You'r sicke at heart : the only help for that
Is, Let your heart abhorre his trecherie,
6720 And him,for it.You'r pain'd too in the head, *She presents*
For that here's balm made of a willow wreath. *a wreath*
Let this charm'd circle but impale your brows, *of willow*
'Tis present help for both.
Amp. Make this apparant.
6725 *Alop.* Thus : All th' Arcadian Swains & Nymphs that see
Your browes ingirt with this forsaken wreath
Will take note of his falshood, and your faith ;
Your innocence, and his inconstancie :
And those that weare teares in their eies for you,
6730 Of love and pitty, to be thus abus'd,
Will steep their tongues in wormwood and in gall,
To brand him for his open perjury ;
Their pitty,with your patience join'd,
(With this to boot) will prove an absolute cure.
6735 *Amph.* Some ease I finde already, crowne me then.
She is crowned with Willow.
Alop. May,wheresoe're your head you softly pillow,
Be ne're more troubled,whil'st thus wreath'd in willow.
Amph. Nor shall it,*Alope*,for from this houre,
6740 Hearts griefe nor heads paine shall of me have power.
I now have chac'd hence sorrow.
Queen. This conceit

Hath

Hath tooke me highly ; and great pitty 'tis,
That such choice wits should finde no other eares
6745 Than those that Swains,and flocks,and fowls have. Wit
So spent, is only treasur'd in the aire.
The earth hath least part on't. Virgins,Good day.
Nay,do not fall too low.
Pel. You are our Queen.
6750 *Alop.* And Lady of our fortunes.
Qu. By that title
I do command you then to spare your knees.
Nay rise.
Amp. 'Tis only by your Grace and goodnesse
6755 We breathe and live.
Qu. It is enough to me,
That you present us such acknowledgement.
And as for you,faire Virgin, I could wish
Your Willow were a Lawrel. Nay, so 'tis :
6760 Because all such may be styl'd Conquerors,
That can subdue their passions.
Alop. Our feare is,
That if our rude discourse have toucht your eare,
The coursenesse might offend you.
6765 *Qu.* Pleas'd us highly :
Which that you may perceive in mee's vnfeignd,
I charge you, as I am your Soveraignesse,
All coynesse and evasion set apart,
To be most free in language.
6770 *Pel.* Imposition
That comes from you is vnto us a Law,
Which ought to be kept sacred.
Qu. I'le as freely
Command then, as you willing are t'obey,
6775 For were I not a Queen, I'de wish to be
As one of you,a witty Shepheardesse.
Pray sing me somthing of your countrey life,
To make me more in love with't.

 Amp

Amp. Tis our feare; A life that is so meane,so ill exprest
6780 As needs it must bee, (if impos'd on us)
May make you rather loath it.
Qu. I had thought
Courts onely had beene fill'd with complement,
Of which I see, the cottage is not cleare.
6785 *Amp* Give not our simple truth, and feare to offend,
A character we know not (gratious Queene)
But howsoever, if you make us faulty,
You have the power to pardon.
Qu. And presume
6790 That's granted, e're the offence be.
Amp. Then thus, Madam. *She sings.*

The Song.

We that have knowne no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate:
6795 *For Courtly silkes in cares are spent,*
When Countries russet breeds content.
The power of Scepters we admire;
But sheep-hookes for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition;
6800 *For here with us is no ambition.*
We with the Sunne our flockes unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
"Our musick from the birds we borrow; *These last two*
"They bidding us, we them, good morrow. *lines twice.*

6805 *Qu*. Nay,faire ones,what you have begun in song,
Continue in discourse: Wee would heare more
Of your pleas'd life.
Amp. Your highnesse may command.
Our habits are but course and plaine,
6810 *Yet they defend from wind and raine.*
As warme too, in an equall eye
As those be, stain'd in Scarlet dye.
Those that have plenty weare (we see)
But one at once; and so doe we.

Pel.

6815 *Alop. The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse*
As many merry houres doth passe,
As Courtiers with their costly Girles,
Though richly deckt in gold and pearles:
And though but plaine, to purpose woo,
6820 *Nay oft-times with lesse danger too.*
Pel. Those that delight in dainties store,
One stomack feed at once, no more.
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest:
6825 And many times wee better speed;
For our wild fruits no surfets breed,
Amp. If we sometimes the Willow weare,
By subtill Swaines that dare forsweare.
We wonder whence it comes, and feare,
6830 Th'have beene at Court, and learn'd it there.
If any Lady then shall please,
Whose cheeke lookes pale through my disease,
By any faithlesse servant,or false friend,
(Being cur'd my selfe) this I can give or lend. *She offers the willow.*
6835 *Qu.* Beleeve't, a sweet conclusion: for oft-times
Such things fall out. But we have further heard
(Besides what now our eares are witnesse to)
That as your words keepe time,your voices tune;
So hath the curious motion of your feet
6840 Beene taught to know true measure. You can dance?
Amp. Yes royall Princesse, as we sing and speake,
After such rurall fashion.
Qu. If no worse,
It may become a Theatre of eyes,
6845 Yet wrest no blushes from you. Will you then,
Since that we parallell in number thus,
Helpe us to fill a measure?
Pelop. So wee thought
There might no jarring discords grow from us,
6850 To spoile your better musick.

Qu.

Qu. No such feare.
Come then, such musicke as the place will yeeld,
Wee'l instantly make vse of.

Musicke sounds,and they dance the measure.

6855 *Qu.* Compleat in all: You have made us now Eie-witnes
Of what, Relation sparingly hath spoke.
To encourage which, and that so great a merit
Passe not without some meed, receive these favors,
And weare them for our sake. *Jewels given.*
6860 Time bids us part.
Greater than these we have for you in store,
And mean hereafter to employ you more.

FINIS.

An Emblematicall Dialogue, interpre-
6865 ted from the Excellent and most learned
D. Iac. Catzius; which sheweth how Vir-
gins in their chaste loves ought
to beare themselves.

1. The Argument.

6870 T*Wo modest Virgins, of unequall time,*
Th'one past, the other growing to her prime,
*(*Anna *and* Phillis) *interchange some chat*
Of Love, of Mariage, and I know not what.

2. The Argument.

6875 ANne *hearing* Phillis *her rude Love relate,*
(Whose tender brest was free from all deceit)
Feares lest her youth to lust she might ingage,
And bids her to be counsel'd by her age.
A Virgins office, and how Maids be caught,
6880 *(Saith she) three times nine Winters have me taught:*
Take me thy Guide and no way thou canst erre,
Who before Venus *sweets, chaste love prefer.*
Which in alternate language whil'st they plead,
In view and presence of the Marriage bed,
6885 Phillis, *whom youth and fresh love doth possesse,*
Her amorous thoughts begins thus to expresse.

We, when in health, for sicke folks counsel finde,
But sicke our selves, we quickly change our minde.

Without

Without Marriage there is no courage.

6890 *Phi.*Whilst neere my Fathers house I observ'd but late
Two Turtles bill, and either court it's mate,
I cald to minde the palme which I might spy
Drooping, because the male plant was not nye,
Whom with erected lookes when she beheld,
6895 She buds,she bloomes,with fruit her branches sweld,
At which I said (O *Venus*) were I dead,
But that I thinke it a sweet thing to wed!
Which as I spake, (and more would have exprest)
I felt soft love to steale into my brest.
6900 Trees have their Ardor,and the birds their flame,
The Mountaine bores, and wild beasts have the same.
Nor doth the scaly fish want their desire,
Why then should onely Virgins shun this fire ?

Concerning which the Poet Lucretius *is thus read.*

6905 Each generation that on earth abides,
Whether of beasts,or men, (whom reason guides,
Horses or Cattle,what's beneath the Sunne,
Into this firy ardor madly runne)

Most things unprov'd cannot content us,
6910 *Which being tryde they oft repent us*

*An.*Into the Brides yoake wilt thou madly fly,
Thinking there Roses, and sweet Apples lie?
If such a thing as pleasure be ? search round ;
In mans rude armes it never can be found.
6915 What is this snare to which young Virgins haste,
But like the Osier weel in rivers plac't?
The fish yet free, to enter wind about,
Whilst they within are labouring to get out.
Boyes in their first heate, want the wit to tarry,
6920 And Girles (not ripe) are mad untill they marry ;
When scarce the one hath warm'd the others side,
But they wish beds and houses to divide.

Diog.

Diog Laert. tells us that it was a saying of *Socrates*, that young batchelers desirous of marriage were like to fishes
6925 who play about the weele, and gladly would get in, when on the contrary they that are within strive how they should get out.

The family of the unmarried is lame.

Phi. Though you say, Wedlock doth such troubles breed,
6930 Love bids, and *Hymen* prompts me to proceed.
The tedious silence of a forlorne bed
To me is hatefull, therefore must I wed : (male,
Looke how the Ducks mourne when they misse the
No one but droopes her wings,and flags her tayle,
6935 But he once come,the pond with clamour rings,
And you then see another face of things.
The good man absent :then the fire doth freeze,
The house is sad, the wife her mirth doth leese.
(They all are troubled,) when the maide doth aske
6940 To goe to rest, shee's put to some new taske.
A beard's the houses prop, (besides is none)
There can be no delight to sleepe alone.

Impose the burthen of virginity on none (saith *Ignatius* the ancient Theologist) being a yoake which even the
6945 Virgin Vestals (of old) in *Rome* were not able to beare, to whom onely five yeares were injoyned to abstaine from marriage, and to keepe the holy fire from going out.

Binde in thy flames.

6950 *An* Though thou hast such a will to change thy state,
Yet gently heare me what I shall relate,
The flame (too raging) that by heate is blowne,
To fit the marriage bed was never knowne.
Observe the Cooper when he joynes his tunne,
6955 That the con racted planks may evenly runne,
(The fury of the violent heat to tame)
In a round Iron cradle keepes his flame,
By his example thine hot fires suppresse,

Lest

Lest this or that way fondly it digresse.
6960 With amorous tales let not thine eares be tainted,
Before thy mother be therewith acquainted;
Shee'l tell thy Father; so take off thy care,
They well provide to keepe thee from the snare.

Cicero tells us that it is fit,men should be brought with-
6965 in the compasse of reason and learning.

And *Cipri.*that the tutors or guardians,namely, the Father, Grand-father, or Brother, were woont of old to contract young Virgins, which ancient custome is upon great consideration observed in these dayes,And amongst
6970 other causes, especially in regard of the weaknesse, and bashfulnesse of the sex : and wee read in *Euripides* that when *Orestes* sollicited *Hermione* for marriage , Her answere was, ***My espousals remaine in my Fathers power, and not mine.***

6975 *By the finger, not the tongue.*

*Phi.*Shall I then clamour for an husband? no,
My virgin shame forbids me to doe so,
Three lusters, and three yeares ore past, I pray,
Is't not enough? what more can virgins say?
6980 Looke how that watch doth the swift houres divide,
And with its hand doth to the figures guide,
It nothing speakes, yet points (early and late
To what it meanes, such is our virgins state,
Although the mind be silent, and sit mute,
6985 Her mature age (though tongueles) moves her suit.
It shewes her to be enterd in her prime,
And tells the parents that shee loseth time.
Her round brests speak,fresh cheeks & brows so fayer
Thus the whole girle's dissolv'd to silent prayer.

6990 That Father is much to bee blamed, who when his Daughter is in her full maturity provideth her not an Husband. Well therefore said *Ignatius*, A ripe Virgin to prevent the wrinckles of age, may speake to her Father in private,to dispose of her in marriage.

And

6995 And wee read *Claudian* thus :
The virgins ripe age breeds the fathers cares,
Who, for her sake neglects his Lords affaires.

The Colony is to bee removed elsewhere.

*Phi.*When the earth helpes the Vine her sprigs to beare,
7000 Tis fit they should transplanted be elsewhere.
The dresser calls and sayes these same will bud,
And prosper bravely if the soyle be good.
I have two swelling brests that twins can feed,
A lap besides to dandle those I breed :
7005 And my virginity (say what you can)
Proclaimes me now that I am ripe for man.
I looke on Wives, and wish that I were such,
But grieve my Father will not see so much :
Yet long he shall not barre me from that blisse
7010 Which law allowes, or I am taught amisse.

That daughter who hath past the age of five and twenty, if she marry without her fathers consent, by the law of some Nations cannot be deprived of her dowry, because the father ought to consider in time convenient 7015 to provide his daughter of an husband, and himselfe of a Son-in-law : but when our *Phillis* professeth her selfe not to bee much above fifteene, it is ridiculous in the maide longing for marriage, to wrest the law, and apply it unto her owne purpose.

7020 *After the wound, in vaine is warning.*

*An.*What's shame to speake, is it not sinne to act,
To blush at words, and not to blame the fact.
No girle that's wise to lovers will incline,
The choyse should be thy parents,and not thine.
7025 Courtship inchaunts,when lovers vow they faigne,
And enterd once, there's no way back againe.
Vaine is it for the wounded Whale to fly,
Who carelesse earst before the stroke did lye.
Loves arrowes to remove, or ease their smart,
7030 As vaine it is, if once they touch the heart.

Then

Then of thy parents counsell first be sure
Before thy choise : once wounded there's no cure.

If regard be to be had of dignity, comlines or honesty ; then in the contracting of marriages, it is more de-
7035 cent and seemely,if the parents troth plight their daughters to their husbands, and tye them together with their owne tongues, than if they themselves immodestly in their owne language subject themselves to one anothers power. *Cypr.*

7040 They that in gathering *Venus* flowers are free,
Say daily,these to morrow such will bee.
Meane time soft fires into our bosomes creepe,
And the worst trees still root themselves most deepe.

The more haste, the worse speed, *Ovid.*

7045 *An.*In hast's no helpe:if follow love,'twill fly,
Lovers hate such as come to every cry.
Of any sudden conquest they are sick,
Nor what they covet, would have come too quick.
When the Lord sends to bid the Cooke make haste,
7050 He straight gives charge the spit turne not too fast,
Lesse speed is made, the meat's the sooner ready.
Hee hinders and not hasts that is too speedy.
Shee that in *Cupids* Kitchin would command
Must have dull motion, and a tardy hand :
7055 Tis speed that spoyles all, spurres are in delay,
No lover stoopes unto a yeelding prey.

All delay is odious,yet it brings on wisdome. *Sen.*

You that would marry, though you both make speed,
Delay't awhile, small stay great gaine may breed.

7060 Delayes oftentimes bring to passe that hee who should have dyed, hath killed him who might have lived. *Clem Alexand.*

For what wee can, wee care not

*An.*Wee see in birds for whom the pitfall's set,
7065 Such as would faine be tooke, escape the net.
Others that would fly thence, the strings combine,

Their

Their captive legges intangling in their twine.
She that first craves deserves a scornefull smile,
As both in maid or woman hold most vile.
7070 Shee's onely certaine to be caught that flies,
Shee teacheth to bee su'd to that denies.
Coy Dames the brests of lovers most besot,
The sweetest kisses are by struggling got.
That game best pleaseth which is sur'st in chace,
7075 Not that being swolne,and lies dead in the place.
What I most wish may for a time be spar'd,
Nor pleaseth me the conquest that's prepar'd. *Petron.*

To this purpose is that of *Seneca* the Philosopher, it shameth me to enter conflict with a man prepared to bee 7080 overcome. The sword-player holdeth it a great indignity to bee matched with his inferiour, as knowing it can bee no glory to him to subdue that man, who is vanquisht without danger.

Presse occasion.

7085 *Phi.*What means this *Ann?* thinkst thou me mad, that I
What my heart thinks should with my tongue deny?
Past loves, in vaine she studieth to recall,
Who to her friend hath shewed no grace at all,
Whilst golden *Venus* with a cheerefull face
7090 Smiles on our acts,let's lose nor time nor place.
The wary *Ospray* whilst the fishes play
Above the wave, stoopes downe to cease her prey.
That Bird for our example is we knowe,
Who slips no time, parts conquerour from his foe.
7095 Catch at occasions, looke e're he passe by thee,
Let him escape, and *Venus* too will flie thee.

If in the very moment of occasion the opportunity whereof by thy delay or negligence thou hast o'reslipt, in vaine it is to complaine upon it being past. *Liv.*

7100 *The honour of virginity perisheth in the lasting*

*Phi.*While th'envious Rose, wrapt in new leaves we find,
She hides her beauty in a thorny rinde.

Forbeare your hands(boyes)for their pricks are found,
Nor can yǒu crop the bud without a wound.
7105 But stay the time, the flower it selfe will spred,
But if not gathered then, the leaves will shed.
Sweet are young maides to lovers in their prime,
And pleasant love rejoyceth in that time.
She that is long a maid, scarce such appeares,
7110 Virginity still wasteth with her yeares.
Let *Cupid* have our vigor, and youths fire,
Maides young deny, what old, they most desire.

Standing streames gather mud, but running rivers are fresh and sweet.

7115 Such as resist love, must either have no braine, or no eyes. *Protogenes.*

Ambition and love are impatient of delay : lingring growes loathsome where necessity craves haste. *Quintilian.*

7120 *No prize if not provok't.*

An A deeper Sea I now perforce must saile,
And lay my sheats ope to a freer gale.
Such as the subtle traines of love would fly,
Let them upon this embleme cast their eye.
7125 Thou seest that net which hangeth in the glade,
A traine for Woodcocks by the Fowler made ;
He doth not touch the strings, but remote stands,
Whilst her owne weight compels her into bands.
If took or not, the traveller scarce knowes,
7130 Because the net inforc't about her flowes.
Virgins beware by this, if tooke at all,
Catch not thy selfe, but by thy suiter fall.
Draw not upon thy selfe that subtle frame,
So shalt thou make the Fowler his owne game.

7135 Many virgins at their contractings rather consent then speake, especially if their parents bee then in presence, lest they should appeare to desire a husband, which in maids is not seemely, and *Baldus* observes, that it

it is ingrafted in the nature of women to bee silent, es-
7140 pecially at the time when there is a treaty of their mar-
riage ; moreover it is a great signe of virginall modesty,
to blush when marriage is but named : according with
that of the Poet.

Quale coloratum Tithoni conjuge Cœlum
7145 *Subrubet, aut sponso visa puella novo.*

Like to the coloured Heaven, by'the morning dyde,
Or blushing maide by her new husband spyde.

It lights, but leads not.

An. If to more proper rules a minde thou hast,
7150 Take these : and more, Ile not allow thee chast.
On the vast Seas the Beacon doth display
Its light : directing ships their safest way.
The flame doth show the harbour to be neare,
Yet doth not helpe the Mariner to steare :
7155 'Tis they must guide the Sayles,and ply the Oare,
Save light from it, they can expect no more.
If thy face, speake thee not of *Cynthias* traine,
And thou the Vestals modest dresse disdaine:
Thou onely on the shore, to light them, stand,
7160 But let the Sayl'er labour how to land.

It much behoveth a virgin to be very circumspect in
cases of matrimony, that for the honour of her sex, she
neither seeme to offer her selfe, or to doe any thing a-
gainst modesty : lest it happen unto her, as (wee read)
7165 it did to *Icasin* a noble and learned virgin, who when she
became so gracious in the eyes of *Theophilus* Emperour of
Constantinople, that he seemed to offer her a golden apple
as a pledge of nuptiall faith and contract : She was tax-
ed for her too ready answer and acception thereof, and
7170 for griefe of mind confinde her selfe into a Monastery.
Cypri.

No play without some pray.

Phi. If it be harmefull then for maides to woo,

What we are bar'd may not our Fathers doe?
7175 Trust me, to tardy louers sport it lends,
And love hath often growne from bare commends.
The Latian King would needs *Æneas* draw,
To take his daughter, whom (before he saw)
The Trojan lov'd : but fathers that are wise
7180 With better art these contracts may disguise.
More private slights there are : by agents, best
Where many are,still one may helpe the rest.
By Birds, the Fowler to his net,birds drew,
Yet in the act, seem'd as he nothing knew.
7185 Parents of old made proffer of their Daughters to Husbands before they sought after them, neither did they imagine in that to have done any thing uncomly or undecent. Wee read in the first of Kings, chapter eighteenth, *Saul* offred his Daughter unto *David.*
7190 *Homer* reports that *Alcinous* did the like to *Vlysses. Virgil.* that *Latinus* did the same to *Æneas : Terence,* that *Chremes* did it to *Pamphilus. Herodotus,* that it was done by *Megacles* to *Pisistratus,* and *Zonoras* and others, that *Darius* did as much to *Alexander,&c.*

7195 *Try ere you trust.*

*An.*Wary's thine art, but not from danger sure,
For dost thou thinke that craft can be secure?
Wretch th'art deceiv'd. We live in corrupt times
Nor can craft long conceale her subtile crimes.
7200 Adde that the profferd bride few humors fits,
As fearing there be baites laid in their bits.
Whilst aged *Priam* to *Achilles* sues
To take his child, he doth the match refuse.
Let Fathers pause untill their minds they know,
7205 and whether they be well dispos'd or no.
The Foxe his eare unto the Ice doth lay
E're venter on ; if heare them crack, hee'l stay.

Whilst *Darius* to *Alexander*, *Priamus* to *Achilles* : *Alcinous* to *Vlysses*, without due circumspection made offer

7210 offer of their daughters, they were altogether frustrate in their hopes and expectations, therefore the wiser are of opinion : that nothing ought to be profferd, which hath not before beene proved.

Too much light dimmes the sight.

7215 *An.*Concerning *Habit,* which in Love's not least,
Receive these few rules fit to be imprest.
Cost (within compasse) doth the young man taste,
Neatnesse best pleaseth love,where there's no waste.
When once thy virgins habit is laid by,
7220 And th'art a wife,thy gifts will then grow high.
If thou (before) in princely jemmes shalt shine,
He'l say ; my gifts are sleight, shee needs not mine.
Rich vesture I have seene Lovers to'affright,
Youth starts at Iewels when they shine too bright,
7225 Much oyle chokes lampes. The Lysard when he lies
Too open to the hot Sunne, faints and dies.

A cleanlinesse is to bee used by women, neither despised,nor too exquisit, onely let it avoid clownish and sordid negligence. *Cicero.*

7230 She that hath too much care over her attire, sheweth she hath little regard of her vertue. *Cato Cens.*

Husbandmen praise best those eares of corne which bow down,and make the stalk crooked,more then such as grow straight and upright, as being assured to find more 7235 grain in the one than in the other.Humblenes in heart & habit,is both pleasing to God, and acceptable with man.

Cheekes oft painted, are soone tainted.

*An.*A grave man supping with my Father said,
(What in my brest, I ever since have laid) (faire,
7240 Then Peach trees (when they flower) nothing more
And none more sordid when their bowes are bare.
That wife growes often loathsome by neglect,
Who (yet a Maid) her selfe too nicely deckt.
How comes this too much liberty of dresse ?
7245 When a whole day is spent in't (and no lesse)

Too curious trimming maides hath oft mis-led,
Nor did it ever suite the marriage bed.
It oft falls out, such as most leasure find,
To paint their cheekes, their husbands do not mind:
7250 But from all ages, this a maxime was,
None loves her distaffe, who admires her glasse.

Let not thy habit be too rich nor too base, make it neither for admiration, nor contempt; their ornament is cald womanly neatnesse, by which is meant modest hand-
7255 somnesse, free from curiosity or cost: and *Vives* in the same place proceeds thus: in thy garments it is injoyned thee that they be not over nise or precious, but without spot or staine. For I cannot imagine how much the purity of the mind rejoyceth at the matronlike neatnesse of the body.

7260 *Fire from Frost.*

An. But say the reine be given up to thine hands,
And the sad suiter at thy mercy stands;
Though burne within, perswade him thou dost freeze.
For still to smile, will much advantage leese.
7265 The Sunne shines clearest breaking from a cloud,
Sweet is the North-wind when it breaths not lowd.
Heat flies, love bates, and suiters weary grow,
When the fond Girle doth too much favour show.
Water doth make the lime-chalk scortch with heat,
7270 And the Smiths flame by water grows more great.
Learne to say nay, love heightens by deniall,
And hath through wounds and difficult things best (triall.
Better the Bee on flowers doth feed,
Having first tasted on a weed.
7275 The starres of greater lustre show,
After the North-wind leaves to blow.
When *Lucifer* hath chac't hence night,
The blushing morning showes more bright. *Boeth.*

It may be called a disease rather than mirth, ever to
7280 smile on them who alwaies laugh at thee, or to frame thy countenance unto every mans humour. *Seneca.*

The

The light to keepe, snuffe not too deepe.

*Ph.*Too strict thy rules are,golden *Venus* cries,
To no such lawes she tender virgins ties.
7285 If like the Sabines we contract the brow,
Give them bad words, use them we care not how ;
We shall our loves make weary of their lives,
As farre more fit to be made Souldiers wives.
Cupid inur'd to lie soft and secure
7290 In *Venus* shades, no hardnesse can endure.
Say,brittle be his shafts, that their points turne,
Flashie his fire, and cannot ever burne.
To cleare the taper, if you snuffe too deepe,
Out goes the lighr, i'th darke you may goe sleepe.

7295 When one churneth milke he bringeth forth butter : and hee that wringeth his nose causeth bloud to come out:so he that forceth wrath bringeth forth strife.*Pro*.30.

Thy secure pastime should be mixt with feare,
Or else thy favours he'l not hold so deare.

7300 *Passions too high, will speaking lie.*

*An.*If chide ;'tis nothing,there's no danger,know :
(I speake strange things) love doth by brauling grow :
He first retyres and must goe back some step,
Who hath a mind to make the stronger leap.
7305 The further *Cupid* drawes his elbow back,
He deeper strikes , and makes the greater wrack.
Warre begets peace, jarre to atonement tends,
Thus *Mars* and *Venus* quarreld, and were friends.
Adde this : his wrath up to the height to wind,
7310 To search what gall thou in his breast canst find.
Anger will lay his heart wide ope, and bare,
In rage, (for men to hide their thoughts) 'tis rare.
Those Doves, who late, each other sought to wound,
Now joyne their bills with murmure and sweet sound.

7315 *Lovers stray, where there's no way.* *(Ovid.*

*An.*Court,kisse,drinke deepe,strow roses when you meet,
And let your banquets be of junkets sweet.

In little,little space, unhappy thou,
With a sad soule beneath his feet shalt bow.
7320 The beane-stalke by a slender wand doth clime,
Shooting his head up to the ayre in time.
The top it aimes at, having reacht unto't,
He bowes his wanton head downe to the root.
Lovers rash heat unto the utmost aimes,
7325 And though thou grant it much, yet more it claimes.
Give all ; 'tis not enough, unlesse thou grant
(Of what hee hath) He to his friend may vaunt.

This also is to bee admonished them, that virgins smile not on all such as laugh upon them : which indeed 7330 is not seene in any but such as are rather immodest or madde, shee ought not also to suffer her selfe to bee tugged or over wantonly toucht, but rather to shunne the place,or forbeare the company. If shee cannot otherwise avoide it. *Vives.*

7335 *They care nor feare, For what they sweare.*

*An.*Let neither promise,nor complaint perswade,
Nor his laments thy tender brest invade. (blowes,
Seest thou that Reed,which when the North winde
Bowes downe it's head, and like a suppliant showes;
7340 But the gust past, it growes straight as a line,
And of the former storme remaines no signe.
The Bee makes honey till his sting be gone,
But that once lost, he soone becomes a Drone.
The sutor sues, and seekes, and gives good words,
7345 Whilst she stands off, and no kind grace affoords :
But with contempt and scoffing he'l retire,
When he hath once obtain'd his wisht desire.

Rash oathes by raging lovers uttered,bind
Like words inscrib'd on water, or in wind.

7350 Hot love groweth soone cold ; and faith plighted with feigned vowes as it is tyed without conscience, so for the most part it is broken without care.

Touch

Touch it with salt, it turnes to nothing.

*An.*That thy prime age,thou without staine mayst weare,
7355 See thou to no obscene talke lend thine eare,
When wanton youth 'gainst modesty makes warre
To make it captive, such their weapons are.
Therefore, if any with a blushlesse face,
And talke uncomely, presse into the place;
7360 Grace nothing, but a brow censorious take
And answer him, as if some Matron spake.
Observe the snaile,on which if salt you cast,
To water first it turnes, to naught at last.
Let but thy words into lowd thunder breake,
7365 And instantly,hee'l have no word to speake.

Posthumia the vestall, because shee was free in laughter, and more liberall in discourse with men, then became her order, was cald in question about incest : but being acquitted of that crime by *Spurius Minutius*, then
7370 High Priest or *Flamin*, he admonished her that thenceforward shee should conforme her language to her life. *Plutarch*

As the North-wind driveth away the raine,so doth an angry countenance, the slandering tongue. *Prov.* 25. 23.

7375 *There's much danger,to trust a stranger.*

*Phi.*To marry, in my thoughts much better were,
It strengthens bashfull shame,preventing feare.
*An.*But light and hasty will, doth fraud provoke,
Who eates with too much speed may hap to choake.
7380 When *Palamedes* birds the rusticks take,
They snares of paper, daub'd with birdlime,make.
The meate the fowle loves, in the midst is plac't,
Which whilst the hungry bird desires to taste,
The slimy paper blinding both her eyes,
7385 She now a pray before the fowler lies.
Most justly they the Cities scorne are made,
Who will be caught, yet see the traine that's laid.
The way to marriage is doubtfull and double,the one
leadeth

leadeth to misery, the other to happinesse : therefore be-
7390 fore thou givest thy selfe into that way, it behoveth thee
to be of that solicitous deliberation which is reported
of *Hercules* travelling where two wayes met : for if once
in marriage, it hath hapned unto thee ill, there is no art
by which thou canst correct it ; for thou art falne into
7395 the number of those, of whom the proverb speakes, *Hee
deserveth no pitty, that chuseth to doe twice amisse.*

It is more honest after thou hast once determined, to
love,rather than begin to determin when thou hast loved

Sometimes faire words,wound worse than swords.

7400 *An.*If any one unworthy seeke thy bed,
From thy chaste house let him be banished :
Admit him not, so much as to be jeer'd,
Some scoft at first, have after prov'd indeer'd.
If he have any wit at all, he'l show it,
7405 And prove in sundry straines to let thee know it,
Imbracing first, strive a forc't kisse to win,
Such kisses have to virgins fatall beene.
So by degrees into thy brest love steales
And wanders round, but his soft steps conceales ;
7410 Whilst Fowlers play upon their pipes,and sing,
Th'unwary fowle into their nets they bring.

Wonder not that thou art deceived by him that
speakes thee faire and flatters thee, but rather wonder
how thou hast escaped from not being deceived by him.
7415 *Demosthenes.*

Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus Hamus,
Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.

So the deceitfull hooke the fish betrayes,
So beasts, by crafty baits, a thousand wayes.

7420 *Spare for no cost, where nothing's lost*

*Phi.*To imbrace,or kisse,why should a maid deny ?
Since neither shame,nor fame we lose thereby.
Who can beleeve a soft kisse can ecclipse
Our honor, comming from a young mans lips.

The

7425 The Bee the violet kist, and the Sunnes flower,
And laden with sweet juice, hies to her bower,
Yet neither one nor other is since dride,
But both still flourish in their wonted pride.
What with compulsive strength the young man tooke,
7430 The maide wipes off, and keepes her former looke.
If it be lawfull light from light to take,
Why should we maides to kisse, such scruple make?
Why swelst thou Satyrist, kisses are vaine,
And thine owne spit will wash them off againe.*Ex Gr.Ep.*
7435 *True honour is so pure, It will no touch indure.*
*An.*Kisses,soft gripes,and blandishing perswades,
From amorous sutors;harme not those young maides.
No Poet (howsoever his vaine please)
Shall sway me ; but there's poison in all these.
7440 Touch not the purple grape : for then 'tis ripe,
And that pure colour cannot brooke the gripe.
'Tis fresh,now the Vines grace,and hath affinity
Vnto the *Genius* of untoucht virginity ;
Shun them, they have sweet poison mixt among :
7445 The lip but toucht, doth weare the impresse long :
For wash thy face a thousand times, the sinne
Thou canst not wipe thence, for that lies within.
Nothing is more tender than the fame and reputation of women, or more subject to injury : in so much
7450 that it may be properly said to hang by the small thread of a Spider.*Vives.*
No Father can have too great a care of preserving his daughters chastity. *Plaut.in Epidic.*
Once sham'd, ever blam'd.
7455 *An.*Not sinne alone, but what may such appeare,
If thou beest wise (maide)studdy to forbeare,
Tis not enough, thine acts are free from blame,
Since thou (meanetime) maist suffer in thy fame.
If the Nuts-shels, thou shalt asunder draw,
7460 Doe what thou canst,there wil remaine the flaw.
Thy

Thy fame once toucht, bee thy mind ne're so pure,
Yet scandall shall thy chastity indure.
Though thou the ruine studiest to repaire,
Thou canst not make it good with all thy care.
7465 How-ever joyne the shells, the breach is seene,
Though hide thy wounds,yet will they still be greene,
Her modesty once blam'd,
She is for ever sham'd.
Remember still thy fame to cherish,
7470 That lost, thy selfe doth likewise perish. *Ovid.*

It behoveth the chast one, not onely to abstaine from crime, but also to avoyd the sordid aspersion of blame. *Dion.*

His slave shee lives, to whom she gives.

7475 *An.*Bee't then the virgins care and labour still,
That of her carriage,no tongue can speake ill.
Heare me with patience and Ile teach thee then,
What dangerous rocks t' avoide, both where & when.
Part to thy Love with nothing that thou haste,
7480 Farre be free hands to virgins that are chaste.
If give but trifles, hee'l for greater looke :
Part hath beene offerd, when the whole was tooke.
Besides,thy gifts to every one hee'l show,
Speaking them thine, to all whom he doth know.
7485 Fat spilt in frying, makes the flame so great,
That it both wasts it selfe, and spoiles the meat.

Let the woman give nothing to the man : for whosoever she bee that presents a gift, prostrateth her selfe. *Vives.*

7490 And there may bee reason rendred, that whosoever gives may bee thought to insinuate himselfe into that mans favour to whom hee giveth ; alluding to that of *Martial.*

Thou sent'st me presents, oh but why ?
7495 Because with thee I should comply.

All.

All things by Gold, are bought and sold.

*An.*Give not said I? *Now*, doe not take, I say,
Gripple we are, gifts will our sexe betray:
They weaken us: she that hath long out-held
7500 (A gift receiv'd) to yeeld hath beene compeld.
The baser coyne they to the Seas commend,
But the choise Gold, to the white bosome send.
Where steele can force no entrance, Gold is free,
Let *Danaes* brazen Tower witnesse for mee.
7505 Then Steele give place, to Gold thy strength resigne,
(Woe me) that choller, hath a power divine.
By Iron some few; Their number, who by Gold
Have beene made prostrate: never can be told.

There is nothing so sacred which is not to bee viola-
7510 ted and prophaned, nothing so defenced, which is not to be scaled, and entred by money. *Cicero.*

Gods, Chastity, and Faith have faild,
Gold onely, over them prevaild.

Receive no gifts, (a hooke lies in the meate)
7515 None but have birdlime, and their poison's great.

M. Verinus.

Trust none in the giving vaine;
Lovers give not but to gaine.

*An.*Bee't then thy care, (if care thou hast to stand
7520 Vpright) from Lovers gifts to keepe thine hand.
Seest thou Love painted naked in all drafts
With quiver onely, and some few small shafts?
He weares no pocket, but hates all their tribe,
Who in Loves free converse expect a bribe.
7525 Can Diamond, Iemme, or golden chaine beguile
Thy modesty so farre; to become vile?
The gaping Oyster, intertaining stones,
By'th Crab injected, is dispoild at once.
Once guilty of a gift [if put to triall)
7530 Thou hast not power to make the least denyall.

To receive a gift, is to sell thy liberty. *Seneca.*

Often

Often by too much play, Virgins themselves betray.

An Now trifles I injoyne, and I confesse
They're such, yet worthy to be read,*(no lesse)*
To tumble on the grasse, urge them to try
7535 Maistries : These fit for chaste ones I deny.
A Bee's hid in the flower, a maide doth come,
To crop it 'tweene her finger and her thum.
No stayes, no rest, her tender flesh it stings,
It smarts, it swels, she cryes, her hands she wrings,
7540 And saith, why Bee, thus seek'st thou me to kill,
I came to sport, and purpos'd thee no ill.
When maides with youngmen try, they doe not well,
But oft catch stings, which make their flesh to swell.

Sporting hath beene the occasion of many evils, as
7545 we may read. *Horace.*

Sport hath begot both sudden strife and rage,
Anger, contention, warre, commixt with strage.

In pastime & sport, womens brests are easily discovered: according with that of the Poet.

7550 We are carelesse then of what we doe or say,
Our very mindes lie open in our play.

Most hold such bad, as love to gad.

*An.*In all things *Ovids* booke I cannot praise,
For he allowes the virgins foot that strayes,
7555 He doth advise the Romane girles to meet
In Theatres, and gad about the street,
In my opinion, he amisse perswades,
If I be judge ; it is no worke for maides.
In streets lust rageth, there thou canst not be
7560 Safe ; then keepe home, that's the best place for thee.
The sheepe that through the briers and thornes doth (stray,
Much of his wooll, oft loseth by the way :
Neither can she her modesty keepe long,
Who much frequents the **Dionæan* throng.

7565 The ornament of women is to flourish in honesty and elegancy of manners : and for the most part to keepe

keepe within at home : to prescribe limits to her lips, eyes, and cheekes, and not often to put her foot over her owne threshold. *Greg. Nazian.*

7570 *There's danger, strictly to confine*
Either young wenches, or new wine.

Phi. Must we be then in lasting darknesse tyde,
As in close houses ever to abide?
Is it enough that we a mistresse feare,
7575 And from her teasty fingers blowes oft beare?
Our mind's now stronger grown, love bids us play,
And of the City take a free surveigh.
Locks cannot let, *Venus* sets wide the dore,
When lovers entrance to clos'd maides implore :
7580 Love hates all durance, he was ever free,
And *Bacchus* too delights in liberty,
New wine : young maides : by too strict keeping still,
Hazard the caske, and house : Both apt to spill.
No woman can be restrain'd against her will. *Lib.Amor.*3.
7585 That which is most kept from us, most we crave,
The prey calls theeves, few love what they can have. *Id.*
Such as have leave to sinne, commit least ill,
The power to offend, oft takes away the will. *Id.*

That lesse pleaseth us to which wee are most per-
7590 swaded : that rather wee desire from which wee are most disswaded.

There can bee given no strong security,
For Maiden-heads in their nativity.

Phi. Maides, if you looke to rost your Chestnuts well,
7595 Observe first with a knife to wound the shell :
If with unbroken skin it touch the fire,
'Twill-break in pieces, and with noise retire.
Who to chaste love shall make her brest obdure,
From *Venus*, oh what panges shall she procure?
7600 She burnes, nor can her youth take least content,
That's cloistred, and at home in prison pent.
The bridle once tooke off, she growes untame,

And

And then, with greater fury burnes her flame.
Some I have seene at lawfull love repine,
7605 And after, madly to base lust incline.

Dangerous is the custody of a virginity, and most difficultly is she to be restraind, to whom the yoke of virginity is imposed. *Egn.*

That which *Tacitus* spake of the plebe or multitude, may 7610 not unfitly be construed upon young virgins. *vid.* They are altogether impatient of meere servitude, or absolute liberty.

To free thy selfe from danger cleane,
Shun the extremes, and keepe the meane.

7615 *An.* I doe not prisons on young Maides conferre,
Onely would curbe their feet lest they should erre.
Phi. You charg'd me to no sutor lend an eare,
What Husband shal I have then? let me heare.
An. Marry one grave, of masculine vertue, who
7620 No loose veneriall sports is pleas'd to know,
On whom *Apollo* smiles, *Themis* doth grace,
He will direct thy path, secure thy place.
If rude (thy selfe) one ruder thou shalt try,
Neither the nuptiall office can supply.
7625 Ioyne two unlighted Tapers without flame,
(How so thou wilt,) the darknesse is the same.

What profiteth it thee to grate one tooth against another. *Martial.*

Young Maides fancies are inclind,
7630 *To' affect the shape, neglect the mind.*

Phi. Wouldst have a maide to take into her bed,
A Sophist of sterne brow, like *Cato* bred,
Whom, courts by day; by night, his bookes afflict,
In curtaine businesse, will not he be strict?
7635 Whilst he his clients cause doth onely mind,
Small right (alas) the bed is like to finde.
The gowne the loadstones braine hath, hard things (drawes,
But in soft amours cannot plead a cause.

Lawes

Lawes not of **Benshes*,but the bed I love **Benshes of*
7640 The austeere brow I have no will to prove. *judgement.*
Give me the man that's deepely read in kisses,
And sure my love aimes at no further blisses.

Let us remember that the sexe in its owne nature is weake,as not in body, so neither in minde being able to
7645 under-goe things serious and weighty, therefore we must allow them retirement, and relaxation from their cares, and give them some liberty of sporting, and telling tales amongst their friends and neighbours : provided,no curiosity be used,&c. *Vives.*

7650 *Merry Suiters, make mad Husbands.*

*An.*What madnesse is't of kissing thus to prate,
When thou a sacred bed shouldst intimate?
Leave lusts to *Venus*, Husbands are a treasure,
And holy *Hymen* hates the name of pleasure.
7655 No groome or squire of *Venus* can be fit
To take a houses charge and mannage it. **The* Sun *of*
These **Memnons* statue follow (in their suite) *the mor-*
Who when the Sun shines,clamor,else are mute. *ning.*
Whilst thy choise **Paris* in his first love rag'd, **He was*
7660 'Twixt you a thousand kisses were ingadg'd. *slaine at*
But that heat past,thou(to thy griefe)hast tryd, *Troy.*
Th'art onely an unworthy souldiers bride.

It is hard to maintaine credit where truth is suspected : but howsoever suspition may enter a false action,
7665 yet truth will never bring in her plea, to suspect where there is cause is sufferable : but where there is no cause, it is intolerable. *Octavius Cæsar Domum suam non solum crimine, sed suspitione criminis, vacare voluit.* i. *Augustus Cæsar,* would have his house not onely free from fault, but even
7670 from the very suspition of crime.

Sorrow treads, where folly leads.

*An.*On the bright fire whilst some fish too much gaze,
Fixing their eyes upon the tapers blaze :
They neither mind the fishers nor their boats,

7675 Nor their sharpe knives prepar'd to rip their throats.
Whilst the young man,whom mad love doth surprise,
Admires his mistresse front, and star-like eyes :
Or whilst the girle whom childish folly blinds,
His new sprung beard and feature onely minds.
7680 All faults lie hid, there is no further stay,
'Tis now enough if they can kisse and play.
T'wixt these where itching makes such quick dispatch
'Tis often seene *Megæra* spoiles the match.

As *Circe* injoy'd not those whom she transform'd in-
7685 to Swine,Lions,&c. but affected *Vlysses* in his owne per-
fectnesse aboue all others : So those women who by a-
morous potions (too which I adde whorish blandish-
ments) have got their husbands, for the most part leade
with them an unquiet life, through madnesse. *Plutarch.*

7690 *Where vertue tyes, love never dyes.*

*An.*The Rose doth yeeld a savour sweet and strong,
After'tis shed, or in the Sunne laine long.
Fond is the love of feature, which doth fade,
And putrid growes, when age doth once invade,
7695 Agues deface, and cares the beauty staine,
And these in young men often breed disdaine.
But wit's more stedfast ; 'twill to age indure,
A thousand waies that, favour can procure.
Gray haires,nor wrinckles, can such ardor quench,
7700 Nor love (on vertue built) in *Lethe* drench.
If match with one, whose mind his shape excels,
That love, till death lasts onely,and none else.

In us we nought immortall find,
Saving the goods of brest and mind. *Ovid.*

7705 *Couples ill matcht, like garments patcht.*

*An.*If love thy selfe, doe not an old man wed,
Lest thou lie frozen in a desolate bed.
If any ; thou a *posthume* birth shalt beare.
He, if thy child call father, cannot heare.
7710 Or should he have choice whom to make his heire,

Fame,

Fame,to speake largely of thee will not spare.
Meane time the faire flower of thy youth is spent,
And thy best dayes thou sadly shalt lament.
Why doth the Ivie 'bout the Elme so cling?
7715 'Las; one must perish, if the other spring,
Whilst it (ambitious) 'bout the top branch twines,
The drooping Tree hangs downe the head and pines.

Matrimonium ita demum tranquillè exigi potest, si mulier Cæca, maritus surdus fiat. &c.

7720 Then marriage may be said to be past in all quietnesse, when the wife is blind, and the husband deafe. The nature of women is subject to jealousie,from whence grows clamour and noise, and the wives garrulity and prating offends the husband, which he should bee farre from, if
7725 he wanted his hearing,&c.

Children in law, breed may a flaw.

*An.*Hence brats in law? maides,mothers the first day,
What mak'st thou in a widdowed bed I pray?
When *Hymen* joynes you single: these are bred
7730 Are the best pledges of thy maidenhead.
To graft a branch with ripe fruits if thou strive,
Tis a meere burden, and it cannot thrive.
The withered apples fall (unfit to taste)
For both the stock and graft indure like waste.
7735 Slyps without fruit, transpose unto thy tree,
So shall thy fruit in *Autumne* better bee.
Do't whilst the gumme in the greene rind doth swell,
Plants without mutuall sap ne're prosper well.

A small benefit may arise to a great profit, if it be sea-
7740 sonably confer'd, saith *Curtius.*

Time is the best counsellor, and the chiefe president of counsels, saith *Antisthenes*,and *Cicero* calleth it the most perfect Herald of truth.

To have thy will, be humble still.

7745 *Phi.*Now thy injunctions please: but, woon with gold,
My father aymes me at a man that's old.

What shall I doe? my love I will not slave
To an old King, (though he my love should crave.)
An. If he to one unworthy would thee tye,
7750 What ere he urge, let not thy voyce sound hye,
Prayers arme the virgin, If intreat; 'tis done,
Sterne fathers, by no other art are woon.
Smooth foreheads more prevaile, than these averse
Hard hearts, submission, and not feare can pierce.
7755 The Pine-tree Nut thou canst not break with blows,
But a soft fire, the shels wide open throws.

Mild power doth compasse that which rough violence never can. *Claud.*

Where men by favour strive to git
7760 Gods favour, and incourage it,
But the same gods when force is us'd,
(As angry) thinke themselves abus'd.

I.

An. We are in harbour, thou shalt be a bride,
7765 Heare something in that state thy selfe to guide.
The grafter, all the native sprigs doth strip,
That the whole sap may feed th'adopted slip.
All wandring fancies she must quite expell,
Who in a lawfull match would prosper well.
7770 No sooner shall thy nuptiall Tead take fire,
But thou on him must fixe thy whole desire.
Not thy old play-fellow must thine house frequent,
Nor he with whom (before) thine houres thou spent.
Let mother and thy sister now goe by,
7775 Lest former love the adopted sap should dry.

Let men obey the lawes, and women their husbands. *Socrates.* Silence and patience maketh concord betwixt married couples. A good husband ought to be wise in words, wary in conversation, carefull in provision, dili-
7780 gent in ordering: a discreet master, a carefull father. A good wife must bee grave abroad, well govern'd at home, patient to suffer, constant to love, to her neigh-
bours

bours friendly, courteous to her servants, carefull of her children.*Theophrastus.*

7785 2.

*An.*Am I deceiv'd ? or more else should be spoke,
To such as newly enter *Hymens* yoake.
The stock which late had branches of his owne,
Must now by a strange leafe and fruit be knowne.
7790 The top cut off, it boasts not its owne seed,
But beareth what another branch did breed.
When married ; thou thy selfe wilt then withdraw,
For now thy husband is to thee a law.
What he prescribes : to that thou must agree,
7795 (If wise) so partner of his counsels be.
By his direction, all thine actions sway,
To yeeld's to conquer,and (to rule) to obey.

A chaste Matron by obeying her husbands will,getteth command over him,*Bias.* But give thy wife no pow-
7800 er over thee, for if this day thou sufferest her to tread upon thy foot, she will be ready by to morrow to spurne at thy head, &c.

3.

*An.*Grafting hath more on which thy mind may rest,
7805 Graft then these precepts likewise in thy brest.
Tree's grace the graft, by sap themselves do spend,
And their owne ornament to others lend.
If with thy golden dower thy house shine bright,
And swell his coffers which before were light :
7810 Be not thou proud, nor thine owne wealth proclaime,
Let all thine house rest in thine husbands name.
Who would not thinke that clamorous woman mad,
To cry *This,That,* from me, my husband had.
These were, and are still mine. It is not knowne
7815 How wives can bost of ought that is their owne.
That the law make men lords, there is no doubt,
And'tis a right, that goes the world throughout.

Marriage teacheth, that a woman should hold her

husband to be all things unto her,and that he alone shall
7820 succeed in all loving and deare nominations, which (as
we read in *Homer)* the most vertuous *Andromache* confers
upon her husband *Hector*.

What father, mother, brother, else can be,
Thou,thou,sweet husband art all these to me,

7825 *The Epilogue.*

Proceeding further we were strooke with feare,
Because of noise which *Anna* first did heare :
Enough if not too much, come now let's breake,
This having said, she blusht, and ceast to speake.

FINIS.

7831 # Sundry Fancies writ upon severall occasions.

By the same Author.

The Queene feasting the King at Somerset *house, upon his*
7835 *Birth-day, hers falling in the same weeke, this was*
there spoken unto them.

VVE E cannot read in any flourishing state,
Whether by King swaid or by optimate,
A greater blessing hapning to one Nation,
7840 By two such births, beneath one constellation.
For being in one moneth,one weeke ; small let *October.*
There was,these two blest birth-dayes had not met:
Yet hath the powerfull hand of heaven so guided,
(Though) by small distance of two dayes divided:
7845 These starres who then, their influence had alone
Are now combin'd, fixt in one glorious Throne :
From whose joynt rayes another's risen since,
(Lusterd from both) a sweet and hopefull Prince.
O may he from your vertues so much gaine,
7850 That little *Charles* may prove our *Charlemaine.*

To them both at parting.

The Romanes of their birth-dayes had such care,
They kept them sacred, and not one might dare,
In all their families to worke, but play,
7855 Observing that, as an high festivall day.

The Emperours birth-dayes were cald *Albæ*,white,
As the sole lustre, and their Kingdomes light.
In you : how much doth heaven your Nations blesse,
To enjoy two such : the greater,and the lesse.

7860 *A speech spoken to their two excellent Majesties, at the first Play play'd by the Queenes Servants, in the new Theater at White Hall.*

When Greece,the chiefe priority might claime
For Arts,and Armes,and held the eminent name
7865 Of Monarchie ; They erected divers places,
Some to the Muses, others to the Graces :
Where Actors strove,and Poets did devise
With tongue and pen, to please the eares and eyes
Of Princely Auditors; The time was, when
7870 To heare,the rapture of one Poets pen,
A Theater hath beene built, By the fates doome,
When th' Empire was removed from thence to *Rome*.
The potent *Cæsars* had their *Circi*, and
Large Amphitheaters : in which might stand
7875 And sit, full fourescore thousand, all in view,
And touch of voice : This great *Augustus* knew.
Nay *Rome*, it's wealth,and potency injoyd,
Till by the barbarous Gothes these were destroy'd.
But may this structure last, and you be seene
7880 Here a spectator, with your Princely Queene,
In your old age, as in your flourishing prime,
To out-strip *Augustus* both in fame and time.

To the King and Queene upon a New-yeares day at night : the Two-fac't Ianus *with a great golden Key in his*
7885 *hand, the Presenter.*

Where is my Sonne *December ?* yong'st and last
Of twelve ? what sleeping now ? now snorting fast ?
In this joyes festivall ? from yeares agone,
Solemnis'd one thousand sixe hundred thirty one.

Can

7890 Can neither musick, sport, nor myrth awake thee,
But to eleven moneths sleep must thou betake thee?
Why doth not *January* then appeare,
Before old *Janus* father of the yeare?
My eldest boy? now I remember. Hee,
7895 Is busied in this annuall *Iubilee.*
And still the one hand with the other shifts,
In giving and receiving New-yeares gifts.
But stay; two faces *Ianus?* one to view
The past yeare; th'other, that which shall insue.
7900 Shal't be imputed to thine age or sloath *Meaning their*
To neglect these; the glory of them both? *2.Majesties.*
No; fall thus low, to celebrate that throne
In which the two great lights are met in one
Without ecclipse; This key commands the screw,
7905 That lockes the past yeare up, and opes the new.
This shuts up all disaster,dearth,disease,
Opening to you all glad things that may please,
To crowne your blessednesse, and as that gone.
Hath crown'd you with an Heire (as yet alone)
7910 There's by auspitious *Iove* a second breeding,
Our hope, and honour of the yeare succeeding.
As in the last,may Heaven in this defend them,
Whilst *Ianus* with his twelve sonnes shall attend them.

The Epilogue spoken by the same Ianus.

7915 Health, strength,and many a glad new yeare,
A constant solace, joyfull cheere,
Waite ever on that awfull throne,
Where rest two Princely hearts, made one.
From which blest union, may supply
7920 Of issue to eternity
Grace and become it: These presages
Prove fortunate to after ages,
Which long succession hence may see,
Till time and houres shall cease to bee.

A Pro-

7925 *A Prologue spoke before the King, when her Majesty was great with child.*

Health, joy, peace,plenty, and a flourishing state,
A *dexter omen* ; an auspitious fate,
Attend you ever, like *Hiperion* shine
7930 In his meridian, never to decline.
And may your royall *Cynthia* who hath run
Sixe annuall courses with you, and begun,
Now on the seventh,who to your Kingdomes Cheere
And your great joy, at this time fills her sphere,
7935 In a most hopefull plenitude : so waine
After blest issue, that your glorious raigne,
May see your Sonnes Sonnes Princes of such name,
That the whole world may eccho to their fame.
From her chast wombe may such faire daughters spring,
7940 That each may prove the consort to a King.
And both survive to see't : this we intreat
May come from her who is so good, so great.

The Epilogue.

Those heavenly Guardians that with patents large,
7945 Have in tuition Kings and Kingdomes charge,
Protect you both, that as we daily see
Nations, that farre remote and forraigne be
Send hither as to an Oracle to know,
What's for their safety best : you may still grow
7950 In wisedome and in power, till your command
May extend it selfe so farre by Sea and Land,
That through the Christian world it may be said,
All begge of *Charles*, but he needs no mans ayd.

Another spoken at White Hall before their sacred
7955 *Majesties.*

Exuberant joyes, delights transcending waite
About the orbe of this illustrious state.
All sad disasters flie beyond those Seas
That ebbe and flow unto th' *Antipodes.*
7960 Or if they chance to linger by the way,

May

May they with ***Mahomet***, and ***Ali*** stay :
But never in these Climes find place of rest
Or shelter, where the sacred truth's profest,
But in their stead,prosperity and peace,
7965 Aboundance,health, with numerous increase
Of royall issue 'bout yonr throne be seene,
To glad my soveraigne, and rejoyce his Queene :
So shall your Nations in bright lustre shine,
Figuring in these your Persons, powers divine. ✓

7970 *The Epilogue.*

Miriads of joyes your royall hearts surprise,
Yea more than any rapture can devise,
The heart of man conceive, or tongue expresse,
That in your more than common happinesse,
7975 All your true subjects with unanimous voice,
May both in you, and your blest seed rejoyce.

A Prologue spoken to their sacred Majesties at Hampton Court.

If ***Cæsar***, greatest in great ***Pompeis*** fall,
7980 As being made the soveraigne over all
The (then knowne) world ; or if ***Augustus*** ; Hee
Who left his ample name Hereditarie
To all succeeding Emperours ; If to th' last
Of the twelve ***Cæsars***, Theaters were grac't,
7985 And when the Iulian family expir'd
In many ages after were admir'd ?
And the more fame from forraigne parts to win,
Adornd without, and beautified within.
If by succession we can draw them downe
7990 Through nations, realmes and tongues,even to our own,
Proving these flourishing Kingdomes prosperd well,
And never faild before these structures fell :
Or were supprest ; for 'tis a bad presage,
(All mirth exil'd) still followes wrack and strage.
7995 If then a factious peevish male-content,
Envying a blest state ; shall his malice vent

In

In bald unlicenc't papers? so much daring
As neither Soveraigne,nor the subject sparing :
Assuming in a strange libellious straine,
8000 To thinke all wisedome treasur'd in his braine ?
Be all such frustrate in their vaine indeavour,
Whilst you oh Royall *Cæsar* live for ever.

The Epilogue.

Ioves Influent Planet boading power and state
8005 For ever,on this high tribunall waite.
Apolloe's fire,add verdure,to your dayes,
And crown your long raigne with his *Daphnes* bayes.
Hermes attend you with his peaceful starre,
And *Mars* protect you in all menacing warre.
8010 May *Venus* and the Moones bright constellations,
With their best fulgence smile on all your Nations :
But on all male-contents let *Saturne* lower,
Such as maligne your glory and your power.

Spoken to their two Majesties at Hampton Court.

8015 *Prologue.*

Amongst the Greecians there were annuall feasts,
To which none were invited as chiefe gests,
Save Princes and their wives: Amongst the men
No argument could be desputed then
8020 But who best govern'd ; and (as't did appeare)
He was proclaim'd sole Soveraigne for that yeare,
The Queenes and Ladies argued at that time
For beauty and for vertue, who was prime.
And she had the like honour. Two here be,
8025 For Beauty one, the other Majesty.
Most worthy,did that custome still persever,
Not for one yeare,but to be soveraignes ever.

Epilogue.

Still the more glorious that the creatures bee,
8030 They in their native goodnesse are more free
To things below them : so the sunne wee find
Vnpartially to shine on all mankind,

Deny-

Denying light to none,and you we may
Great King, most justly call our light,our day,
8035 Whose glorious course may never be quite runne,
Whilst earth hath soveraigne, or the Heavens a Sunne.

Spoken to their two Majesties at White Hall.

Prologue.

Whom Heaven with all choice graces hath indowed,
8040 Whom even the Angels praise and men admire!
On whom your Maker hath his bounty showed,
Where nothing wants that mans heart can desire,
Your peoples joy, your Peeres selected pleasure.
Your Kingdomes admiration, Nations wonder,
8045 Of forraigne climes the praise,of ours the treasure.
O never may that sacred union sunder.
That whilst we daily of high heaven importune,
You may be in your royall issue blest,
You may still grow in greatnesse, fame and fortune,
8050 All which at seeming height,be still increast.
Prove thou a prophet muse, say 'tis decreed,
All Christendome shall flourish in your seed.

The Epilogue.

Could we all Panegyries put in one,
8055 That have beene on the ancient *Heroes* writ,
They might all be conferd on you alone,
And you great Princes justly merit it.
O may you in your happy loves persever,
Diurnally augment, but not decline,
8060 That this your people may admire you ever,
Till heaven that gave you us make you divine.
And that which we of aged *Nestor* read,
May of you two be chronicled indeed.

Spoken to their excellent Majesties upon the like occasion.

8065 *Prologue.*

Excellent Princes may you ever bee,
As great as good, each yeare a Iubilee.
That as heavens bounty crownes you with th' increase
Of

Of honour,glory,and domestick peace.
8070 You, with like liberall hands instated here,
May to each subject and deserving Peere :
Like the bright Sunne your glorious favours throw,
To comfort and make flourish what's below.
Whilst we like the woods Quiristers still sing
8075 Loud Hymnes to you the Lord of this our spring.

The Epilogue.

You that are Emblemes of that light divine,
Which equally on all estates doth shine,
The Palace and the Cottage, flower and weed,
8080 Of whose bright luster all have use, and need,
Even from the Scarlet,to the Russet : Gray
As well as Purple : Had we power, as they
That are in eminent place ; there could not be
Those, should expresse more gratitude than we.
8085 The rich may pay in gold,that which he owes,
But we our debt, onely in words and showes.

Spoken to the King and Queene,at the second time of the Authors Play cald Cupids *Mistresse or* Cupid *and* Psiche, *presented before them.*

8090 Cupid,*the Prologue.*

Yes ; sure 'twas here, where some few houres I past
The very time that I descended last.
Yes ; here it was, I know it by a face,
To which my Mistresse *Psiche* must give place.
8095 A presence ; that from *Venus* takes all power,
And makes each place she comes in, *Cupids* bower.
Though in their severall spheres each Planet tride,
(With all the Gods) to feast me and my bride,
With *Nector* and *Ambrosia*, yet that waste
8100 Of god-like fare, could not my palate taste,
But I must all celestiall sweets forbeare,
To review earthly *Jove* and *Juno* here.
Whom having seene ; Haile to you once againe.

Long

Long as the Spheres continue may you raigne
8105 In Majesty, in power, with issue blest
Be all these,with your fortunate yeares increase,
Till *Cupid* ever young, with time grow old,
And you this Iron age changing to gold,
Repur'd by your two vertues,These,Ethereall
8110 May change to brighter chayres in th'heavens Imperiall

The speech spoken to their two Majesties, eight dayes before, being the Kings birth-day : presented at Somerset *house, by the Queenes appointment, she then feasting the King.*
Cupid,*the Prologue.*

8115 Who so unread ; doth not of *Plato* heare
His *Annus magnus*, and his vertent yeare ?
In which the Starres and Planets,Moone and Sunne,
Tyr'd with continuall labour, having runne
So many ages long peregrination,
8120 Each returnes fresh and new to their first station.
This is the yeare sure ; rather this the day
Able to turne November into May.
This day's in heaven a Iubilee of joy,
Where Angels sing in quires *Vive la Roy*.
8125 This is the royall birth-day of a King,
Then Men with Angels, Iô Pœan sing.
I'had almost lost my selfe : when my intent
Was to tell why I come ; and from whom sent ;
From one, to whom I'm but a shadow ; shee
8130 The very soule of amabilitie.
One that without my quiver and my bow,
Commands the hearts, and eyes of high and low.
Whose name inscrib'd here did you but behold,
T'would change the sooty Inke to liquid gold.
8135 Of fulgent beauty, but so pure a mind,
As if tinctur'd from heaven,and so divin'd.
I Love from Love am sent, but she the right,
Then grace great King the Triumphs of loves night.

The

The Maske concluding with a stately measure, of the Gods and
8140 *Planets,* Cupid *(they all standing about him bending)*
the Epilogue thus concludes.

Now royall Princes let me turne to you,
Daigne from loves mouth to take this nights adieu.
Thinke all these Planets that on earth here move,
8145 (Shadowes of these celestiall ones above)
Breath on you their best influences : *Vulcan,* Hee
Shall henceforth take charge of your Armorie.
Iuno the marriage Queene, shall blesse your bed,
The Sunne shall take the bright beames from his head,
8150 To increase your glorious luster, and the Moone
Attend on you, to make your midnight noone.
Ceres with plenty shall inrich your store,
And *Mercury* shall flie from shore to shore
Vpon your errands : prove your happy ranger,
8155 Homebred to espy,and foresee forraigne danger.
Venus with sweets,and I, with love will charme you,
And after all these *Jove* with power shall arme you.
I'have kept you waking long : good night, 'tis late.
Many such birth-dayes may you celebrate.

8160 *Spoken to his Majesty upon a New-yeares day at night.*
The Prologue.

Renowned King, we to your eares commend
These our unpolisht labours, harsh and low,
Hoping your grace will like the Sunne extend,
8165 Those glorious beames that make the Cedars grow,
Shine on the basest shrubs,his vertue's seene
As well in weeds as flowers,for both are greene.
Then let your Majesty by whose aspect
All these sweetgarden flowers, these Trees still flourish,
8170 The least part of your glorious shine reflect
On us : your beames great *Brittaines* land doth nourish.
Still moving in this bright and luminous sphere,
To joy your Court with many a glad New-yeare.

The

The Epilogue.

8175 'Mongst other presents, high and sacred King,
This solemne day presented at your seat
Their tribute love, your humble vassals bring.
But though our gifts be small, our wills are great,
We come, though naked of desert or merit,
8180 Yet arm'd with wishes, and devoutest prayer,
Trusting you many ages may inherit
That high Tribunall, peace and love prepare,
That this first day which enters a new yeare,
On which the two fac't *Ianus* lookes with joy,
8185 May many seasons hence, with gladsome cheare,
Be hallowed still, that heavens hand may destroy
Your enemies : and so your friends maintaine.
They many yeares hence may admire your raigne

Another spoken at the Court to the like purpose.

8190 *Prologue.*

As all small rivers to the ocean runne,
As to the soveraigne of their silver streames,
As all lesse lights doe borrow of the Sunne,
From whom alone they take their golden beames.
8195 So to this glorious Sunne we pay our light,
Without whose face we live in endlesse night.
O you, on your owne earth soly divine,
Who fill your faire Court with your beames of grace,
With one small glimmering on our pastimes shine,
8200 The Sun barres none the beauty of his face.
Poets that have like Larkes already sung,
Vnto the morning of your prosperous raigne,
Shall with an Angels quill and Cherubs tongue,
Your grace and goodnesse through the world proclaime.
8205 But when you reach the noontyde point, then stay,
And in the height of glory shine for aye.

Epilogue.

Most high and sacred Sir,we now are cast
Low as the earth,strook mute with feare and terror,

8210 Lest through our want of judgement we have past
Words rudely plac't: or duty mixt with error.
The Shepheards Pipe made of an Oaten Reed,
Cannot compare with great *Apollos* lyre :
Nor should our Muse,that no delight can breed
8215 Vnto your high and Princely eares aspire.
We bring a mite that would present a mine,
Our loves we pay, to whom our lives we owe,
Water we bring, who could affoord it wine,
Our art you see, our hearts we cannot show.
8220 O if we could ! we would inrich this place
With joyes essentiall, blessings above measure.
Heaven,Earth,Ayre,Sea,all powre upon your grace,
Their speciall bounties,and their richest treasure.
In our last wish all your desires attaine,
8225 Life, safety, health,with a long-lasting raigne.

A Prologue spoken at the right Honourable the Earle of Dovers *house in* Broadstreet,*at a Play in a most bountifull Christmas hee kept there; the Speaker Hospitality a frollick old fellow: A Coller of Brawne in one hand, and a deepe Bowle*
8230 *of Muscadel in the other.*

Where is that rich mans Minion,cal'd *Frugality*?
What hath he quite hence banisht *Hospitality*?
In dayes of old, when yea and nay did passe
For currant troth, I and old *Christenmasse*
8235 Were of acquaintance ; but of late I find
Frugality quick sighted, my selfe blind.
He goes through Court,through Country,City,and
Findes entertainment, for each frugall hand
Still bids him welcome : yet a novice hee :
8240 But I, that am of more antiquity
Than *Pauls* (alas) by time and age decayd,
Nay almost since this Cities ground-sills layd,
Walke up and downe and knock at each mans dore,
And finde the same cold welcome as before.

But

8245 But harke,a Cock crowd, and I heard a Swan
Ecchoing to him, that here did live a man,
Noble, and of that high and ancient straine,
To call back *Hospitality* againe.
Then by the good Lords and kind Ladies leave,
8250 Since their wide Gates stand ready to receive
So great a stranger, and (in me) these guests
So oft invited to their annuall feasts.
This blessing take, oh whether in this place,
Or where so else this blest time you so grace,
8255 May your warme Chimneyes smoke, and hot fires glow,
Whilst *Thames* breeds Swans, or Cocks 'gainst Christmas (crow.
It is to be observed that the Earle in Heraldry gives the Swan, and the Countesse the Cocke, &c.

8260 *The Epilogue presented by delight.*

We see bright day succeeds darke night,
Disaster past,then comes delight,
From seeming death reviv'd to tell,
That here she henceforth meanes to dwell,
8265 When hospitality hath grace,
Delight should ever there finde place.
Receive her then your houshold guest,
This night to attend you to your rest :
And when your quiet sleepe is spent,
8270 Awake you to your more content,
At home,abroad,handmaid,and guide :
Whether you sit, lye,walke or ride,
Sport, purpose serious meditation,
And thought, still have to me relation,
8275 And so for ever, as this night,
Be waited on by choise delight.

Spoken to the right Honourable the Earle of* Dover, *at his house in* Broadstreet *upon a Candlemas night.

The Prologue.

8280 The downy Swan though yoakt in *Venus* Teame,

Yet of all birds that ever lov'd the streame,
Is held to be the chiefest : *Pallas* Owle
In *Athens* fam'd for many a learned scrowle,
Compos'd in Inke and Oyle, th'embleme of watch,
8285 By which the most laborious students catch
At Arts (howe're, benighted) was not more
Famous, in Greece, then on Caister shore
Your sacred Bird, which the nine Sisters strove
To make the symbole of conjugall love,
8290 With which the Cock, the Bird of *Mars* combin'd,
A double gardian knot, to be untwin'd
Never : 'Tis now made fast, so intricate,
Not *Alexanders* sword, not time, not fate
Can e'ver untye, for what's in vertue laid,
8295 Envie can never blast, nor age invade.
In this blest state both you, and yours, now stand
As first dispos'd, so strengthened by that hand,
Which as it makes, protects ; you have begun
To grace the City with your presence : run
8300 That happy course still:you and your lov'd wife
Have to dead hospitality given new life.
Still cherish it : old Christenmasse almost starv'd
Through base neglect, by you hath beene preserv'd.
O give him still like welcome, that whilst he
8305 Hath name on earth, you may his harbourer be.

Epilogue.

What man can wish his blisse to crowne,
Or in abundance heaven powre downe,
Health, plenty, solace, all delights
8310 That lengthen dayes, or shorten nights.
Heavens favour, and the Courts best grace,
Attend the great Lord of this place.
Old Christenmasse hunger-starv'd and dry,
Who earst did drinke deepe and far'd hye
8315 You welcome, and with Princely cheere,
Feast *Ianus* father of the yeare.

The

The sparing Chuff could be content
To thrust the twelve dayes into Lent.
You *Englands* custome, wake from sleepe,
8320 Which all the Christian world still keepe :
For which may you thus stor'd with guests
Long celebrate these annuall feasts,
That you and your good Lady may
Together, many a New-yeares day,
8325 Rejoyce in your blest Issue till
The houres shall faile, and time stand still.

A speech spoken before the right Honourable the Earle of Dover,
at his House at Hunsden, *as a preparation to a Maske,*
which consisted of nine Ladyes.
8330 *Presented the last New-yeares night.*

The silver *Swan* soft gliding in the streame,
Cald to the *Cocke* then pearching on a beame,
And said to him ; why, *Chanticleere,* when I
Move on the waves so low, thou sit'st so high?
8335 The *Cocke* replide : O thou my best lov'd Sister
Well knowne in *Poe, Meander,* and *Caister,*
But best in *Thamesis* ; Dost thou not know
The reason, why we in *December* crow ?
More than before,or after ? who againe
8340 Thus answer'd : we of nothing can complaine
Being of all the birds that are, most white,
Loyall and chaste, and taking our delight
In rivers onely, bathing there our feete
To make our rare-heard musick sound more sweet.
8345 Yet one thing to resolve,would make me proud,
To tell why at this time thou sing'st so lowd ?
Who said : none of our ancestors but knew
That ever since Saint *Peters* Cock first crew,
We are injoyn'd to make lowd proclamation,
8350 Of our most blessed Saviours Incarnation.
To which the Swan, (then in a Tone much higher)

Said,in this Caroll I will fill the quire :
Which being voyc't, did sound so sweet and shrill,
That where the *Swan* and *Cock* were heard, did fill
8355 The ayre with such an eccho, thither came
Vpon that summons, both the blind and lame,
Hungry and thirsty, poore, of all estates,
And none but fully sated at these gates.
Long may your bounty last,and we rejoyce,
8360 To heare both City and the Country voyce
Your Hospitality,to your loud fame,
Whilst Time indures, or *Christmas* beares a name.
And now great Lord and Lady both prepare,
To know what *Sports* in agitation are.
8365 *Truth presenting the Maskers.*
Plaine *Truth* who onely hath the power
To steare the way to *vertues* bower,
By these cleare Tapers shining bright,
Doth celebrate this joviall night.
8370 But by the Bird of *Mars* that crowes,
I now perceive the morning growes.
Her love to *Phœbus* to expresse,
And put his steeds in glorious dresse
Who shewes you what chaste virgins dwell,
8375 Within the bosome of this Cell,
Appeare then O thou treble Trine
Of number, with the *Muses* nine.
(*Appolloes* sacred daughters) still
Frequent about *Pernassus* hill.
8380 Or if you number them by Threes,
The first are the three *Charitees*,
Handmaides to *Venus*, *Graces* stil'd,
On whom their Father *Iove* still smil'd.
The second *Chorus* doth containe
8385 Those beauties, by the *Trojan* swaine
On *Ida* judg'd : The third we call
The *Vertues* Theologicall,

Faith,

Faith, *Hope*, and *Love*, haply meet here,
To crowne the parting of the yeare,
8390 With Roses fresh of *Swan*-like hew,
Which from a royall Stemme first grew,
And the brave *Yorkists* long since bore,
These *vertues bower*,doe best decore,
Flowers redolent, which Heralds say,
8395 *Ianus* doth weare, as well as *May*.
Farre may they spread, be ever seene,
With milke white leaves, and branches greene,
Folded in amorous twines together,
Which *Winter* ne're may blast or wither.

8400 *A young witty Lad playing the part of* Richard *the third: at the Red Bull: the Author because hee was interessed in the Play to incourage him, wrot him this Prologue and Epilogue.*

The Boy the Speaker.

8405 If any wonder by what magick charme,
Richard the third is shrunke up like his arme:
And where in fulnesse you expected him,
You see me onely crawling,like a limme
Or piece of that knowne fabrick, and no more,
8410 (When he so often hath beene view'd before.)
Let all such know: a Rundlet ne're so small
Is call'd a vessell: being a Tunne; that's all.
Hee's tearm'd a man, that showes a dwarfish thing,
No more's the Guard, or Porter to the King.
8415 So Pictures in small compasse I have seene
Drawne to the life, as neare, as those have beene
Ten times their bignesse: Christenmas loaves are bread,
So's your least Manchet: have you never read
Large folio Sheets which Printers over-looke,
8420 And cast in small, to make a pocket booke?
So *Richard* is transform'd: if this disguise
Show me so small a letter for your eyes,

You cannot in this letter read me plaine,
Hee'l next appeare, in texted hand againe.

8425 *The Epilogue.*

Great I confesse your patience hath now beene,
To see a little *Richard :* who can win,
Or praise,or credit ? eye,or thinke to excell,
By doing after what was done so well ?
8430 It was not my ambition to compare,
No envie,or detraction : such things are
In men of more growne livers,greater spleene,
But in such lads as I am, seldome seene.
I doe,but like a child, who sees one swim,
8435 And (glad to learne) will venter after him
Though he be soundly duckt for't,or to tell
My mind more plainely, one that faine would spell,
In hope to read more perfect : all the gaines
I expect for these unprofitable paines,
8440 Is, that you would at parting from this place
Doe but unto my littlenesse that grace
To spie my worth, as I have seene dimme eyes
To looke through spectacles,or perspectives,
That in your gracious view I may appeare,
8445 Of small,more great ; of coming far off, neare.

A Prologue to the Play of Queene Elizabeth *as it was last revived at the* Cock-pit, *in which the Author taxeth the most corrupted copy now imprinted,which was published*
8450 *without his consent.*

Prologue.

Playes have a fate in their conception lent,
Some so short liv'd, no sooner shew'd, than spent ;
But borne to day,to morrow buried, and
8455 Though taught to speake, neither to goe nor stand.
This :(by what fate I know not) sure no merit,
That it disclaimes, may for the age inherit.

Writing

Writing 'bove one and twenty; but ill nurst,
And yet receiv'd, as well perform'd at first,
8460 Grac't and frequented, for the cradle age,
Did throng the Seates, the Boxes, and the Stage
So much ; that some by Stenography drew
The plot : put it in print: (scarce one word trew :)
And in that lamenesse it hath limp't so long,
8465 The Author now to vindicate that wrong
Hath tooke the paines, upright upon its feete
To teach it walke, so please you sit, and see't.

Epilogue.

The Princesse young *Elizabeth* y'have seene
8470 In her minority, and since a Queene.
A Subject, and a Soveraigne : in th' one
A pittied Lady : in the royall Throne
A potent Queene. It now in you doth rest
To know, in which she hath demeand her best.

8475 *Vpon his Majesties last birth-night, he being then thirty five yeares of age, and the Queene great with child.*

A Star appearing of bright constellation,
More luminous than those of the same station,
The powers Cœlestiall much amaz'd thereat
8480 To know the cause thereof, in Councell sate,
And summond *Mercury* the winged god
To search and find what wonder it might bode,
Who brought them word that *Lachesis* then drew
A thread from *Clothoes* distaffe, which to'his view
8485 Was of such splendor, and withall so fine,
(The substance gold) and of so close a twine,
No edge could sunder, and that Star (so bright)
Rose five and thirty yeares since, as this night.
You are (if time we may compute) by story
8490 In the meridian of your age and glory.
Your *Cynthia* too that shines by you so neare,
And now with such rare splendor fills her sphere,

Whose

Whose birth-dayes almost meete, as if that fate
Would adde a double lustre to your state.
8495 Never may your two golden threds be spun.
Whilst the Moone guides the night,or day the Sun.

Epilogue.

What Muse so mute,but both with voice and strings
Will strive to celebrate the births of Kings.
8500 Kings birth-dayes, of such goodnesse and renowne.
Ceres should fill with plenty,*Bacchus* Crowne.
Mirth should exceed it's limite, Ioyes abound,
And (after praise to heaven giv'n) Healths go round.
No other language then let this night coyne,
8505 But *Vive,vive la Roy, vive la Royne.*

Spoken to the Palsgrave *at his first comming over,in the presence of his Majesty, &c.*

The bright hayr'd Comets are of all the best,
Boading most good, when ayming towards the West.
8510 (So Astrologians say) and when such shine,
Grosse clowds they scatter, and the ayre refine.
Now such an one appeares ; a glorious thing,
As if the *Eagle* from her spatious wing
Had her prime feather dropt, which to regaine,
8515 She (almost) would give *Almaigne,Rome*,and *Spaine.*
A feather to be stuck in *Venus* fanne.
The like to it,not *Iunoes* Peacock can
In all her moon'd traine boast : may your fame flie,
Mounted upon those plumes that soare most hie :
8520 Of which, make two rare presidents,We intreat,
One of *Charles* little, th' other *Charles* the Great.

Epilogue.

A numerous fruit, sprung from a golden Tree,
Such (as old *Atlas*, was ne're seene by thee

In

8525 In thine *Hesperian* orchard) long t' indure
And prosper in the world : now growes mature.
And the faire blossoms ready even to spread
Their leaves abroad, and top the *Eagles* Head
(The Roote still safe) where-ever shall bee seene
8530 Scient,transplanted,may it still grow greene,
So may none issuing from King *Iames* his Stemme,
But be thought fit to weare a Diadem.
Would you a president by which to steare
So faire a course ? you may behold it here.
8535 If you to Honours *Apex* would attaine,
Let the bright *Starres* that guide you be *Charles* waine.

Fune-

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Funerall ELEGIES and EPITAPHS.

A Funerall Elegie upon the death of the thrice noble Gentleman Sir George Saint Poole *of*
8540 Lincolne-*shire my Country-man.*

IT is a maxime, neither birth nor state,
Honour nor goodnesse can divert our fate.
If these, or more,that did in him accrew
(For these with his gifts valewd were but few)
8545 Could doe't;St.Poole had liv'd to *Englands* good,
Since all these did nobilitate his blood.
Antiquity ; which though it cannot save
From death, yet helpes to decorate the grave,
Heralds his gentry, and doth highly advance
8550 His pedegree from the St. *Pooles* of *France*,
Which,from the Norman Innovation till
His expiration hath beene eminent still.
That was his least, though some extoll it most.
Of that which is not ours why should we boast?
8555 That's our best noblenesse which our vertues win,
Not that, to which w' are borne, and claime by kin.
He was possest of both, and in full measure,
Did in his bosome many vertues treasure,
Which on the earth hee did but put to lone,
8560 He now in heaven receives them ten for one.
Vpheld he hath, and husbanded that fame
Which from his ancient Predecessors came.
Being much in him augmented : his revenue
Grac't,and ennobled by that faire retenue.

He

8565 He kept about him still not like this age,
Changing his traine, to a Foot-boy or a Page.
Free hospitality exil'd the Reame,
He tooke in charge, which like a plenteous streame
On his full tables flow'd (now a strange thing)
8570 It rather seem'd a torrent than a spring,
His hand was ever open, but before
All others, to the vertuous and the poore ;
Not as most men are bounteous now ; to those
That either need not,or with cunning glose.
8575 They that were nearest bosom'd,knew,his heart,
Beyond all favour still preferd desert.
Religious zeale with which he was inspir'd
'Bove common measure, made him both admir'd,
And lov'd : besides upon that honour'd place
8580 Where he had voice, alwayes the poore mans case
He would first heare, and howsoe're the rest
That sate with him were swaid, favour'd th'opprest.
In all moralities, as courtesie,
Bounty, love,generous affability,
8585 And other of like kind, each way so rare,
He hath left few, that may with him compare.
Of Arts, a Patron to the learned, still
A knowne *Mæcena's*,and to all of skill
A favourer,witnesse that annuall fee,
8590 Which (*Oxford)* in his death he bequeath'd thee.
But wherefore should my duller Muse aspire,
To expresse what I better should admire,
Which rather may extenuate, then with praise
Condigne, and worthy his high vertues raise.
8595 Then,with the Country who his death deplore,
With these,whom he still patroniz'd,the poore,
The wrong'd, who misse his justice, with the weale,
Which will soone want him, with the men of zeale,
And most religious ; with the nobler spirits
8600 With whom he was companion, Lords and Knights,
With

With his Allyes and friends ; and with his traine
(Of servants,who have most cause to complaine
The losse of such a Master, in's best yeares
Snatcht from the earth) my Muse concludes in teares.

8605 *A Funerall Elegie upon a vertuous Maide, who dyed the very day on which shee should have beene married.*

O *Hymen* change thy saffron weeds,
  To habit black and sable :
Change joyfull Acts,to Funerall deeds,
8610 Since nothing's firme or stable.
My bridals are to burials turn'd,
  My day of mirth to sorrow :
Show me the man who most hath mourn'd?
  From him my griefe Ile borrow.
8615 In stead of love and second life
  A dead corps I imbraced :
Receiv'd a Coffin for a wife,
  With hearbs and flowers inchaced.
Her beauty better had becom'd
8620 A Bride-bed than a grave :
But envious fates her dayes have sum'd
  And crost what I did crave.
All lovers that Have truely lov'd,
  Beare part in my laments :
8625 'Mongst thousands scarcely one hath prov'd
  My tragick discontents.
Heaven mourne her death in stormy clouds,
  Seas, weepe for her in brine.
Thou earth which now her body shrouds,
8630 Lament though she be thine.
That musick which with merry Tones
  Should to a bridall sound,
Sigh out my griefe and passionate grones,
  Since she is toomb'd in ground.

An

8635 *An Epitaph upon the death of Sir* Philip Woodhouse
Knight Baronet.

From valiant *John* this *Philip Woodhouse* springs
Hee (of the Chamber to the greatest Kings
Henry the fift) who'at famous *Agincourt*
8640 Woon that eternis'd Motto, *Frappe fort,*
Snatcht from a noble Frenchman,when by force
In the mid-field, he beat him from his horse,
And brought him prisoner, for which warlike deed,
(As Souldiers still deserve their valours meed)
8645 All Heraldry hath to his Crest allow'd
A Hand and Club extended from a cloud.
This *John* had issue *Edward* : *Edward* then
Thomas : and *Thomas, Roger* : He agen
Thomas, and *Thomas, Roger*,who was father
8650 To this Sir *Philip*, Him, whose dust we gather,
To mixe with his brave Ancestors, the last
Of sixe successive Knights whose fates are cast;
Thus was he borne,thus lineally descended,
For whom this pious Sacred is commended.
8655 Ag'd sixty one, Knighted in *Spaine*, and hee
Of Baronets in ranck the fortieth three,
By order and precedence, here now sleepes,
For whom this monumentall Marble weepes.
Reader, who e're thou beest, conceive this done
8660 By the due office of a gratefull sonne.

An Epitaph upon one Mr Robert Honywood *and his Mother,*
and of their numerous Issue.

Increase and multiply God said : to thee
No doubt he spake O Honywood : for we
8665 Know, thou as Sire and Grandsire, hast to Heaven
Added, of soules one hundred twenty seven,
And yet thy mother did thee farre surmount
Three hundred sixty seven, her age could count.

Sacrum

Sacrum Amoris.
8670 *Perpetuitati memoriæ Katharinæ*
Skip : obijt Anno salutis millesimo
Sexcentesimo Tricesimo.
Ætatis suæ,
Vicesimo nono.

8675 Can foure weake lines comprise her vertues ? no,
Not volumes can, here lyes beneath this stone,
All that her sex since *Eve* could learne or know,
(Alas)where shall they harbour now shee's gone ?

Of Mr. Thomas Skipp *her husband since deceased, and*
8680 *buried in the same Tombe, whose Statue is plac't*
in a circle of Bookes, for the great love
he bore to learning.

What stronger circle can Art-magick find
Wherein a Scholers spirit can be confind,
8685 Then this of Bookes ? next how he spent his time,
Scorning earths drosse to looke on things sublime.
So long thy love to learning shall be read,
Whilst fame shall last, or Statues for the dead.

An Epitaph upon a worthy Gentlewoman whose name was
8690 Patience.

Impatience, why from Patience shouldst thou grow ?
Or why such sorrow raise from sweet content ?
From pleasures spring, why should displeasure flow ?
Or our late joyes turne to such sad lament ?
8695 But that we see, as time to death is hasting,
Nothing on earth is permanent and lasting
Saving Impatience, sorrow and displeasure,
Laments and strange disasters that still fall,
The losse of solace, comfort and of treasure,
8700 And of these nam'd this losse includeth all.
A losse indeed this *Grizels* losse implyes,
Since here with her all womens patience lyes.

An

An Epitaph upon a vertuous young Gentlewoman, who after seven yeares marriage expired.

8705 Well borne, well bred, brought up with cost and care,
Sweet Infant,hopefull child, and virgin chaste.
Marriage which makes up women,made her rare,
Matron and maide, with all choise vertues grac't,
Loving and lov'd of all (her husband chiefe)
8710 Liv'd to our great joy, dyde to all our griefe.

Vpon a Toomb-stone which covereth the body of a worthy Citizen, on which is ingraven a white hand pointing to a Starre.

Pure *Heart*, white *hand*, one shadowed, th'other seene,
Points to a Starre, to show what both have beene.
8715 The *Heart* devout : in life a constant giver,
The *Hand* that gift, as ready to deliver,
In such alternate goodnesse, both agreeing,
As seldome to be matcht when they had being.
The *Heart* bequeath'd, the *Hand* did still bestow,
8720 Both reape in *Heaven*,what they on earth did sow.

A Funerall Elegie upon the death of Mistris Mary Littleboyes, *Daughter to Master* George Littleboyes *of* Ashburnham *in* Sussex, *Esquire.*

She was a virgin tall, as towards Heaven growing,
8725 Who had she by Emergent *Venus* stood,
(Her dewy locks about her shoulders flowing,
And *Cupid* viewde them both at once) He woo'd
(Not able to distinguish one from th' other)
Have leapt into her lap, there toyde and plaid,
8730 And (though a maide) mistooke her for his mother.
So faire she was ; But thus all beauties fade.
All the choice vertues, morall and divine,
That ever grac't the sex, compris'd in one,

Did in her faire brest mutually combine,
8735 And where shall they find harbour now shee's gone?
Whom heaven did love, who merited mans praise,
Modest, wise, pious, charitable, chaste,
Whose vertues did in number passe her dayes,
Now (woe the while) in darknesse sleepes her last.
8740 Well borne, well bred, brought up with cost and care,
Of singular parts; the sole admir'd 'mongst many,
In all her gracefull carriage, choise and rare.
But what of these? we see death spares not any.
Besides all other rich decorements she
8745 So sweetly sung, her voice did rapture breed,
No spring-tide bird to her compar'd might be,
Who *Orpheus* did, and *Thamiras* exceed.
And what's of rare remarke; even all that day,
(The saddest to her friends that ever came)
8750 When she (sweet soule) upon her death-bed lay,
She to choise musicall notes her voice did frame.
Her Funerall Dirge the dying Swan so sings,
Then Angels waited to make up the Quire,
And beare her soule on their celestiall wings,
8755 Vnto that place shee living did desire.
Were all the pens of Poets joyn'd in one,
Dipt in like Inke, and sworne, to write her true;
Let them spend all their spirits on her alone,
Yet can they not ascribe to her her due.
8760 *Apollo* write thy selfe, for this doth aske
No humane skill, to give her merited praise.
Thy *Daphne* dead, now take in hand this taske,
Do't as it ought, and ever weare thy bayes.

The Inscription upon her Tombe-stone lying in
8765 Clerkenwell *Church.*

Hereunder lyes a Casket, that containd
A life unspotted, and a soule unstaind,
A virgin chaste, beyond example faire,

For

For outward gifts remark't, for inward, rare,
8770 Of natures pieces, one the prime and choice,
So nurturd, that for needle, booke and voice
She was unpeer'd : matchles in mind and face,
And all the vertues that her sex most grace.
Who after twenty yeares scarce fully expird,
8775 Arriv'd at that safe port she most desird :
In life, to friends and parents fresh joyes bringing:
In death ; to God sweet *Halelujaes* singing.
Obijt Die Mart. 8. *Anno Ætat.*20.*An.salutis.* 1636.

Epithalamions or Nuptiall Songs.

8780 *An Epithalamion or Nuptiall Song upon a young sweet vertuous Gentlewoman.*

F. L.

An Acrostick upon her name.

F lame *Himens* torch with luster cleere and bright,
8785 R are starres breake from thee, such as still affright
A ll cloudy Omen hence:may you appeare
N ot aged to your selves; though time each yeare
C harge houres upon you, live together long,
E ver (though old) still to each other young.
8790 S mile O thou marriage Queene on this sweet payre,
L *ucina* when her throwes of child-birth are,
O ffer thy best helpe ; Issue procreate
N umerous, and happy, free from all sad fare,
G row great,and good,and both these still ascending,
8795 E ver to last, and never to have ending.

Himens blessing upon the same.

Fælices ter, & Amplius
quos Irrupta tenet Copula.

I bring you *Himens* blessing, hearts intire,
8800 First warm'd, then kindled at his holy fire.
The Grecian Ladies kept these nights to mirth
Sacred,and from their marriage, not their birth
Counted their age ; This knot so doubly tyde
May no disaster, or sad fate divide.
8805 May peace and love in all your lookes be read,
A plentious table, and a fruitfull bed
Be never wanting, jealousie and strife

Be

Be farre exil'd, that a contented life
May sweeten all those houres that are t'ensue.
8810 Andas your Parents now rejoyce in you,
May you in your blest Issue, and spread name,
That when to them I kindle a new flame,
As at this feast, where like occasions meet,
Both Sires and Grandsires may be proud to see't.
8815 And this to many generations prove,
As the best fruits of true conjugall love.

To a vertuous Gentlewoman at the parting from her own Fathers house, to live with her husband at her Father-in-lawes.

May it please you thinke I am the place which now
8820 You ready are to part from, which whilst you
Were present, seem'd a paradise, and full
Of all delights, but now growne sad,and dull.
Me thinkes it stands, as by an Earthquake shaken,
When it perceives it is by you forsaken,
8825 And though it selfe all mute and silent be,
Thinke that it's *Genius* doth speake thus in me.
Farewell sweet Lady;all the choise delights,
The comforts of the day, the joy of nights,
The friendly houres (the handmaides unto time.)
8830 The seasons : Winter, August, Summer, prime;
By day,the cheerefull Sun ; by night,the Moone,
Sleepe or awake,at midnight,or at noone,
Protect you : All things happen to you well,
To please your eye, your eare,touch,taste,and smell.
8835 Where e're you walke,the ayre fresh breath bequeath you,
The earth on which you tread, prove smooth beneath
If stand,time stand still with you, or seeme slow; (you.
If move, may Angels wheresoe're you goe
Attend you ; or if sit ; the chaire to ease you
8840 Prove soft, as *Iunoes* throne. If ride,to please you
May your Caroch wheeles run as swift and faire,
As *Venus* Chariot mounted in the ayre.

If lye to rest, then gently may yee sleepe;
Whom, He that made you sweet, as sweetly keepe.
8845 Your dreames be such ; that waking, you may say
Darknesse to me as pleasing was as day.
So sleepe,so wake, so walke,so ride, so rest,
With all contentments, treasur'd in your brest,
Till this sad house, which now you leave, to mourne,
8850 May be made joyfull in your quick returne.

A nuptiall song,devoted to the Celebration of a Marriage betwixt Master Iames, *and Mistresse* An. W.

An Acrostick.

I llustrious *Himen*,let this bridall feast
8855 A bound in plenty of all choice delights,
M ake it a lasting Iubilee, not least
E nnobled by thee ; all their tedious nights
S horten in pleasure ; To their future dayes
A dde length and light without eclipse or cloud,
8860 N o unkind breath betwixt them tempest raise,
N o word be heard too silent,or too loud.
A nd when the full time of her Issue growes,
(W hich may they prove as numerous as blest)
A wake *Lucina* to her painfull throwes,
8865 A nd summon *Juno* to prepare her rest.
D ispose their boord,their bed ; that they may find
E ach in their age, as in their youth like kind.

A Song at their uprising.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
8870 With night we banish sorrow :
Sweet ayre blow soft, mount Larks aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the Larke Ile borrow :
8875 Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both Ile borrow.

Wake

Wake from thy nest Robin red brest,
8880 Sing birds in ev'ry furrow :
And from each Bill let musick shrill
Give my faire love good morrow.
Blackbird and Thrush, in every bush,
Stare, Linet, and Cock-sparrow :
8885 You pretty Elves, amongst your selves,
Sing my faire love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing Birds in every furrow.

An Anagram upon the name of the right honourable Sir Thomas
8890 Coventry, *Lord Keeper of the great Seale, &c.*

THOMAS COVENTRY.

To charme out sinne.

An Acrostick upon the Anagram.

T *o charme out sinne,* to you the power is given,
8895 H aving your *Caducæus* lent from heaven ;
O may your *Mace,* the Emblem of that power
M akes good,and great : even to your latest houre
A ble them both in you : May you appeare
S till Pilote to that Helme,which you now steare.
8900 C onscience your Court ; in constancy persever,
O pposing what you have affronted ever,
V yce, howsoe're disguis'd in vertues weeds.
E nd as you have begun : so shall your deeds
N ot unremembred in the grave forsake you,
8905 T ime (here so spent) shall there immortall make you.
R ecorded it shall be what you have bin,
Y our justice being made *To charme out sinne.*

Another of the same.

THOMAS COVENTRY.

8910 O Hye constant Mure.

An Acrostick upon the Anagram.

T he *Hye and constant Mure* girt you about,
H edging your person in, from all detraction.
O pen you lye not to the vulgar rowt,
8915 M aligning goodnesse,and inclin'd to faction.
A Fort you are,built on the Rock,not Sand,
S table, all stormes of envie to withstand.
C ontinue in your justice,mercy,piety,
O ppression and extortion still keepe under,
8920 V ertue, in which man comes most neere a Diety,
(E xcellent Sir) shall your best merits wonder.
N ever shall your uprightnesse be forgot;
N ever; a conscience so unstain'd and pure
T ime shall to *Lethe* leave, or scandall spot.
8925 R emaine it shall, whilst Moone or Starres indure,
Y ou guarded still, with an *Hye constant Mure.*

Of the right Honourable Sir Henry Carey, *Lord* Hunsden, *Earle of* Dover, *&c.*

HENRY CAREY: *The Anagram.*

8930 Rayne Rich.

An Acrostick upon the Anagram.

H onored Sir, If content a Kingdome be,
E ver raigne rich, grac't with that inward crowne,
N one is (then you) in true nobility
8935 R icher; in vertue, issue, or renowne,
Y ou need not feare fortunes inconstant frowne.
C onscience unstain'd, justice, integrity
A bound in you,by all which you are knowne.
R emarkt you are for your sincerity,
8940 E nnobled Sir, and in your blest posterity
Y ou shall raigne rich, still making these your owne.

Of

Of Sir Ranoulphe Crewe, *once Lord Chiefe* Iustice *of* England.

The Anagram.

8945 Now Helper, Crave.

An Acrostick upon the Anagram.

R are 'tis such as have helpt, now helpe to crave,
A president of this, in you we have,
N one ever in your place of Iustice sate,
8950 O r graver, or more wise to arbitrate,
V owes you have kept made to the Iudge on hie,
L ystned, (as he doth) to the poore mans cry,
P rotecting Widowes, Orphans, and indeed,
H elping all such as did your justice need.
8955 E minent Sir, your vertues are your shield,
C onquering base envie who hath lost the field,
R eproacht, for so maligning your renowne,
E ternity shall all your actions crowne,
W hilst those that sought your goodnes to deprave,
8960 E ver shall need your helping hand to crave.

Of the most excellent Lady, the Lady Anna Carre, *sole daughter to the right Houourable* Robert *Earle of* Somerset, K*night of the Garter, &c,*

ROBERT ANNA CARRE.

8965 *The Anagram,*

Rarer cannot beare.

An Acrostick upon the Anagram.

R arer than you either for brest or braine,
O can the earth beare ? or shall it againe
8970 B ud a more hopefull bloome? with this new yeare
E ntring, by *Janus* leave, may you appeare
R are Lady like bright *Cinthia* in her *Carre,*
T hat's alwayes seene with some conspicuous starre.

Amply,

A mply, Heaven hath indow'd you for a Bride,
8975 N one of your age more nobly qualifide.
N one (than your selfe) more vertuous,chaste and faire,
A nd therefore worthy to be counted rare.
C hallenge you may amongst the vertues place,
A nd to the former three, adde a fourth grace.
8980 R aptur'd I am, and I presume, *Iove* would
R ayne in your lap, a liquid showre of Gold
E ven now : did he your sweet aspect behold.

Of that worthy and most religious Knight,Sir Paul Pindar.

His Anagram.

8985 Prayer in * D. Pauls.

* *D. divus vel Sanctus.*

An Acrostick upon the Anagram.

S ir *Paul,* of all that ever boare that name,
Y ou to Saint *Paul* most deare are, and may claime
8990 R are priviledge ; (I might say) above all
P riority, that beare the name of *Paul.*
A course like yours, how to continue prayers
V nto succession, who hath left his heyres?
L et this your piety proceed to'th full,
8995 P ursue your good worke, and bring on the dull
I nsensible grosse Earth-wormes, such as prise
N o god but gold, nor will be heavenly wise.
D edicate on ; make others like sincere,
A noble president you shall appeare,
9000 R ead, whilst old *Ianus* ushers the new yeare.

A Distick.

Saint *Paul,*Sir *Paul,*both traveld : one with care
To build Christs Church : *Pauls* th' other to repaire.

EPI-

Epigrams.

9005 Epig. ex Theod. Beza.

To his Library having beene sometime absent thence.

Salvete incolumes mei Libelli,
1. *Meæ deliciæ, mei lepores,&c.*

HAyle to my bookes safe and in sight.
9010 You, all my mirth ; my choice delight.
My *Cicero* and *Plinies* both,
All haile to you;whom I was loath
To leave one minut : *Cato,Columel,*
My *Varro,Livy,* all are well.
9015 Hayle to my *Plautus, Terence* too,
And *Ovid* say, how dost thou doe ?
My *Fabius*, my *Propertius,*
And those not least belov'd of us,
Greeke Authors, exquisite all o're,
9020 And whom I should have nam'd before,
Because of their Cothurnat straine,
And *Homer* then, whom not in vaine,
The people stil'd great: next I see
My *Aristotle,* hayle to thee
9025 *Plato, Tymæus,* and the rest
Of you who cannot be exprest
In a phaleucik number ; all,
Hayle to my Bookes in generall
Againe,and thrice, againe all hayle,

And

9030 And may my prayer thus far prevaile,
O you my best lov'd bookes I pray,
(For I have beene sixe dayes away)
My absence yee will not distaste,
But with this love I left you last
9035 You will receive me, which I vow,
Was fervent and sincere to you,
And if you grant this small request,
I further unto you protest,
Henceforth from you Ile be away
9040 No weeke,no weeke said I? no day,
No day ? no houre shall loose my care,
No minutes space that I can spare.

Of Erasmus, *pictured but from the girdle upwards.*

2. *Ingens ingentem, quem personat orbis, Erasmum,*
9045 *Hæc tibi dimidium picta tabella refert,&c.*

This painted table to thy view,
But halfe *Erasmus* lends.
Of great *Erasmus,* whose loud fame
Through the great world extends,
9050 But why not his whole portraiture ?
Cease Reader to complaine,
He was so great that the vast earth
His fame cannot containe.

Of Lucrece.

9055 3. *Si fuit ille tibi Lucretia,gratus adulter,*
Immerito merita præmia morte petis,&c.

If to thy bed the adulterer welcome came,
O *Lucrece,*then thy death deserves no fame.
If force were offred,give true reason why,
9060 Being cleare thy selfe thou for his fault wouldst dye?
Therefore in vaine thou seekst thy fame to cherish,
Since mad thou fal'st,or for thy sinne dost perish.

Vpon

Vpon the Venetian History written by Petrus Bembus.

4. *Claræ urbi Venetum, Debes natalia Bembe,*
9065 *vrbs eadem clara est munere Bembe tuo.*
O *Bembus Venice* in thy birth is fam'd,
And in thy worth the Cities worth proclaim'd,
Thou happy in that Citty,and agen,
It happy to have thee a Citizen;
9070 Yet thou O *Bembus* by thy learned booke,
Gav'st back more to it, than from it thou tooke.
What thou receiv'st, was mortall, and must dy;
What thou returnst, shall live eternally.

Of Helionora *the French Queene.*

9075 5. *Nil Helena vidit Phœbus formosius una,*
Te regina nihil pulchrius orbis habet.
Then *Hellen Phœbus* could no rarer view,
Nor all the world a fairer yeeld than you.
Both beautifull! yet you in this excell;
9080 She brocht dissention, discord you expell.

Of Iohannes Secundus *an excellent Poet of the* Hage *in* Holland.

6. *Excelsum seu condis opus magnique Maronis,*
luminibus offerre studes,&c.
9085 If an high worke thou undertak'st; to rise
In *Virgils* straine, and looke out with his eyes;
Or if light Elegies art pleas'd to sing,
Such as from *Ovids* veyne were knowne to spring;
If to the ly'r of *Pindarus* thou fit
9090 Thy various notes,to make him blush at it;
If thou make *Belbulus* his browes contort,
To see how he in Epigrams can sport;
These foure thou shalt excell: even thou alone
Secundus, who art second unto none.

9095 *Against* Philenus *who carpt at* Erasmus.

7. *Erasmus ille, quo fatentur plurimi,*
Nihil fuisse nec futurum doctius,&c.
Erasmus whom as many say,

None

None shall or hath beene to this day
9100 More learned : yet to thee thou gull,
Most stupid he appeares and dull,
And what aspersions thou canst frame
To calumnisė his noble name,
By thee or others are collected,
9105 In hope to make him disrespected.
Barke still *Philenus* with the rest,
Since 'tis apparant to the best,
That learn'd *Erasmus* much more knew,
Than is unknowne to all of you.

9110 *To* Lodovick Masurus *of his verses made of the fall of* Babylon.

8. *Dum Masuri rudiore tonas Babylona ruentem,*
Cantata est quanta Troja nec ipsa tuba, &c.

Whilst *Masurus* thou with a lowder tongue
9115 Soundst *Babels* fall, then ever *Troyes* was song,
Thou hast given cause *Homer* should thee envie,
Or *Maro* (greater) that thou writ'st so hye,
Yet *Masurus* one error may be found
In thy brave worke for all its stentors sound,
9120 That in so great a verse thy fame pursuing
Thou buildst for ever what thou striv'st to ruin.

Vpon three the most excellent Divines of France *then living.*

9. *Gallica mirata est Calvinum ecclesia nuper*
quo nemo docuit doctius, &c.

9125 The Church of *France*, late *Calvin* did admire,
Then whom no one more learn'd could teach.
Turellus, who to thunder did aspire,
Then whom none could more strongly preach.
The Honey tongud *Viretus*, He who still
9130 Nothing save sweetnes doth deliver.
France, thou by these maist sav'd be if thou will,
Or else be lost for ever.

A

A comparison betwixt Poets and Monkes.

10 *Accipe Francisco cur componamus Homerum,*
9135 *Et Monachos,credo vatibus esse pares, &c.*

Receive, why the Franciscan I compare
To *Homer* : and thinke Monkes and Poets are
Both like. *Francis* (we read of old) was blind,
And so was *Homer*, as we written find;
9140 He of his eyes, the other in his mind.
A begger *Francis* was, *Homer* was poore,
And both sung Hymnes at every rich mans dore.
The vast world both their rapsodies admires,
From the one's Poets,from the others Friers.
9145 Poets at first in remote woods did dwell,
The Monkes at first chus'd out the Cave and Cell.
The Woods forsooke, the Monkes themselves betake
Vnto the Townes, and Poets then forsake
The Groves to live in Cities : Night and day
9150 The Poet sings, and so the Monke doth bray,
And in their musick both alike delight.
The Muse the wanton Poet doth accite,
To have his *Cinthia*, and the shaven Frier
Not one alone, but many doth desire.
9155 With water if the Poet chance to meet
In stead of Wine, his verse comes off unsweet.
And if unto the Monke you water bring
When he would drinke,he will but sadly sing.
The Poet when his Harpe's about him tyde,
9160 His pleasant notes most sweetly will divide :
And so the Monke too will sound nothing dull,
When as the Flagon at his girdle's full.
Th'one in an Atheists fury doth exclaime,
Th'other an Enthean rapture doth inflame,
9165 And still the Thyrsian favor he doth weare,
As th' other crosses doth about him beare.
The victor Poets Mirtles and Bayes renowne,
And the Monkes honour is his shaven crowne.

The

The excellent Poet George Buchanan, *upon a Diamond cut*
9170 *like an Hart, and sent from* Mary *Queene of Scots, to*
the most excellent Lady Queene Elizabeth.

Non me materies facit superbum,
Quod ferro Insuperabilis quod igni,&c.
Not that my substance neither can be bow'd,
9175 Or flaw'd by fire or steele, doth make me proud,
Nor clearnes wanting staine, not that I still
Shine with perspicuous light,not th' Artists skill
Who gave me forme, and cloath'd me thus in gold,
That I might seeme more glorious to behold :
9180 But if in me appeare the least ostent,
It is because I'am made to represent
The heart of my sweet Mistresse,and so neare,
That if the same Heart in her bosome were,
With eyes to bee survey'd,more constant none,
9185 More cleare,more spotlesse could be look't upon,
Both splenderous alike,and without staine,
In all things equall, save there doth remaine
A difference in our hardnesse : but to me
A second favour's lent, a hope to see
9190 Of you Heroick Lady, the bright face :
Then which there cannot bee a greater grace.
Hope of which grace I almost was bereft,
After I once had my deare mistresse left.
O that my fate so much to me would daine,
9195 That I might in an adamantine chaine
Linke your two hearts,in such a strong condition,
As that no emulation, no suspition,
Nor spleene, nor age, nor hate, could break asunder,
So should I of all stones be held the wonder.
9200 So I more blest were than all stones by far,
So I more bright were than all stones that are.
So then all stones I were more deare indeed,
As I in hardnesse doe all stones exceed.

Of

Of Chrisalus.

9205 *Flava Ceres longi spes interceperat anni,*
Aruerat pigro vinea testa gelu.
Graine the long yeares hope in the eare doth pine,
The tedious frost doth pinch thy forward kine :
Rot kills thy sheepe, theeves steale thy gotes; and now
9210 Thy labouring Oxen perish at the plow.
Losse after losse when *Chrisalus* had found,
And he himselfe unwilling to be sound
Alone : when his whole state was cras'd,bethought
To hang himselfe so he might do't for nought.
9215 But soone that purpose in his mind was lost,
When he considerd what a rope would cost,
For he would die of free-cost : he thinks then
To kill himselfe with a sharpe sword, but when
He lookt about and saw none, nay saith he,
9220 To buy a sword were too much charge for me.
Hee then saith to himselfe : doubtlesse that knave
The Sexton expects something for my grave,
And somewhat those that put me in my shroud,
And somewhat must the bearers be allowd.
9225 The Priest, the candles, ringing of the bell :
And prayers too, must cost somewhat I know well.
Therefore to save all charges, this I say,
Ile drowne my selfe,and that's the cheapest way.
He did so, And thus speaking in his fall,
9230 See thus for nothing I discharge them all.

In Romam.

Non ego Romulea miror quòd pastor in urbe
Sceptra gerat : pastor conditor urbis erat.
I wonder not a Shepheard *Rome* should sway,
9235 A Shepheard *Romes* foundation first did lay,
My wonder is since,*Romulus* the first
That reard the same, was by a shee-wolfe nurst,
That even to these dayes as we plainely see,
So many raging Wolves in *Rome* should be.

9240 This onely doth my admiration breed,
A Wolfe should keepe the fould, and the sheepe feed.

An Epitaph upon Iacobus Sylvius.

Silvius hic situs est gratis qui nil dedit unquam
Mortuus, & gratis quod legis ista dolet.

9245 Here *Sylvius* lies, who when he liv'd
Gave nothing, and being dead,
He yet laments, that what's writ here,
For nothing should be read.

Ex Angelo Politiano.

9250 *Epigram*

In Pamphilum

Mittis vina mihi, mihi Pamphile vina supersunt,
Vis mage,quod placeat mittere ? mitte sitim.

Thou sendst me wine O *Pamphilus,*
9255 I had enough at first.
Wilt send me what shall better please ?
Then prethee send me thirst.

Against Mabi ius *a bitter rayling Poet.*

Ore tibi pauci,sed nulli in carmine dentes
9260 *quum sint,atque illi sunt putridi & veteres : &c.*

There be but few teeth in thy jawes,
But in thy verse are none,
And those thou hast be rotten, or
Their use by age is gone.
9265 And though thou canst not bite at all,
Yet barke thou dost meane space.
Which showes thee(though in shape a man,)
Yet of a dogged race.

Ex Accij sinceri sannazarij
9270 *Neopolitani viri patricij.*

Epigram.

Of the admirable City Venice.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis,
Stare urbem & toto ponere jura Mari,&c.

9275 *Neptune* in th'Adriatick maine saw stand

Venice

Venice whose power did all the Sea command,
And saith,now *Iove* show thy Tarpeian Towers
And walls of *Mars*,unto this scite,now ours.
If thou before the mighty Ocean dare
9280 The petty River *Tiber* to compare,
Behold both Cities there give up this doome,
The *Gods* built *Venice*,*Men* erected *Rome*.

Ex M. Anthonij Flamminij.
Epigram.
9285 *Of Cardinall* Pooles *Picture.*
Si velut egregia pictura maxime Pole,
Est expressa tui corporis effigies,&c.

Great *Poole*, as in that excellent Table wee
The picture of thy body plaine may see,
9290 So could one paint the beauty of thy mind,
No rarer thing,we on the earth could find.

Of a faire gilt Bowle sent unto him from Benedict
Accoltus *Cardinall.*
Hanc pateram Chio spumantem auroque nitentem
9295 *Accoltus vati donat habere suo, &c.*

This golden Cup swelling with Chios juyce,
Given by Accoltus to his Poets use,
Part of this wine *Bacchus* to thee I send,
And part to thee *Apollo*, I commend.
9300 Now Muses take the Cup, and it brim-fill
With Nectar, which may to my braine distill,
That worthy thankes I may *Accoltus* give,
In such high verse as may for ever live.

Ex Mario Molsa.
9305 *Of the City* Rome *being late wasted by the Germanes.*
Flagrati cineres si nunc Catilina videret,
Imperij & Latium consenuisse decus.

Th'Empires burnt ashes didst thou now behold
O *Catiline*,and her glory waxt so old,
9310 The Capitoll,and high Tarpeian spires,

Couldst thou but view defac't by forraigne fires,
Now coverd in long ruines,thou wouldst run,
And loudly cry, This by the gods was done.
For amongst mortall men,what's he once durst
9315 Doe this to *Ro e*,which I had menac't first?
O how much better had it beene that I
Had beene the cause of all thy misery!
Whil'st buried *Rome* from darknes thou dost strive
To raise (O *Blondus*) and keepe still alive
9320 Dead *Romulus* and *Remus*: by thy wit,
They a rude City did erect, but it
Thy labour hath re-built, making it shine
So to the world, tis almost held divine.
And though the barbarous Foe it overthrew,
9325 Thy lasting verse,hath still repaird it new.
A Tombe to thee, triumphant *Rome* did give,
That it to thee, and thou to it maist live.

Ex Antonio Titaldeo.

An Epitaph upon Joannes Mirandula.

9330 *Ioannes jacet hic Mirandula,cætera norunt*
Et Tagus & Ganges, forsan & Antipodes.

Mirandula here tombed lies;
Wouldst thou know more? aske these,
Tagus and *Ganges* best knows,and
9335 Perhaps the *Antipodes.*

Ex Benedicti Theocreni.

Epigram.

Vpon a Comet which Lewes *of* Savoy *saw a little before his death.*

9340 *In festum sibi cum sciret Ludovica Cometam,*
Seque peti: Illius crinibus horrificis,&c.

A bearded star when *Lewes* did espy,
With horrible aspect his life to threat,
Loe here, a Torch saith he that from on high
9345 Lights me to heaven, (his spirit was so great.

Ex

Ex Joanne secundo
Hagiensi.
Of one Charinus *who had married a deformed wife.*
Nuper Charine conjugem,
9350 *Vidi tuam, tam candidam, &c.*
Charinus I beheld of late,
Thy wife so sweet, so delicate,
So faire, so chaste, so neat, so fine,
That almost I could wish her mine.
9355 And if great *Iove* would give me three,
In all respects but such as shee
I two would unto *Pluto* grant,
To take away that paravant.

Ex Henrici Stephani
9360 *Epigram.*
Of Phillis *who was delivered within five moneths after her marriage.*
Ante legitimum statumque tempus,
Cum puerpera facta Phillis est.
9365 *Phillis* late married as 'tis sed,
Before her time was brought a bed;
The noise of which, (to her disgrace)
Was spoken of in every place.
Which brought to her by one she knew,
9370 Who told her how such rumor grew,
She smil'd, and thus excus'd the crime,
The vulgar mis-compute the time:
Nine moneths I know they will allow
A teeming woman,and I now
9375 Exceed that limit; Five months hee
Tis well knowne, hath beene wed to mee,
So five moneths I to him have beene
In wedlock joyn'd,then where's the sinne?
Adde five moneths unto five,and then
9380 Who knowes not but they make up ten?

Vpon Pompe's *death.*

Dux Pharia quamvis jacis Inhumatus arena,
Non ideo fati est sævior ira tui, &c.

Though thou great Duke inhum'd dost lie
9385 Vpon the Pharian shore,
Blame not the fates who thought thereby
To honor thee the more.
Vnworthy was the earth thy bones,
Which thou subdude by force;
9390 Onely the Heavens, and they alone
Were worthy of thy Coarse.

Ex Ioanne Colta.

Of the City Verona.

Verona, qui te viderit,
9395 *Et non amárit protinus*
Amore perditissimo, &c.

Verona whatsoere hee be,
Who when he first shall looke on thee,
It doth not his affection move
9400 To dote on thee with perdit love,
I thinke he not himselfe respects;
And that he wants true loves affects,
His sences are not in good state,
Nay all the graces he doth hate.

9405 *Ex Petro Bembo.*

An Epitaph upon one Thebaldæus *an excellent Musitian.*

Qui ripis te sæpe suis stupuere Canentem,
Eridanus Tiberisque; parens ille, hic tuus Hospes, &c.

Eridanus and *Tiberis* flood,
9410 Who when upon their bankes thou stood,
Admir'd thee singing (in one bred
And by the other nurst and fed)
Most credible it is that thou
In the Elysian fields singst now,
9415 And mak'st such musicke with thy tongue,
That all the Gods about thee throng.

Ex

Ex Baltasser Castilione.

An Epitaph upon a Virgin whose name was Gratia.

Siste viator, dum properas hoc aspice marmor,
9420 *Et lege,ni plores,tu quoque marmor eris,&c.*

Stay Travailer, and looke upon
This Marble ere thou part.
Read here, and if thou dropst no teares,
Thou likewise marble art.
9425 Sweet *Grace* is dead, for cruell death
Takes both the faire and wise,
(Alas the while) and here beneath
This stone, intombed lyes,
She both her sisters tooke along,
9430 So that we now may say
All the three graces in her death
Did perish in one day.

Ex Antonio Casanova.

Of Lucrece.

9435 *Dicite,cum melius cadere ante Lucretia posset,*
Cur potius voluit post scelus illa mori.

Why *Lucrece* better might her selfe have slaine
Before the act, than after her black staine,
Can any tell ? no crime she did commit,
9440 For of all guilt, her hand did her acquit.
Her ravisher she slew by that brave stroke,
And from her Countries neck tooke off the yoke.
From thine owne hand thy death most willing came,
To save thy Country,and preserve thy fame.

9445 In praise of Archery.

BRave Archery what rapture shall I raise,
In giving thee thy merit, and due praise?
Divine thou art, as from the Gods begot:
Apollo with an arrow Python shot,
9450 And *Cupid* the faire *Venus* sonne we know
Is alway figured with his shafts and Bow.
The chaste *Diana* with her Nimphes in chase,
Will with no other armes their shoulders grace.
A mighty Bow the great *Alcides* drew,
9455 When he (to save his bride) the Centaur slew.
It is the powerfull hand of Heaven that bends
The all-coloured Rainbow that so farre extends,
Before the Tormentary art was found,
The jarring string did make the dreadfulst sound.
9460 And that invulner'd Greeke unskard, by steele
Was shot, and slaine by *Paris* in the heele.
The naked Indian doth on armor lack
His bow being bent, and quiver at his back.
And the wild Tartar doth no danger feare,
9465 His arrow nockt, and string drawne to his eare.
The Parthian in this practise hath such skill,
That when he flies he can shoot back and kill.
For us; What forraigne Chronicles, but sing
Our honours purchast by the Gray-goose wing?
9470 Brave *Cordelion* with a feathered band
Beat the proud Soldan from the holy Land.
O what an honour did the Black Prince gaine,
When he with English Archers conquerd *Spaine*!
So ancient, so divine, so nobly fam'd;
9475 (Yet for the bodies health there's nothing nam'd.)
It is an exercise (by proofe) we see
Whose practise doth with nature best agree.
Obstructions from the liver it prevents,
Stretching the Nerves and Arty'rs gives extents

To

9480 To the spleenes oppilations, cleares the brest
And spungy lungs : It is a foe profest
To all consumptions : More,what need I name ?
The State approves it for a lawfull game.
What woon our honour,is now made our sport,
9485 Witnes *Poicteirs,Cressy,* and *Agincourt.*

Vpon a Booke late published by one Bird *a Coachman, calld* Byrds *businesse.*

Reader, who ere thou beest; approach man,
And heare the Iornall of a Coachman,
9490 (In which he is not too prolix)
Who with two Horses, foure, or six,
If let him have a good Postillion,
Shall drive with any for a Million.
We read in Stories long agon,
9495 That there was one *Automedon,*
Great *Hectors* Charioter, Another
Who of the same trade was a brother
Whom *Archeptolemus* men name,
And hee, *Achilles* steeds did tame.
9500 These could their Horses turne, and wind,
And check, and curb them to their mind,
Wheeling with many a strange *Meander,*
In the most famous field *Scamander.*
I wonder *Homer* was so rash
9505 To praise those expert in the lash,
But he was ignorant and blind,
Who knew not *Byrd* should come behind.
Who had he liv'd then ; might King *Rhemnon*
Have served, or great *Agamemnon,*
9510 And taught their Palphreyes how to draw,
But they alas to him were raw.
I must confesse they had the braines,
In the day time to guide the raines,
And in plaine ground to use the whip,
9515 And one another to outstrip.

But

But this our Bird, although no Owle,
His Horse is able to controule,
And them to governe I dare say,
(And guide) as well by night as day;
9520 As in his travels may appeare,
Which largely are discoursed there.
And though I know not how, or when,
Yet all describ'd by his owne pen.
In which to exceed so much he strives
9525 That whether he better writes or drives
May well be questioned; Reader judge,
Pay for thy Booke,and doe not grudge.
And now if any question make
In this worke he did undertake,
9530 Why he in number or in rime,
Should so much faile? observe the time
And place withall, where these were writ.
And he no doubt will both remit.
Neither doth it the Author,wrong,
9535 To make one verse short, the other long,
As you may find oft in his booke,
He suites them to the way he tooke.
If any line against his will
Goe lagging on : he drove up-hill.
9540 Againe : If any passe it's length,
Downe hill he ran, and had not strength,
Though take unto him all his force,
Either to stop it, or his horse.
I will appeale to all who use
9545 The trade, and they will that excuse.
When he was driving in even way,
The verse runs smooth (perceive you may)
But being rough, then thinke he feeles
Some deepe foule slough to clogge his wheeles.
9550 Here in his praise my sayle I strike,
Let any Coachman doe the like.

Against

Against a base and infamous Balladder, who disperst a scandalous riming Libell, in which hee malitiously traduced the noble exercises weekely practised in the Artillery Garden.

9555

What mightst thou be I wonder? whose bald rime
Thus railes against the vertues of our time,
Of what birth? name? what nation? what degree?
Since thou conceal'st these from the world and me,
9560 I will enquire : well-bred thou art not sure;
No generous spirit could ever yet indure
To heare a Souldier branded : Such love Armes,
And grace the practise of our loud alarmes,
Our quick and active postures they admire,
9565 Which teach us when to charge, and when retire.
This proves thee borne out of some dunghill race,
That nere durst looke a Souldier in the face.
Then of what name? I'st so dark and obscure,
Or else so blur'd, it dares not now indure
9570 The Sunne and Day? but Owle-like is it gone,
And forfeited to night? or hast thou none?
Or wast once good? let this afflict thee most,
Thou art halfe hang'd, for thy good name is lost.
Then of what Country? Didst thou never heare
9575 Of *Talbot, Norris, Essex, Sidney, Vere?*
Or hast thou of our conquering Princes read,
And durst affirme thou wert in *England* bred,
Scotland or *Ireland*? Kingdomes, that still affoord
Armes Nursery, and Souldiers of the sword?
9580 Sure th'art not French; unlesse thou wert begot
In their disease, the pocks, and therefore not
Sound in thy joynts, and that's the cause, thou here
Rayl'st 'gainst these Armes thou hast not limbs to beare.
Then from what Country, nation? from what straine
9585 Canst thou derive thy being? not from *Spaine,*
For all their prid's in Armes, a Souldiers name

Is

As the earths glory, at which most they ayme.
To *Italy* for birth-right shouldst thou flye,
Cæsar himselfe would give thee then the lye,
9590 With thousand valiant Romanes, and all sweare
A Groome so base had never breeding there.
So of all others ; Nay thy impudent worke
Would blush the very person of a Turke.
Their Bashaes and their Ianisaries be
9595 Bold Leaders, and approv'd for Chivalree.
Were not the Worthies Souldiers ? (worthles slave,)
A title that antiquity first gave,
To eternize them ; and others to aspire
To the like height ; That we might ours admire,
9600 As former ages them : For thy degree
I cannot thinke how I may censure thee.
Art thou a Citizen ? and canst repine
At practise of such needfull discipline?
If so ; thou art some bastard,and 'twere pitty
9605 But all like thee were spew'd out of the City.
Thou art no Scholler ; Arts and Armes conspire.
Schollers praise Armes, we Souldiers Arts admire.
Nay art thou Christian ? that with rymes so vaine
Durst taske the divine Pulpit ? O prophane
9610 And irreligious wretch : good subject ? No
Such thou art not,whose obscene meeters flow
To'th jangling Musick of each Fidlers string,
'Gainst that which Patrons Country, peace,and King.
Since neither then good Subject, Christian ; nor
9615 One that loves Arts ; whom City doth abhor,
And Country hath disclaim'd,one whom no clime
But is asham'd to challenge,whose base ryme
Hath forfeited his name, and obscure birth
From every language, Nation, from all earth ;
9620 I thus conclude,To which sound Drum and Fife
He'hath lost his name, why should hee keepe his life?

FINIS.

The ANNOTATIONS upon
PROCUS *and* PUELLA.

IN this Dialogue (to whose Author I am not able to 9625
give a meriting character) I presume there is nothing
conteined which doth deviate either from modesty or
good manners. It is onely a meere expression,of what is,
or ought to be, betwixt a young man and a maide, in the
initiating of their affection, the prosecution of their love, 9630
and the perfecting of their contract. Here is neither chil-
dish discourse,loose language,or any impertinency,which
is not agreeable, with wholsome instance, and commen-
dable example. For in all marriages there is to bee ob-
serv'd, Parity in birth. For as ***Dion*** saith : ***Disparity in*** 9635
Wedlock is a great enemie to love : then conformity in educa-
tion, and lastly equality in state. The first begetteth ac-
quaintance, the second confirmeth it, and for the last we
read ***Euripides*** thus : women without dowry cannot
claime the priviledge to speake their owne thoughts: And 9640
Menander saith : That man is most unhappy who marri-
eth being poore, and raiseth his fortunes by a rich maide
or widdow. But howsoever marriage in it selfe is hono-
rable : in so much that ***Homer*** informeth us, That the La-
dyes of ***Greece***, used to count their yeares from the time 9645
of their Nuptials, not the day of their Nativity, as for-
getting all the time of their virginity, and intimating,
they were never to bee said truely to live, till they came
to that state, legally to lend life unto others, which was
by lawfull wedlock. Imagine then this our ***Pamphilus*** 9650
prov'd an happy husband, and ***Maria*** a fortunate wife :
He a provident Father, and shee the fruitfull mother of
a nume-

a numerous and thriving issue. They blest in their children, and their children alternatly in them : For so it
9655 (for the most part) hapneth in all such contracts. Where vertue over-ruleth vanity, and reason swayeth passion and affection. Of him I may say with *Boethius, lib.* 2. *Metr*. 8.

Hic & conjugij sacrum
9660 *Castis nectit amoribus.*

With the sacred Nuptiall tye,
His chast love did well comply.

And to doe her the best right I can, I make bold to borrow thus much from the Poet *Statius,lib.Silvar.*5.

9665 *Si Babylonis opes, Lydæ si pondera gazæ*
Indorumque dares,&c.

If thou the Babylonian wealth shouldst proffer,
Or rifle (for her) the rich Lydians coffer;
The potent wealth couldst thou before her lay,
9670 From *India* brought ; or that from *Affrica ?*
Yet rather then transgresse her nuptiall vow,
She would choose death not caring where,nor how.

Et quo non possum corpore, mente feror.

Annotations upon the Dialogue of
9675 EARTH and AGE.

(*a*) MEaning *Io* transformed into a *Cow*,by *Iupiter(* who had before stuprated her) to conceale her from the jealousie of his wife *Iuno :* the whole story you may read

read in the Dialogue intituled *Iupiter* and *Io:* shee lived in the yeare of the world 2200. according to *Hel.* 9680

(b) The Sibils were in number ten. *Persica, Libyca, Delphica, Erithræa, Samia, Hellespontiaca, Tiburtina, Albinæa, Cumæa, Cumana:* of these you may read *Varro, Gellius, Augustin, Suidas,* and *Lactantius.* And of the long life of *Cumana, Virgil* in his Æneids. 9685

(*c*) *Ascræan,* so titled from *Ascra* a Towne in *Boetia,* neare unto the mount *Helicon,* where the famous Poet *Hesiod* was borne, from which place hee had the sirname *Ascræus.*

(*d*) King *Cyrus,* because he had a Steed whom he much 9690 loved, drowned in the river *Ganges*: to be revenged thereof, caused so many currents to bee cut, that hee dryed the Channell.

(*e*) It hath reference to the great battaile fought by *Hannibal* against the Romanes neare unto the Village 9695 *Cannas,* where he slew 80. thousand in that one conflict: from thence the people of *Italy* are call'd *Cannenses.*

(*f*) Concerning the History of *Phaeton,* and his sisters, I referre you to the reading of *Ovid,* where it is with great elegancy described. *Metamorph.* 9700

(*g*) You may read the like of *Niobe* the daughter of *Tantalus,* and wife to *Pelops*: who had sixe Sonnes, and sixe Daughters, all which *Latona* the mother to *Apollo* and *Diana,* (in whom are figured the Sunne and the Moone) caused to be slaine, for the pride of *Niobe,* who presumed 9705 to compare with her: for griefe whereof shee lost her speech, and remained stupid and without motion, which gave the Poets occasion to feigne that she was changed into a marble statue. *Calvis.* reporteth that shee lived in the yeare of the world, 2240. 9710

(*h*) *Euridice* was the wife of *Orpheus,* who flying from *Aristheus* who would have ravished her, was stung with a Serpent, of which she dyed. *Orpheus* tooke his harpe, And went to Hell for her, and by his excellent Musick so far

wrought

9715 rought with *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, that they suffered him to beare her thence, but upon condition, that he should not looke backe upon her till hee had past the infernall shades, and came to the upper light, which through his over love hee breaking, so lost her. The fable is thus
9720 moralliz'd, *Euridice* signifieth the soule of man, and *Orpheus* the body to which the soule is married. *Aristæus* is true happinesse which would gladly ravish the soule, but shee flying through grassy fields and medowes, is at length stung to death by a Serpent, that is, by the blan-
9725 dishments of immoderate pleasure: she then descends into Hell, which implyes dull and deepe melancholy, with the trouble of a perplext conscience, where shee is rescued by comfortable musick. But so, that unlesse shee submit herselfe to the rule of reason, shee shall quickly fall
9730 againe into the same agony: she lived in the yeare 1700. according to *Natal.Comes.*

(*i*) *Astianax* was the Sonne of *Hector* and *Andromache*, who after the taking of *Troy*, was by the Grecians precipitated from an high tower and so slaine.

9735 (*k*) *Ægæus* was the Sonne of *Neptune*, and King of *Athens*, in whose raigne King *Minos* of *Creete* to revenge the death of his Sonne *Androgeus*, made most cruell warre on the Athenians, forcing them yearely to send seven Noblemens Sonnes into *Creete* to bee devoured by the
9740 monster *Minotaurus*. Three yeares this continued, and in the fourth the lot (amongst others fell upon *Thesius*, the elect Sonne of the King, who being of a noble and heroick courage, put them in great hope that he was able to kill the monster: At his departure his father injoyn'd
9745 him, that if the ship hee went in returned prosperously he should set up a white flagge in token of victory, and pluck downe the black one which they then bore in signe of mourning. But after when *Theseus* by the counsell of *Ardiane* daughter to King *Minos* had overcome the mon-
9750 ster, and with a clew of thread escaped the Labyrinth,

saylíng

sayling homewards againe with joy towards his Country, he forgot his fathers commandement concerning the white flagge. The old King much longing to see the safe returne of his sonne, used every day to ascend an high promontory, which overlooked the Sea, to take view of 9755 all such ships as past thatway,at length knowing his sons shippe, and seeing the same sable flagge in the top, with which they first launched from that shoare, supposed hee had beene dead, and therefore surcharged with griefe, cast himselfe headlong from the rocke into the Sea, 9760 which was after cald by his name *Ægeum mare.* He lived in the 48. yeere after Athens was first made a Kingdome; and in the yeare of the world 2680. about the time that *Gedeon* judged Israel.

(l) *Iocaste* was the mother of *Oedipus*, who after her 9765 first husbands death marryed with him, being her owne naturall sonne, (but not knowing so much) by him shee had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, who in a single combat slew one another, and they also dyed miserably.

(m) *Dedalus* was the sonne of *Micion* borne in Athens, 9770 the most excellent Artificer of these times. He made the Labyrinth into which *Minos* put him, and his sonne *Icarus*, at length having got feathers and wax, he made thereof artificiall wings for himselfe and his sonne, and so flew from Crete into Sardinia, and thence to Cuma, 9775 where he built a Temple to Apollo, but *Icarus* in the way soared so high, that the beames of the Sunne, melted the wax, and his wings failing him, by that disaster he fell into the Sea, from it hath still retained the name of *Mare Icarium*, the Icarian Sea, according to that of 9780 *Ovid.*

Icarus Icarijs nomina fecit aquis.

(n) *Progne* was the daughter to King *Pandion*, who because her husband *Tereus* King of Thrace, had ravished her sister *Philomela*, and after cut out her tongue, 9785 she having notice thereof, in a barbarous revenge, at a

feast dedicated to *Bacchus*: slew her son *Itis*, and after drest his limbs, and served them up to her husbands table,&c. She lived about the yeare of the world 2510. according
9790 to *Helv*.

(o) *Autonoë*, was the daughter of *Cadmus* and *Hermione*, who much lamented the death of *Acteon*.

(p) *Antigone*, was daughter of *Oedipus* King of Thebes, who when her blind father was banished, tooke upon
9795 her to leade him, and afterwards being at the buriall of her two brothers *Eteocles* and *Polynices* with *Argia*, was slaine by the command of King *Creon*, whose murder *Theseus* soone after revenged.

(q) *Colossæ vel Colossis*, was a towne of Phrygia, neare
9800 unto Laodicea, which was demolisht by an earth-quake in the time of *Nero*.

(r) Memphis was built by King *Ogdous*, and tooke name of his daughter (so called) it is a great and spacious City in Egypt, famous for the Pyramides and state-
9805 ly sepulchers of King there set up: it is at this day called *Alcayrum*, or Grand-Cayre.

(s) *Mausolus*, was King of Caria, to whose memory his wife *Artimesia* reared a most sumptuous Tombe which was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world,
9810 this Monument was reared in the yeare of the world 3590.

(t) It hath reference to the stately Temple of *Diana* in the City of Ephesus: which was afterwards maliciously burnt downe by *Herostratus*.

9815 (v) *Tarpeian* alludeth to *Tarpeia*, a Vestall virgin in Rome, who covenanting with the Sabines their enemies, to betray the Capitoll, for the bracelets they wore on their left armes, when they entred the City, and she stood ready to receive that which she had contracted for,
9820 in stead of their bracelets, they cast their Targets upon her, by which she was smothered and pressed to death: this happened in the yeare of the world 3205. The Tarpeian

peian Mount was so called because she was there buried, and *Jupiter* was sirnamed *Tarpeius*, because there worshipped. 9825

(w) By Getick weapons are meant these which the Getæ used, a people of Scythia in Europe, *Ælius Spartan.* From them derives the Nation of the Goths, who after conquered Italy and Rome.

(x) By *Minerva's* Altar, is intended that which stood 9830 in the Temple of *Pallas* within the City of Troy, where *Achilles* at his marriage to *Polyxena* daughter to King *Priam* and *Hecuba* was slaine by *Paris.*

(y) They were called *Garamantes* of *Garamus*, a King of Lybia, who built a City there, which he called after 9835 his owne name: their Country lyeth along by the banke of Numidia, in a tract of ground from the Atlanticke Ocean, by the river Nilus. They were held in old time to be the farthest people Southward.

(z) The Sauromat's are a Septentrionall Nation 9840 which some Authors, as *Ortelius* and *Scaliger* held to be the inhabitants of Russia and Tartaria.

(a) *Helena* was in her Nonage first rap't by *Theseus* before her mariage to *Menelaus* King of Sparta, and after by *Paris* ravisht, and carried to Troy. 9845

(b) *Atrides*, were the two brothers, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, so called from their father *Atreus.*

(c) *Alcinous* was King of the Phœacians, and lived in Corcyra, who much delighted in Orchards and Gardens. (d) The Swans are cald Caistrian birds, from the 9850 river Caister, where they are said to breed in great number.

(e) *Penelope* the wife of *Vlysses*, famous for her beauty and constancy.

(f) *Dido* was otherwise called *Elisa*, the daughter of 9855 *Belus* King of Tyre, and espoused to *Sychæus*, one of *Hercules* Priests, whom her brother *Pigmalion* slue for his wealth, she after built the famous Citty Carthage, and

in the end (as *Virgil* relates) kild herselfe for the love of
9860 *Æneas.*

(g) *Leucades* two beautifull sisters, rapt by the two famous brothers *Castor* and *Pollux*, the sonnes of *Læda* the mother of *Helen*, who was comprest by *Jupiter.*

(h) *Cato*, for his austerity cald *Censorius.*

9865 (i) *Hippolitus*, the sonne of *Theseus* and *Hyppolita* the Amazon, who when his father was abroad, his stepmother *Phædra* sollicited him to incestuous love, which he refusing, she accused him to his father that he would have forced her, but when hee perceived him to give cre-
9870 did to her false information, he tooke his Chariot and horses to flie his fury, but by the way his steeds being frighted with Sea-calves, ran with him to the mountaines, and dashed the Coach in pieces, and him also, he lived in the yeare of the world, 2743.

9875 (k) The *Driades* were Nymphæ, or *Sylvarum Deæ*, that is Wood-fayries or *Druides.*

(l) *Cræsus* a rich King of Lydia.

(m) *Crassus* surnamed *Marcus*, the richest man amongst the Romanes, who held no man worthy to be cald rich,
9880 who could not within his yearely revenue maintaine an Army: hee was extremely covetous, and managed warre against the Parthians, by whom, both hee and thirty thousand Romanes were slaine, and because the barbarous enemy conjectured that hee made an assault upon
9885 them for their gold: therefore they melted a great quantity, and powred it into his dead body, to sate him with that, with which in his life time; hee could never be satisfied. He lived in the yeare of Romes foundation 693. and before the Incarnation 57.

9890 (n) *Midas*, a rich King of Phrygia who asked of *Bacchus* whom he feasted, that whatsoever he touched might be turned into gold, &c. He lived in the yeare of the world 2648. about the time that *Debora* judged Israel.

(o) *Priam* King of Troy potent in wealth, and strength, but

but after slaine, and his Citty utterly subverted by the Grecians. 9895

(p) *Pigmalion*, an avaritious King (before spoken of) brother to Queene *Dido*.

(q) *Catiline*, a seditious Conspiratour of Rome whose plots were brought to light by *Marc.Cicero* then Consull of Rome with *Antonius*. 9900

(r) *Marius*, one that was seven times Consull of Rome,and after much pestered the Citty, by the division betwixt him and *Sylla :* He lived the yeare before the Incarnation 65. 9905

(s) *Mezentius*, was King of the Tyrenians, remembred by *Virgil* in his Æneids, to be a great contemner of the gods.

(t) *Calpe*, is one of the hills in Spaine, called *Hercules* Pillars. 9910

Illustrations upon *Timon* *Misanthropos.*

(a) SAlmoneus, was said to be the sonne of *Eolus*, not he whom the Poets feigne to be the god of the winds, but one of that name, who raigned in the Citty of Elis in Greece. He willing to appeare unto his subjects to be a God, and no man, and so to assume unto himselfe divine adoration, made a bridge of brasse over a great part of the Citty, over which he used to hurry his Chariot, whose wheeles were shod with rough iron, thinking therby to imitate *Joves* thunder,for which insolence, *Iupiter* being justly incenst against him, stroke him with a true thunder-bolt, and sent him quicke to hell. 9915 9920

A type of pride, justly punished.

9925 (b) *Mandragora*, an herbe so called, because it beareth Apples sweet smelling, of an extraordinary greatnes, the Latines call it *Malum terræ*, *id est*, the Apple of the earth. It is that which we call the Mandrake.

(c) *Deucalion*, was the sonne of *Prometheus*, and mar-

9930 ried *Pyrrha* the daughter of *Epimetheus*. Whilst he raigned in Thessaly came the universall Deluge, which drowned all the world, only he and his wife, got into a ship and saved themselves : their vessell first touching on the hill Pernassus, where the dry land first appeared, which was

9935 meerely a fiction of the Poets, who had heard or read of the generall Innundation, in him figuring *Noah* and his Arke. Others thinke that this floud happened onely in Greece and Italy, and that in the yeare of the world 2440. after *Noahs* floud 744.

9940 (d) Lycoris Mount, by which *Lucian* intends no other than the two topt Pernassus, before spoken of.

(e) *Epimenides*, was a Poet of Creet, whom Saint *Paul* in his Epistle (as *Beza* is of opinion) cited. It is reported of him, that his father sending him into the field

9945 to keep his Cattell, by chance he light into a Cave where he slept 75.yeares, whence a Proverb against all sloathfull men grew, *Vltra Epimenidis somnum dormisti, id est*, Thou hast slept beyond the sleep of *Epimenides*. At his returne he found his brother a very old man, by whom he un-

9950 derstood, all that happened in his absence, and was after worshipped as a god. He lived in the yeare of the world 3370. much about the time of the destruction of Hierusalem, &c.

(f) *Cibels* Priests, they were called *Corybantes*, of one

9955 *Corybantus*, the prime of her first attendants. They in all the celebrations of her feasts, used to dance madly, beating upon brazen Cimbals, making a confused noise, from whence such Instruments were called, *Æra Corybantia* : when they danced about the streets their custome was

was to begge mony of the people, from whence they 9960
tooke the denomination of *Collectores Cibeles*, or *Circulatores, id est*, Iuglers: these first inhabited the mount Ida in Phrygia, &c.

(g) *Phineus*, was a King of Arcadia, and the *Harpiæ* were the daughters of *Pontus* and *Terra*, dwelling in 9965
Ilands, partly by Sea, partly by land, so called, *à rapiendo*, or ravening: they are feigned to be fowles, with faces like virgins, and hands like tallons or clawes. Some call them *Iupiters* dogs: and these, whatsoever the forenamed King provided to eate, snatcht from his table, and gree- 9970
dily devoured: they were after destroyed by *Hercules*.

(h) *Tantalus*, was the sonne of *Jupiter* and *Plota*, the Nymph, grandfather to *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*, who entertaining certaine of the gods at a banquet, to make tryall of their divinity, killed, dressed, and served his son 9975
Pelops at the feast; which fact, the gods after they had discovered, so abhorr'd, that for the loathsome banquet he made them, they provided him another as distastfull, for being confined to hell, they set him in water up to the chin, and ripe Apples above his head touching his lips, 9980
yet gave him not power to stoope to the one to quench his thirst, nor reach to the other, to satisfie his hungry appetite. But for *Pelops* his sonne, so miserably massacred, *Iupiter* revived him, and for his shoulder which *Ceres* unadvisedly had eaten up, he made him one of Ivo- 9985
ry; who after this went and sojourned with *Oenomaus*, the father of *Meleager*, and *Deianira*, which as *Helv.* reports, was about the yeare of the world 2650.

(i) *Danaus* daughters: This *Danaus* was a King of the Argives, and dwelt in the City Argus He called the 9990
Country, formerly called *Achaia*, *Danaæ*, and the generall Nation of the Grecians, *Danai*. He had fifty daughters, whom he caused to slay in one night the fifty sons of his brother *Ægyptus*, to whom they were wedded, for which theywere punished by the gods with a perpetuall 9995

torment, namely that with bottomlesse pales, they were to fill a tunne without a bottome. They lived in the yeare of the world, 2510.

(k) *Cyclopes*, they were so called because they had but
10000 one eye, and that was orbicular and round, they were *Vulcans* ministers, and forg'd or fram'd his thunderbolts, there are three amongst them themost eminent, according to the Poets, namely, *Brontis*, *Sterope*, and *Pirachmon*, they were mighty great men, and called
10005 Giants,&c.

(l) *Dis*, is the god *Pluto*, who taketh that denomination *á divitijs*, of riches, because they are dig'd and torne from the bowels or lower parts of the earth.

(m) These names, *Pythias, Dromus, Tibias, Hyperbolus,*
10010 and the like, are given according to the Authours fancy, or perhaps aiming at some particular men of like condition then living.

(n) *Nireus*, a faire young man, whom *Homer* loved, and whose beauty he much extolled.

10015 (o) *Cecrops*, was also called *Biformis* ; he was the first King of Athens, and first invented amongst them marriage; he found out Images, builded Altars, and offered Sacrifices amongst the Greekes. He erected the Citty of Athens, and called it after his owne name *Cecropia*, he
10020 flourished in the yeare of the world 2394.soone after the birth of *Moses*.

(p) *Dithyrams*, were songs sung in honour of *Bacchus*.

(q) *Areopagitæ*.Iudges or Senatours amongst the Ather
10025 nians, so called of the place where they sate.

(r) *Ericthcides*, whom some think to be *Ericthonius*, or *Ericthæus*, the fourth King of Athens; he first found oue the use of Coaches, because his feet were deformed. Hs lived in the yeare of the world 2463. about eleven yeare
10030 after Israels departure out of Egypt.

Annotations

Annotations upon *Nireus*, *Thersites,&c.*

(a) N*Ireus* was a young man amongst the Greekes who came to the warres of Troy, whose beauty and feature *Homer* in his Iliades mightily commended : to whom I referre such as desire to be more fully satisfied of him. 10035

(b) *Thersites*, a mishapen and deformed Captaine in the Grecian Host, as crooked in minde as body, who bitterly railing against *Achilles*, he being mightily inraged against him, slue him with a blow under the eare; his deformity was so great, that from thence arose a Proverbe which hath continued even to this day, *Thersite fœdior*, asperst upon any stigmatick, and crooked fellow; you shall reade him fully described and characterd by *Homer* in his first and second booke of Iliads. 10040 10045

(c) *Menippus* was a Poet, and master to *Cicero* the famous Oratour: but by this personated by *Lucian*, is intended a Cynick Philosopher, dogged both in his behaviour and writings, in imitation of whom, *Varro* the Orator writ a Satyr, and intitled it *Satyra Menippea*. It is reported of him, that such money as he had hoorded together by usury and the like sordid meanes, was so deare unto him, that being robbed thereof, he grew into despaire, and miserably hanged himselfe. His whole life ye may reade described at large by *Diogenes Laërtius*. 10050 10055

Annotations upon *Iupiter* and *Io.*

(a) SPærchius, a River whose banks were round beset with Poplar trees, and therefore called *Popu-* 10060

life

ifer, *Enipœus*, *Apidanus*, *Amphisus*, and *Æas*,*&c.* only the names of Rivers, whose currents and chanels were famous in those parts of Greece : for your better satisfaction, I refer you to *Ovid* his Metamorph. lib.1.upon the
10065 same argument.

(b) *Pindus*, was a mountaine in Thessaly, sacred to *Apollo* and the Muses,&c.

(c) *Hemonian Tempe*. *Tempe* was a pleasant valley flourishing with trees, herbes,and flowers, scituate in Thes-
10070 saly at the foot of the hill *Hemus*. It was much celebrated by the Muses, as lying betwixt *Ossa* and *Olympus*. The River *Peneus*, *Larisa*, and the Ægean Sea,&c.

(d) *Naiades*, were Nymphs or Fayries of the wells, and fountaines.

10075 (*e*) *Pierides*, were the Muses, so called from *Pierus*, or else a mountaine in Greece of that name : this *Pierus* had nine daughters, who contended with the Muses in singing, and being vanquished by them, were transformed into chattering Pyes : in glory of which victory the
10080 Muses would be called by their names.

(*f*) *Syrinx*, an Arcadian Nymph, who flying from the embraces of *Pan*, the god of the Shepheards, at her intercession to the gods changed into a Reed, her prayer being to preserve her virginity.

10085 (g) *Styx*, a certaine well in Arcadia, the water of which is so cold and venemous, that whosoever drinketh thereof, immediatly dyeth. It eateth and wasteth yron or brasse, neither can it be contained in any thing, but the hoof of a Mule; some say *Alexander* the Great was
10090 poisoned with the water of this river, by *Antipater*, at the persuasion of *Aristotle*, the great Philosopher, and Tutor to *Alexander*. The Poets feigne it to be a river in hell,and so sacred to the gods, that if any of them sweare by it, and breake his oath, he shall be deprived of his godhead,
10095 and drinke no Nectar for an hundred yeares after.

Annotations upon the Dialogue Intituled *Iupiter and Cupid.*

(*a*) GArgarus, so called of *Gargarus*, the son of *Jupiter*, it is commonly taken for the top or Apex of the high hill Ida, where the said god had an Altar consecrate unto him, it is situate betwixt the *P*ropontis Abidos, and the Hellespont in Greece, in longitude 55. in latitude 42. It is also a towne under the hill so called. 10100

Vpon *Mercury* and *Maia.* 10105

(*a*) A*Lcmena*, the wife of *Amphytrio* the Theban, in whose absence *Iupiter* came in the shape of her husband, compresť her and begot *Hercules*.

(*b*) *Semele*, the mother of *Bacchus*, begot on her by *Iupiter*, from whence he tooke the denomination of *Semeleius*. 10110

(*c*) *Maia*, the daughter of *Atlas*, and *Pleiones*, and therefore *Atlantiades*, of whom *Iupiter* begot *Mercury*.

(*d*) By *Cadmus* faire daughter is intended *Semele* before spoken of. 10115

Vpon *Crates* and *Diogenes.*

(*a*) M*Oericus*, *Aristæus*, *Thrasicles*, *&c.* are names of men whome the Author aimed at (living in those times) according to his fancy.

(*b*) I*Apygium*, or *Iapyges*, these derived their names from *Iapyx* the sonne of *Dedalus*, and were said to be Cretenses 10120

tenses by their originall, and wandring abroad to seeke *Colaurus*, sonne of *Minois*, came unto the same place, where after they inhabited, these in time grew to such a
10125 profuse riotise, intemperance and wantonnes, that forgetting their Country modesty and honesty, they painted their faces, and wore other folkes haire, and were never seene abroade but sumptuously, and richly appareld; their houses were as beautifull as the Temples of the
10130 gods. At length they came to such a height of pride and insolence, that they cast off all religion, entring and seasing on the ornaments, revenues and donaries of the Churches. And at length were all consumed by firy globes falling from heaven, &c.

10135 Vpon *Menippus, Æacus, Pythagoras.*

(*a*) EVphorbus, was a noble Trojane, the sonne of *Panthus*, who wounded *Patroclus*, and was after slaine by *Achilles*, being hurt in the thigh; he was said to have one made him of gold. *Pythagoras* said, that his soule
10140 was in him in that time of the Troian warre, that hee might better perswade his Scholars. Concerning the opinion which he held concerning the transmigration of mens soules, from one body to another.

What other difficulties you shall finde in these short
10145 Dialogues, you shall find in some or other fully explicated.

(*a*) C*Immerians*, were people dwelling in Italy, betweene the Baiæ and Cumæ, so invironed with hills, that the Sunne never appeared unto them, hence
10150 came the Proverb *Tenebræ Cimmeriæ*, the Cimmerian darknesse.

(*b*) *Erix*,

(*h*) *Erix*, Promontory : *Erix* was the sonne of *Venus*, slaine by *Hercules*, and buried in a mountaine of Cicilia, so called after him, in which place *Venus* had a Temple erected unto her, and from that she had the denomina- 10155 tion of *Eriana*,&c.

(*c*) *Python*,was a mighty huge Serpent,which *Iuno* sent unto *Latona* when she was with child by *Iupiter*,to devoure her,but she went to her sister *Astrea*, who protected her, and she was after delivered of two twins, *Apollo* and *Dia-* 10160 *na*.

(*d*) *Endymion*,was beloved by the Moone, who courted him upon Latmus hill; and therefore said to looke pale by reason of the great affection which she bore unto him. 10165

(*e*) *Tithon*, or *Tithonus*, was the sonne of *Laomedon*, who desiring long life, was so wasted with old age, that the Poets faigned him to be turned into a Grashopper: he was also said to be beloved of *Aurora*, the morning; because he used to rise early, which was thought to be 10170 the reason why he preserved his life so long.

I conclude this Worke, suiting with the present, concerning the worth of Physick, and Physitians, deriving my president from a worthy Gentleman called M. *Perisaulus Faustinus.*

10175

THere is a gift that's sacred, lent to man
By God and Nature, by which Art he can
Of all diseases know the perfect ground,
10180 And render the cras'd body, whole and sound.
If this Art please thee then, whose hight to gaine
Must be the labour of a polisht braine;
Thou into Natures secrets must inquire,
And (farre as humane wisedome can) aspire.
10185 From best approved Authours seeke direction,
Till thou into all medcines hast inspection:
And when thou shalt be frequent in all these,
Thou shalt be held a new *Hippocrates,*
Exceed *Machaon*, and *Phillerides,*
10190 With th' *Epidaurian*,godlike skill impart,
And bright *Apollo*, Patron of that Art.
Thou shalt be health to Nations, people save,
And such as are expired,keep from grave.
To animate the dead thou shalt have skill,
10195 'Tis at thy pleasure whom to save or kill:
Hence shall great sums of wealth to thee arise,
With fame, and honour, such as never dyes.
But as we see in diverse flowers and weeds,
Where sweetnes is, thence bitternes proceeds,
10200 And from one stalke how many thousand ills
From the same Lymbeck drop, that good distills,
How many discommodities attend
Vpon this Art, which all so much commend;
On it, how many thousand labours waite,
10205 By turning over Bookes, earely and late,

Assiduate

Assiduate study, with an infinite care,
For all the sundry maladies that are,
To provide wholesome medcines, how to please
The sicke mans taste, and find th'unknowne disease,
10210 To know what hurts, what helps; his care being such
Not to prescribe too little,nor too much.
No night in which thou downe to rest shalt lye,
But ere sleepe fastens on thy tender eye,
Lowd at thy gate, some one or other knocks,
10215 As if he meant, to force both bolts and *l*ocks,
Calls for the Doctor to get up in hast,
The patient's ready to expire his last.
His bowels ake, or he complaines his head,
Tossing and tumbling on his restlesse bed,
10220 Still clamoring till he perforce must rise:
Thus (be it night or day) in post he flies.
He feeles his pulse, to know how slowe they beate,
Then must he make conjecture from his sweate,
And to find out where the disease doth dwell,
10225 Forc't sometimes at his chamber-pot to swell,
Then Antidotes are suddenly prepard
With Amulets, and Pills, made round and hard,
Emplasters are to such a place applyde,
Vnguents, and Salves to this or to that side.
10230 Suppositories, Clisters, fomentations,
Pultesses, opening veines, boxing, frications,
Electuaries, sweating, and what not?
According to the Fever, cold or hot.
He searcheth where the paine lyes most extreame,
10235 Whether it rise from Choler, or from flegme.
The Megrim, Pleurisies, great or small Pox,
The Measils, Wormes, the Scouring, or the Flocks.
Consumption, Ptysick, Iaundies, black or yellow,
Convulsion (or what scarce can find a fellow
10240 For suddaine killing) Squinsy in the throat,
Obstructions, Dropsies: each disease of note

Is

Is knowne unto him how and whence it grows,
The Ague, Cough, the Pyony, the Pose.
Aches within, and accidents without,
10245 Strangurian, collick, Apoplex, the gowte,
Ruptures, the fretting of the guts, the Stone,
Who's troubled with the Spleene, who Liver-growne,
Cramps, numnes in the joyntures, Inflamations;
Swelling i'th secret parts, Impostumations,
10250 Warts, Blisters, Tumours, Pimples, Tetters, Wheales,
Even Leprosie it selfe, his medcine heales.
And yet when he hath used all his Art;
If suddenly, the patient doe not start
From his cras'd couch, and instantly head-strong,
10255 The vulgar murmur, and the Artist wrong,
And say; who first begot this superstition,
That the sick-man should seeke to the Physition?
What madnes ist, their trifling Art to trust?
If they could keepe themselves from being dust,
10260 And their owne bodies free from all disease,
Not yeeld to death, when so the *Parcæ* please,
As all else doe; I should approve their skills,
And yeeld to taste their Potions and their Pills.
Till then; I hold them made up of abuses,
10265 Meere cheating with their Cordials, and their Iuices.
Thus, though they oft redeeme men from the grave;
This, for their merit is the meed they have.
To adde to these: the Doctor is still tyde
Amongst sad folkes, and mourners to abide.
10270 Where nothing's heard but sighing for the sicke,
And most contagious maladies raigne thicke,
Nay, though the Plague, or pest it selfe be there,
In him there must be found no cause of feare:
Such are the hazards and the toyles we know,
10275 Best Artists still are forc't to undergoe.

FINIS.

QUELLEN.

I. Naufragium. [1]

ANTONIUS, ADOLPHUS.

AN. HOrrenda narras [2]). Est istuc navigare? Prohibeat Deus, ne mihi quicquam unquam tale veniat in mentem. AD. Imo quod hactenus memoravi, lusus merus est præ his, quæ nunc audies. AN. Plus satis malorum audivi; inhorresco, te memorante, quasi ipse
5 periculo intersim [3]). AD. Imo mihi jucundi sunt acti labores. Ea nocte quiddam accidit, quod magna ex parte spem salutis ademit nauclero.

[1]) Hergestellt unter Zugrundelegung von : 1) Familiarium Colloquiorum formulæ, per D. Eras. Rot. multis adiectis, non tantum ad linguam puerilem expoliendam utiles, verum etiam ad vitam instituendam, nuper ab autore ipso diligenter recognitæ multumque locupletatæ. s. l ; An. M. XXIII [sic]. Mense Octobri, sowie 2) Familiarium Colloquiorum [... wie oben ...] instituendam, cum accessione non contemnenda per ipsum autorem. Basil. ; in ædibus Ioan. Frob[enii]; An. M. D. XXIIII. Verglichen wurde ausserdem : 3) Familiarium Colloquiorum Des. Erasmi Rot. opus multimodis utilissimum. Adjectis aliquot Colloquiis antehac non excusis. Parisiis. Apud Franc. Regnault. April. 1528. 4) Familiarium Colloquiorum Opus, Postrema Autoris manu locupletatum & recognitum. Des. Erasmo Roterodamo Autore. M. D. XLI.; Col. : Antverpiæ Imprimebat Antonius Dumæus Anno M. D. XLI. Mense febr. und 5) Des. Erasmi Roterodami Colloquia. Cum notis selectis Variorum, Addito Indice novo. Delphis apud Adrianum Beman. Lugd. Bat. apud Samuelem Luchtmans. 1729. Von diesen Ausgaben repræsentieren 1 und 2 die älteste Gestalt; 4 und 5 die jüngste; 3 nimmt auch textgeschichtlich eine Mittelstellung ein. Heywood hat offenbar nach 3, oder einer Ausgabe dieses Typus gearbeitet. Alle die Varianten, welche für diese Frage belanglos erschienen, habe ich übergangen. Von den Noten der alten Commentatoren habe ich einige, die mir für das Verständniss von Heywood's Text von Interesse zu sein schienen, stehn lassen.

[2]) *Horrenda narras*] Ex abrupto incipit colloquium more comœdiarum.

[3]) Diese vier Wörter sind von dem Herausgeber der Ausg. 1541 vergessen worden.

AN. Quid, obsecro? AD. Nox erat sublustris, et in summo malo stabat quidam e nautis in galea, sic enim vocant, opinor, circumspectans, si quam terram videret. Huic cœpit assistere sphæra quædam ignea. Id nautis tristissimum ostentum est, si quando solitarius ignis est; felix, cum gemini. Hos vetustas credidit Castorem et Pollucem. AN. Quid illis cum nautis, quorum alter fuit eques, alter pugil? AD. Sic visum est poetis. Nauclerus, qui clavo assidebat: Socie, inquit (nam eo nomine se mutuo compellant nautæ) videsne quod sodalitium tibi claudat latus? Video, respondit ille, et precor, ut sit felix. Mox globus igneus delapsus per funes devolvit sese usque ad nauclerum. AN. Num ille exanimatus est metu? AD. Nautæ assuevere monstris. Ibi paulisper commoratus, volvit se per margines totius navis; inde per medios foros dilapsus evanuit. Sub meridiem cœpit magis ac magis incrudescere tempestas. Vidistine unquam Alpes? AN. Vidi. AD. Illi montes verrucæ sunt, si conferantur ad undas maris. Quoties tollebamur in altum, licuisset lunam digito contingere; quoties demittebamur, videbamur, dehiscente terra, recta ire in Tartara. AN. O insanos, qui se credunt mari! AD. Nautis frustra luctantibus cum tempestate, tandem nauclerus totus pallens nos adiit. AN. Is pallor præsagit aliquod magnum malum. AD. Amici, inquit, desii esse dominus navis meæ; vicere venti; reliquum est, ut spem nostram collocemus in Deo, et quisque se paret ad extrema. AN. O vere Scythicam concionem [1])! AD. In primis autem, inquit, exoneranda est navis; sic jubet necessitas durum telum [2]); præstat consulere vitæ dispendio rerum, quam simul cum rebus interire. Persuasit veritas: projecta sunt in mare plurima vasa plena pretiosis mercibus. AN. Hoc erat vere jacturam facere. AD. Aderat Italus quidam, qui legatum egerat apud regem Scotiæ. Huic erat scrinium plenum vasis argenteis, anulis, panno, ac vestimentis sericis. AN. Is nolebat decidere cum mari? AD. Non; sed cupiebat aut perire cum amicis opibus suis, aut simul cum illis servari. Itaque refragabatur. AN. Quid nauclerus? AD. Per nos, inquit, liceret tibi cum tuis perire solum; sed æquum non est, ut nos omnes tui scrinii causa periclitemur. Alioqui te una cum scrinio dabimus in mare præcipitem. AN. Orationem vere nauticam. AD. Sic Italus quoque jacturam fecit, multa mala precans et superis et inferis, quod suam vitam elemento tam barbaro credidisset. AN. Agnosco vocem Italicam [3]). AD. Paulo post venti nihilo mitiores facti nostris muneribus, rupere funes, disjecere vela. AN. O calamitatem! AD. Ibi rursus nos adit nauta. AN. Concionaturus? AD. Salutat: Amici, inquit, tempus hortatur, ut

[1]) *Scythicam concionem*] Id est: duram. Vide proverb. Σκυθῶν ῥῆσις.

[2]) *Necessitas*] Alludit ad illud Plinii: *Maximum telum necessitas* [Im Plinius habe ich das Dictum nicht gefunden. Mein College Remy verweist mich auf Livius, IV, 28: *necessitate, quæ ultimum ac maximum telum est*].

[3]) *Vocem Italicam*] Nam Itali magno stomacho *barbarum* vocant quidquid est peregrinum.

unusquisque se Deo commendet, ac morti se præparet. Rogatus a quibusdam nauticæ rei non imperitis, ad quot horas se crederet posse tueri navem, negavit se posse polliceri quicquam, sed ultra
50 tres horas non posse. AN. Hæc concio durior etiam erat priore. AD. Haec ubi locutus est, jubet incidi funes omnes, ac malum usque ad thecam, cui inseritur, incidi serra, ac simul cum antennis devolvi in mare. AN. Cur hoc? AD. Quoniam sublato aut lacero velo erat oneri, non usui : tota spes erat in clavo. AN. Quid interea vectores? AD. Ibi
55 vidisses miseram rerum faciem : nautæ canentes *Salve Regina,* implorabant matrem Virginem, appellantes eam stellam maris, reginam cœli, dominam mundi, portum salutis, aliisque multis titulis illi blandientes, quos nusquam illi tribuunt sacræ litteræ. AN. Quid illi cum mari, quæ nunquam, opinor, navigavit? AD. Olim Venus
60 agebat curam nautarum, quia nata credebatur ex mari. Ea quoniam desiit curare, suffecta est huic matri non virgini, Virgo mater. AN. Ludis. AD. Nonnulli procumbentes in tabulas, adorabant mare, quicquid erat olei effundentes in undas, non aliter illi blandientes, quam solemus irato principi. AN. Quid aiebant? AD. O clementissi-
65 mum mare, o generosissimum mare, o ditissimum mare, o formosissimum mare, mitesce, serva. Hujusmodi multa occinebant surdo mari. AN. Ridicula superstitio. Quid alii? AD. Quidam nihil aliud quam vomebant; plerique vota nuncupabant. Aderat Anglus quidam, qui promittebat montes aureos Virgini Walsamgamicæ, si vivus attigisset
70 terram. Alii multa promittebant ligno crucis, quod esset in tali loco; alii rursum, quod esset in tali loco. Idem factum est de Maria Virgine, quæ regnat multis in locis; et putant votum irritum, nisi locum exprimas. AN. Ridiculum : quasi divi non habitent in cœlis. AD. Erant, qui se promitterent fore Carthusianos [1]). Erat unus, qui
75 polliceretur, se aditurum divum Jacobum, qui habitat Compostellæ, nudis pedibus et capite, corpore tantum lorica ferrea tecto, ad hæc cibo emendicato. AN. Nemo meminit Christophori? AD. Unum audivi non sine risu, qui clara voce, ne non exaudiretur, polliceretur Christophoro, qui est Lutetiæ in summo templo, mons verius, quam
80 statua, cereum tantum, quantus esset ipse. Haec cum vociferans, quantum poterat, identidem inculcaret, qui forte proximus assidebat [2]) illi notus, cubito tetigit eum, ac submonuit : Vide quid pollicearis : etiamsi rerum omnium tuarum auctionem facias, non fueris solvendo. Tum ille voce jam pressiore, ne videlicet exaudiret Christophorus :
85 Tace, inquit, fatue; an credis, me ex animi sententia loqui? Si semel contigero terram, non daturus sum illi candelam sebaceam. AN. O

[1]) *Carthusianos*] Et id singulare præ cæteris votum, quandoquidem Carthusiani strictissimam vitæ regulam, magis quam alii monachi, observant.

[2]) Statt *assidebat* lesen die sub 4 und 5 genannten Ausg. *assistebat*, was z. B. auch schon in der Ausg. Lugd. ap. Seb. Gryphium, 1538, erscheint. Heywood: 420 *sate*; unter Berüeksichtigung der Lage allerdings wenig wahrscheinlich.

crassum ingenium! Suspicor, fuisse Batavum [1]). AD. Non; sed erat Zelandus. AN. Miror, nulli in mentem venisse Paulum apostolum, qui ipse olim navigarit et fracta navi desilierit in terram. Is enim haud
90 ignarus mali [2]), didicit miseris succurrere. AD. Pauli nulla erat mentio. Precabantur interim? AD. Certatim. Alius canebat *Salve Regina;* alius *Credo in Deum.* Erant, qui peculiares quasdam preculas habebant, non dissimiles magicis adversus periculas. AN. Ut afflictio facit religiosos! Rebus secundis, nec Deus, nec divus quisquam nobis venit in
95 mentem. Quid tu interea? Nulli divorum nuncupabas vota? AD. Nequaquam! AN. Cur ita? AD. Quia non paciscor cum divis. Quid est enim aliud quam contractus juxta formulam : *Do, si facias*; aut : *Faciam, si facias*; *Dabo cereum, si enatem*; *Ibo Romam, si serves?* AN. At implorabas alicujus divi præsidium? AD. Ne id quidem. AN. Quam
100 ob rem autem? AD. Quia spatiosum est cœlum. Si cui divo commendaro meam salutem, puta sancto Petro, qui fortasse primus audiet, quod adstet ostio, prius quam ille conveniat Deum, prius quam exponat causam, ego jam periero. AN. Quid igitur faciebas? AD. Recta adibam ipsum patrem, dicens : *Pater noster, qui es in cœlis.* Nemo
105 divorum illo citius audit, aut libentius donat, quod petitur. AN. Sed interea non reclamabat tibi conscientia? Non verebaris appellare patrem, quem tot sceleribus offenderas? AD. Ut ingenue dicam, deterrebat nonnihil conscientia; sed mox recipiebam animum, ita mecum cogitans : Nullus est pater tam iratus filio, quin, si videat eum pericli-
110 tantem in torrente aut lacu, capillis arreptum ejiciat in ripam. Inter omnes nullus se tranquillius agebat quam mulier quædam, cui erat infantulus in sinu, quem lactabat. AN. Quid illa? AD. Sola nec vociferabatur, nec flebat, nec pollicitabatur; tantum complexa puellum precabatur tacite. Interea dum navis subinde illideretur vado, nau-
115 clerus metuens ne tota solveretur, rudentibus eam cinxit a prora et a puppi. AN. O misera præsidia! AD. Interim exoritur quidam sacrificus senex, annos natus sexaginta; nomen erat Adamus; is abjectis vestibus usque ad indusium, abjectis etiam ocreis et calceis, jussit, ut omnes itidem pararemus nos ad natandum. Atque ita stans in medio
120 navis, concionatus est nobis ex Gersone quinque veritates de utilitate confitendi, hortatus omnes, ut se quisque præpararet et vitæ et morti. Aderat et Dominicanus quidam. His confessi sunt, qui volebant. AN. Quid tu? AD. Ego videns omnia plena tumultus, tacite confessus sum Deo, damnans apud illum meam injustitiam, et implorans illius
125 misericordiam. AN. Quo migraturus, si sic perisses? AD. Hoc commit-

[1]) *Batavum*] Respicit procul dubio ad versum Martialis : *Cujus nequitias jocosque novit, aurem qui modo non habet Batavam* [Epigr. VI, 82, 5-6]. Ubi auris Batava pro agresti, tetrica, ineleganti. Die Ausgabe von 1541 hat einfacher und ansprechend : vulgari joco Batavi dicuntur crassi.

[2]) *Haud ignarus*] Respicit autor ad Virgilianum illud :
Non ignara mali, miseris succerrere disco [Aen. I, 634].

tebam judici Deo. Neque enim volebam esse mei ipsius judex. Tamen bona quædam spes interim habebat animum meum. Dum haec aguntur, redit ad nos nauta lacrimabundus. Paret, inquit, se quisque; nam navis non erit nobis usui ad quartam horæ partem. Jam enim
130 locis aliquot convulsa, hauriebat mare. Paulo post nauta renunciat nobis, se videre procul turrim sacram, adhortans, ut divi, quisquis esset ejus templi præses, auxilium imploraremus. Procumbunt omnes, et orant ignotum divum. AN. Si nomine compellassetis eum, audisset [1]). AD. Erat ignotum. Interim nauclerus, quantum potest, eo navim
135 dirigit jam laceram jam undique combibentem undas, ac plane dilapsuram, ni rudentibus fuisset subcincta. AN. Dura rerum conditio! AD. Eo provecti sumus, ut ejus loci incolæ prospicerent nos periclitantes. Ac procurrentes catervatim in extremum litus, sublatis togis, et galeris in lanceas impositis [2]), invitabant ad sese; ac
140 jactatis in cœlum brachiis, significabant, se deplorare nostram fortunam. AN. Expecto, quid evenerit. AD. Jam mare totam navim occuparat, ut nihilo tutiores essemus futuri in navi, quam in mari. AN. Hic ad sacram ancoram confugiendum erat. AD. Imo ad miseram. Nautæ scapham exonerant aqua, ac demittunt
145 in mare. In hanc omnes sese conantur conjicere, nautis magno tumultu reclamantibus, scapham non esse capacem tantæ multitudinis; arriperet sibi quisque, quod posset, ac nataret. Res non patiebatur lenta consilia : alius arripit remum, alius contum, alius alveum, alius situlam, alius tabulam; ac suo quisque præsidio
150 nitentes, committunt se fluctibus. AN. Quid interim accidit illi mulierculæ, quæ sola non ejulabat? AD. Illa omnium prima pervenit ad litus. AN. Qui potuit? AD. Imposueramus eam repandæ tabulæ, et sic alligaveramus, ut non facile posset decidere; dedimus illi tabellam in manum, qua vice remi uteretur; ac bene precantes exposuimus in
155 fluctus, conto protrudentes, ut abesset a navi, unde erat periculum. Illa læva tenens infantulum, dextra remigabat. AN. O viraginem! AD. Cum jam nihil superesset, quidam avulsit ligneam statuam Virginis matris, jam putrem atque excavatam a soricibus, eamque complexus cœpit natare. AN. Scapha pervenit incolumis? AD. Nulli prius periere.
160 Porro triginta sese in eam conjecerant. AN. Quo malo fato id factum est? AD. Prius quam posset se liberare a magna nave, illius vacillatione subversa est. AN. O factum male! Quid tum? AD. Ego, dum aliis consulo, pene perieram. AN. Quo pacto? AD. Quia nihil supererat aptum natationi. AN. Illic subera fuissent usui. AD. In eo rerum
165 articulo maluissem vile suber quam candelabrum aureum. Circumspicienti tandem venit in mentem de ima mali parte. Eam quoniam solus eximere non poteram, adscisco socium. Huic ambo innixi, committimus nos mari, sic ut ego dextrum cornu tenerem, ille lævum.

[1]) Die sub 4 und 5 erwähnten Ausgaben : fortassis audisset.
[2]) Ausg. 1, 2 und 3 : sublatis togis et galeris in lanceas.

Dum sic jactamur, sacrificus ille concionator nauticus medium
170 injecit se in humeros nostros. Erat autem ingenti corpore. Exclamamus : Quis ille tertius? Is perdet nos omnes. Ille contra placide : Sitis, inquit, bono animo; sat spatii est. Deus aderit nobis. AN. Cur ille tam sero cœpit esse natator? AD. Imo futurus erat in scapha, una cum Dominicano; nam omnes hoc honoris illis[1]) deferebant; sed quanquam erant
175 invicem confessi in navi, tamen obliti, nescio quid circumstantiarum, rursus ibi in ora navis confitentur, et alter alteri manum imponit; interim scapha perit : nam hæc mihi narravit Adamus. AN. Quid actum de Dominicano? AD. Is, ut idem narrabat, implorata divorum ope, abjectis vestibus, nudum se commisit natationi. AN. Quos divos
180 invocabat? AD. Dominicum, Thomam, Vincentium, et nescio quem Petrum, sed in primis fidebat Catharinæ Senensi. AN. Christus illi non veniebat in mentem? AD. Ita narrabat sacrificus. AN. Melius enatasset, si non abjecisset sacram cucullam; ea deposita, qui potuit illum agnoscere Catharina Senensis? Sed perge narrare de te. AD.
185 Dum adhuc volveremur juxta navim, arbitrio fluctuum huc et illuc se volventem, clavus illisus fregit femur ejus, qui tenebat lævum cornu. Sic ille revulsus est; sacrificus precatus illi requiem æternam, successit in locum illius, adhortans me, ut magno animo tuerer cornu meum, ac strenue moverem pedes. Interim potabamus multum aquæ
190 salsæ. Adeo Neptunus nobis non balneum tantum salsum, sed potionem etiam salsam temperarat, quanquam sacrificus ei rei monstraret remedium. AN. Quod, obsecro? AD. Quoties unda nobis occurreret, ille opposuit occipitium, ore clauso. AN. Strenuum senem mihi narras. AD. Ubi jam aliquandiu sic natantes nonnihil promovisse-
195 mus, sacrificus, quoniam erat miræ proceritatis : Bono, inquit, es animo; sentio vadum. Ego non ausus tantum sperare felicitatis : Longius, inquam, absumus a litore, quam ut vadum sperandum sit. Imo, inquit, sentio pedibus terram. Est, inquam, fortassis e scriniis aliquod, quod huc devolvit mare. Imo, inquit, scalptu digitorum
200 plane sentio terram. Cum adhuc aliquandiu natassemus, ac rursus sentiret vadum : Tu fac, inquit, quod tibi videtur factu optimum, ego tibi cedo malum totum, et vado me credo ; simulque expectato fluctuum decessu, pedibus secutus est, quanto potuit cursu. Rursus accedentibus undis, utraque manu complexus utrumque genu, obni-
205 tebatur fluctui, occultans sese sub undis, quemadmodum solent mergi et anates; rursus abeunte fluctu promicabat et currebat. Ego videns hoc illi succedere, sum imitatus. Stabant in arena qui porrectis inter se prælongis hastilibus fulciebant sese adversus impetum undarum viri robusti, et fluctibus assueti, sic ut ultimus hastam
210 porrigeret adnatanti. Ea contacta, omnibus in litus se recipientibus, tuto pertrahebatur in siccum. Hac ope servati sunt aliquot. AN. Quot? AD. Septem; verum ex his duo soluti sunt tepore, admoti igni.

[1]) Ausg. 4 und 5 : illi. Heywood 624 : them.

AN. Quot eratis in navi? AD. Quinquaginta octo. AN. O sævum mare! Saltem decimis fuisset contentum, quæ sufficiunt sacerdotibus! Ex
215 tanto numero tam paucos reddidit? AD. Ibi experti sumus incredibilem gentis humanitatem, omnia nobis mira alacritate suppeditantis, hospitium, ignem, cibum, vestes, viaticum. AN. Quæ gens erat? AD. Hollandica. AN. Ista nihil humanius, cum tamen feris nationibus cincta sit. Non repetes, opinor, posthac Neptunum. AD. Non, nisi
220 mihi Deus ademerit sanam mentem. AN. Et ego malim audire tales fabulas, quam experiri [1]).

[1]) Ich kann hier die Vermutung nicht unterdrücken, dass dieser Dialog auch den ersten Akt des unter der Flagge Beaumont und Fletcher's segelnden Stückes *The Sea-Voyage* beeinflusst hat.

II. Proci et Puellæ. [1]

Pamphilus, Maria.

Pa. SAlve crudelis, salve ferrea, salve adamantina. Ma. Salve tandem et tu, Pamphile, quoties et quantum voles, et quocunque libet nomine. Sed interim mihi videris oblitus nominis mei; Maria vocor. Pa. At Martiam dici oportuit. Ma. Quid ita, quæso?
5 Quid mihi cum Marte? Pa. Quia quemadmodum illi deo pro ludo est homines interficere, ita et tibi, nisi quod tu Marte crudelior, occidis etiam amantem. Ma. Bona verba! Ubi nam strages ista mortalium, quos ego occidi? Ubi sanguis interfectorum? Pa. Unum cadaver vides exanime, si modo me vides. Ma. Quid ego audio? Mortuus
10 loqueris et obambulas? Utinam mihi nunquam occurrant umbræ formidabiliores! Pa. Ludis tu quidem, tamen interim miserum exanimas et crudelius occidis, quam si confoderes telo. Nunc longo cruciatu excarnificor miser. Ma. Eho, dic, quot gravidæ ad tuum occursum abortierunt? Pa. Atqui pallor arguit exsanguem magis
15 quam ulla sit umbra. Ma. Atqui iste pallor tinctus est viola. Sic palles ut cerasum maturescens, aut uva purpurascens. Pa. Satis procaciter rides miserum. Ma. Atqui si mihi non credis, admove speculum. Pa. Non optarim aliud speculum, nec arbitror esse clarius ullum, quam in quo nunc me contemplor. Ma. Quod speculum mihi
20 narras? Pa. Oculos tuos. Ma. Argutator, ut semper tui similis es! Sed unde doces, esse exanimem te? An cibum capiunt umbræ? Pa. Capiunt, sed insipidum, qualem ego. Ma. Quibus igitur vescuntur? Pa. Malvis, porris, et lupinis. Ma. Atqui tu non abstines a capis et perdicibus. Pa. Verum; sed interim nihilo plus sapiunt palato
25 meo, quam si malvis vescerer, aut betis absque pipere [2]. Ma. O te miserum! Et tamen perobesulus es! An et loquuntur exanimes? Pa. Sic ut ego, voce perquam exili. Ma. Atqui nuper cum

[1]) Cf. Anm. 1 zu *Naufragium*.
[2]) Ausg. 4 und 5: pipere, vino et aceto; Heywood 821: without salt.

audirem te convicianteni rivali tuo, vox non erat admodum exilis. Sed obsecro te, num etiam ambulant umbræ? Num vestiuntur? Num
30 dormiunt? PA. Etiam coeunt, sed suo more. MA. Næ tu suavis nugator es! PA. Sed quid dices, si argumentis Achilleis [1]) evincam, et me esse mortuum, et te esse homicidam? MA. Absit omen, Pamphile, sed aggredere sophisma. PA. Primum illud mihi donabis, opinor, mortem nihil aliud esse, quam abductionem animæ a corpore. MA.
35 Largior. PA. Sed ita, ut ne reposcas, quod dederis. MA. Non fiet. PA. Tum haud inficiaberis, eum, qui alteri adimit animam, homicidam esse. MA. Accedo. PA. Concedes et illud, quod a gravissimis autoribus dictum, tot seculorum suffragiis comprobatum est : animam hominis non illic esse, ubi animat, sed ubi amat. MA. Istuc
40 explana crassius; non enim satis assequor, quid velis. PA. Et hoc sum infelicior, quod istud non æque sentis atque ego. MA. Fac ut sentiam. PA. Eadem opera fac, ut sentiat adamas. MA. Equidem puella sum, non lapis. PA. Verum; sed adamante durior. MA. Sed perge colligere. PA. Qui corripiuntur afflatu divino, nec audiunt, nec
45 vident, nec olfaciunt, nec sentiunt, etiam si occidas. MA. Audivi sane. PA. Quid conjectas esse in causa? MA. Dic tu, philosophe. PA. Nimirum, quoniam animus est in cœlis, ubi habet quod vehementer amat, et abest a corpore. MA. Quid tum postea? PA. Quid tum, dura? Illud consequitur, et me esse mortuum, et te esse homicidam. MA.
50 Ubi est igitur anima tua? PA. Illic, ubi amat. MA. Quis autem ademit tibi animam? Quid suspiras? Dic libere, dices impune! PA. Crudelissima quædam puella, quam ego tamen ne mortuus quidem odisse possum. MA. Humanum ingenium. Sed cur illi vicissim non adimis suam animam, par pari, quod aiunt, referens? PA. Nihil me
55 felicius, siquidem liceat facere permutationem, sic, ut illius animus vicissim demigret in pectus meum, quemadmodum meus animus totus demigravit in corpus illius. MA. At licetne mihi tecum vicissim paulisper sophistam agere? PA. Sophistriam. MA. Num fieri potest, ut idem corpus sit animatum, et exanime? PA. Non eodem quidem tempore.
60 MA. Cum abest anima, tum mortuum est corpus? PA. Est. MA. Nec animat, nisi cum adest? PA. Esto sane. MA. Qui fit igitur, ut, cum ibi sit, ubi amat, animet tamen corpus, unde dimigravit? Quod si animat, etiam cum amat alibi, quomodo vocatur exanime corpus, quod animatum est? PA. Argutare tu quidem satis sophistice; sed me
65 talibus pedicis non capies. Anima quæ moderatur utcunque corpus animantis, improprie dicitur anima, cum re vera sint tenues quædam animæ reliquiæ, non aliter quam odor rosarum manet in manu, etiam rosa submota. MA. Difficile est, ut video, vulpem capere laqueo. Sed illud responde : Nonne agit, qui occidit? PA. Maxime. MA. Et
70 patitur, qui occiditur? PA. Scilicet. MA. Qui fit igitur, ut, cum qui

[1]) *Argumentis Achilleis*] Achilleum argumentum fortissimum et irrefragabile est.

amat, agat : quæ amatur, patiatur : occidere dicatur quæ amatur [1]), cum amans potius occidat seipsum? PA. Imo contra : qui amat, patitur, quæ amatur, agit. MA. Istuc nunquam evinces apud Areopagitas grammaticos. PA. At evincam apud Amphictyones dialecticos.
75 MA. Verum ne graveris et illud respondere : volens amas, an nolens? PA. Volens. MA. Cum igitur liberum sit non amare, videtur homicida sui quisquis amat, præterque jus accusat puellam. PA. Atqui puella non ideo occidit, quod amatur, sed quod non amat mutuum. Occidit autem quisquis servare potest, nec servat. MA. Quid si juvenis amet
80 inconcessa, hoc est, uxorem alienam, aut virginem Vestalem? Num illa amabit mutuum, ut servet amantem? PA. Sed hic juvenis amat, quod amare fas piumque est, atque etiam æquum et bonum, et tamen occiditur. Quod si leve est homicidii crimen, et veneficii ream peragam. MA. Istuc prohibeant superi. An Circen quampiam ex me
85 facies? PA. Aliquid et ista crudelius. Nam porcus aut ursus esse malim, quam id, quod nunc sum : exanimis. MA. Quo tandem veneficii genere perdo homines? PA. Fascino. MA. An igitur vis, ut posthac abs te deflectam noxios oculos? PA. Bona verba! Imo magis afflecte. MA. Si mihi sunt oculi fascinatores, qui fit, ut non contabescant et
90 cæteri, quos obtueor? Itaque suspicor, fascinum istud esse in tuis oculis, non in meis. PA. Non sat tibi erat jugulare Pamphilum, ni insultes insuper? MA. O lepidum mortuum! Sed quando parabuntur exsequiæ? PA. Opinione tua celerius, ni tu succurras. MA. Egon' rem tantam possum? PA. Potes vel mortuum ad vitam revocare, idque
95 minimo negotio. MA. Si quis mihi porrigat panacen [2]). PA. Nihil opus herbis, tantum redama. Quid autem facilius, imo quid æquius? Non aliter absolveris ab homicidii crimine. MA. Apud quod tribunal peragar rea? Areopagitarum? PA. Non; sed apud tribunal Veneris. MA. Aiunt, deam esse placabilem. PA. Imo nullius ira perinde for-
100 midabilis. MA. Habet fulmen? PA. Non. MA. Habet tridentem? PA. Nequaquam! MA. Habet hastam? PA. Minime, sed est dea maris. MA. Non navigo. PA. Sed habet puerum. MA. Non est formidabilis ætas. PA. Vindicem ac pervicacem. MA. Quid is mihi faciet? PA. Quid faciet? Prohibeant omnes superi. Nolim enim illi male
105 ominari, cui bene volo. MA. Tamen effare; nulla mihi superstitio est. PA. Dicam ergo. Si hunc spreveris amantem, non omnino mutuo indignum amore, nisi fallor, ille fortasse jussu matris immittet tibi pessimo veneno tinctum jaculum, ut in sordidum aliquem depereas, qui te tamen non redamet. MA. Supplicium narras abominandum.
110 Ego sane vel mori præoptarim, quam perdite amare deformem, nec

[1]) Ausg. 1 und 2 : ut cum quæ amat, agat : qui amatur, patiatur : occidere dicatur qui amatur etc. Der oben gegebene Text, den auch Heywood 926-28 wiedergiebt, erscheint m. W. zum ersten Mal in 3.

[2]) *Panacen*] Panace herba, quæ medetur omnibus morbis, unde et nomen habet.

amore mutuo respondentem. PA. Atqui nuper hujus mali fuit exemplum insigniter editum in puellam quandam. MA. Ubi locorum? PA. Aureliæ [1]). MA. Quot anni sunt? PA. Quot anni? Vix sunt menses decem. MA. Puellæ quod erat nomen? Quid hæres? PA. Nihil; novi
115 tanquam te. MA. Quin igitur edis nomen? PA. Quia non placet omen. Utinam alio quovis nomine dicta fuisset! Idem habebat nomen, quod tu. MA. Pater quis erat? PA. Vivit adhuc inter jureconsultos præcipui nominis, re splendida. MA. Adde nomen. PA. Mauricius. MA. Cognomen. PA. Aglaius. MA. Vivitne mater? PA. Nuper reliquit
120 superos. MA. Quo morbo periit? PA. Quo morbo rogas? Mœrore. Et pater, tametsi vir cum primis fortis, periclitabatur. MA. Licetne scire matris quoque nomen? PA. Maxime; Sophronam nemo non novit. Sed quid sibi vult ista percontatio? An me putas apologum comminisci? MA. Egon' de te suspicarer hoc? Hæc suspicio pronior est
125 in sexum nostrum. Sed narra, quid acciderit puellæ. PA. Puella erat honesto loco nata, ut dixi; re lauta, forma perquam eleganti; quid multis? Digna principe marito. Hujus nuptias ambiebat procus quidam, illi non dissimilis. MA. Quo nomine? PA. Hei mihi, offendor omine; Pamphilus et ille dictus est. Illa nihil non tentantem perti-
130 nacissime sprevit. Juvenis dolore contabuit. Nec ita multo post, illa deperire cœpit in quendam, simium verius, quam hominem. MA. Quid ais? PA. Adeo perdite, ut satis dici non queat. MA. Tam elegans puella, tam deformem? PA. Vertice acuminato, raro capillitio, eoque lacero et impexo, furfure ac lendibus oppleto, pleramque cranii
135 cutem nudaverat alopecia, oculis refugis, naribus simis ac sursum hiantibus, ore sparso, dentibus putridis, balbutiente lingua, mento scabioso, scapulas deformabat gibbus, venter prominulus, crura vara. MA. Thersiten quempiam mihi depingis. PA. Imo aiunt illi non fuisse nisi unam auriculam. MA. Altera perierat illi fortasse in bello. PA.
140 Imo in pace. MA. Quis hoc ausus est? PA. Dionysius carnifex. MA. Fortasse formæ infelicitatem pensabat res ampla domi. PA. Imo decoxerat, ac plus quam animam debebat. Cum hoc marito tam insignis puella nunc degit ætatem, ac subinde vapulat. MA. Rem miseram narras. PA. Sed veram. Sic visum est Nemesi, juvenis spreti
145 contumeliam ulcisci. MA. Ego citius optarim extingui fulmine, quam talem ferre maritum. PA. Ergo ne provoca Nemesin, et amantem redama. MA. Siquidem istuc satis est, redamo. PA. Sed optarim istum amorem esse perpetuum ac proprium : conjugem ambio, non amicam. MA. Neque me id fugit; sed diu deliberandum est in eo,
150 quod semel cœptum rescindi non potest. MA. Apud me quidem nimium diu deliberatum est. MA. Vide autem, ne tibi imponat amor, non optimus consultor. Nam cæcum esse ferunt. PA. Sed oculatus est, qui ex judicio nascitur. Non ideo mihi talis videris, quod amem te, sed ideo te amo, quod talem te conspexerim. MA. At vide, ne non

[1]) *Aureliæ*] Urbs nobilissima ad Ligerim, Academia insignis.

155 satis me perspectam habeas. Si calceum induisses, tum demum sentires, qua parte te urgeret. PA. Jacienda est alea, quanquam ego multis auguriis colligo, rem melius cessuram. MA. Etiam augur es? PA. Sum. MA. Quibus igitur auguriis colligis? An volavit noctua? PA. Illa volat stultis. MA. An a dextris advolavit jugum columbarum?
160 PA. Nihil istiusmodi. Sed mihi jam annis aliquot perspecta est probitas tuorum parentum : ea primum avis est non pessima, e bonis prognatam esse. Neque me clam est, quam salubribus monitis, quam sanctis exemplis apud hos sis instituta. Et plus est bene institui, quam bene nasci. Habes alterum augurium. Ad hæc meis majoribus
165 non omnino malis, ni fallor, jam olim cum tuis amicitia non vulgaris intercedit : quin et nos inter nos a teneris, quod aiunt, unguiculis noti sumus; nec male convenit geniis nostris. Jam ætas inter nos, res, dignitas, nobilitas inter utriusque parentes pene paria sunt. Demum, quod est in amicitia præcipuum, tui mores mihi videntur non pessime
170 quadrare ad meum ingenium. Potest enim per se præclarum esse, quod tamen non sit aptum. Quam mei vicissim tuo congruant, nescio. Hæ videlicet aves, mea lux, mihi promittunt fore inter nos felix, perpetuum, ac lætum jucundumque connubium, modo ne tuus animus mali ominis cantionem nobis occinat. MA. Quam cantilenam
175 optas? PA. Ego præcinam : Sum tuus; tu succine : Sum tua. MA. Brevis quidem cantiuncula; sed longum habet epiphonema. PA. Quid refert quam longum, modo lætum? MA. Adeo mihi es invisus, ut nolim te committere, cujus in posterum pœniteat. PA. Desine male ominari. MA. Fortassis alia tibi videbor, ubi morbus aut ætas
180 hanc formam immutaverit. PA. Nec hoc corpus, o bona, semper erit æque succulentum. Sed ego non contemplor tantum istud undique florens et elegans domicilium; hospitem magis adamo. MA. Quem hospitem? PA. Animum istum tuum, cujus decor semper cum ætate crescet. MA. Næ tu plus quam Lynceus es, si istum perspicis per tot
185 tectoria. PA. Animum animo perspicio. Ad hæc in communibus liberis subinde repubescemus. MA. Sed interim perit virginitas. PA. Verum. Sed, eho, dic mihi, si tibi esset elegans pomarium, optares illic nihil unquam gigni præter flores; an malles, delapsis floribus, videre arbores maturis pomis gravidas? MA. Ut argutatur! PA.
190 Saltem illud responde, utrum est elegantius spectaculum, vitis humi jacens et computrescens, an amplexa palum aut ulmum, eamque purpureis uvis degravans? MA. Responde tu mihi vicissim, utrum spectaculum amœnius, rosa nitens et lactea in suo frutice, an decerpta digitis ac paulatim marcescens? PA. Ego rosam existimo
195 feliciorem, quæ marcescit in hominis manu, delectans interim et oculos et nares, quam quæ senescit in frutice. Nam et illic futurum erat, ut marcesceret. Quemadmodum felicius est vinum, quod bibitur, ante quam acescat. Quanquam non statim marcescit flos puellæ, si nupserit : imo video multas, quæ ante nuptias pallebant, languebant,
200 ac velut extabescebant, ex congressu viri sic enituisse, ut tum demum

florere cœperint. MA. Attamen favorabilis ac plausibilis apud omnes est virginitas. PA. Elegans quidem res puella virgo; sed quid prodigiosius anu virgine? Nisi matri tuæ defluxisset flos ille, nos istum flosculum non haberemus. Quod si, ut spero, non sterile
205 fuerit nostrum conjugium, pro una virgine multas dabimus. MA. Attamen aiunt, rem Deo gratissimam esse castitatem. PA. Et ideo castam puellam mihi cupio nubere, ut cum illa caste vivam. Magis erit animorum, quam corporum conjugium. Gignemus reipublicæ, gignemus Christo. Quantulum aberit hoc matrimonium a virginitate?
210 Et fortassis olim sic convivemus, quemadmodum vixit cum Maria Joseph. Sed interim discemus virginitatem [1]). Non enim statim pervenitur ad summum. MA. Quid ego audio? Violanda virginitas, ut discatur? PA. Quid ni? Quemadmodum paulatim bibendo vinum parcius, discimus esse abstemii. Uter tibi videtur temperantior, qui
215 in mediis deliciis accumbens abstinet, an qui semotus ab his, quæ provocant intemperantiam? MA. Arbitror eum fortius temperantem, quem parata copia non potest corrumpere. PA. Utri verius debetur laus castitatis, eine qui semet exsecat, an qui membris integris tamen abstinet a Venere? MA. Equidem posteriori, meo calculo,
220 tribuerim laudem castitatis, priori dementiam. PA. At qui voto adstricti abjurant matrimonium, nonne quodammodo exsecant sese? MA. Videtur. PA. Jam non est virtus non coire. MA. An non est? PA. Sic accipe. Si per se virtus esset, non coire, vitium esset coire. Nunc incidit, ut vitium sit, non coire, coire virtus. MA. Quando hoc incidit?
225 PA. Quoties ab uxore jus suum petit maritus, præsertim si prolis amore quærit complexum. MA. Quid si lasciviat? Non est fas negare? PA. Fas est monere, vel rogare potius blandius, ut temperet; pernegare instanti fas non est. Quanquam hac quidem in parte raras audio querelas maritorum de suis uxoribus. MA. At dulcis est
230 libertas. PA. Imo gravis est sarcina virginitas. Ego tibi rex ero, tu mihi regina; imperabimus familiæ nostro arbitratu. An tibi videtur ista esse servitus? MA. Vulgus conjugium capistrum vocat. PA. Sed ipsi vero capistro digni sunt, qui sic vocant. Dic mihi, quæso, an non animus tuus est alligatus corpori? MA. Videtur. PA. Non
235 aliter, quam avicula caveæ. Et tamen consule illum, an cupiat esse liber. Negabit, opinor. Quam ob rem? Quia libenter est alligatus. MA. Res est utrinque modica [2]). PA. Tanto tutior. Eam tu domi augebis parsimonia, quæ non sine causa dicta est *magnum vectigal*; ego foris industria. MA. Innumeras curas secum adferunt liberi.
240 PA. Sed iidem innumeras voluptates, ac sæpenumero multo cum fœnore reponunt parentibus officium. MA. Misera quædam res est

[1]) Dieser Satz fehlt versehentlich in der Ausgabe 1541.
[2]) *Vtrinque modica*] Id est : nec mihi nec tibi ampla domi res est; luculentæ suppetunt opes.

orbitas [1]). Pa. An nunc orba non es? Quid autem opus in re dubia male ominari? Dic mihi, utrum malles nunquam nasci, an nasci moritura? Ma. Equidem malim nasci moritura. Pa. Sic miserior est
245 orbitas, quæ prolem nec habuit, nec habitura est; quemadmodum feliciores sunt, qui vixerunt, quam qui nec nati sunt, nec nascentur unquam. Ma. Qui sunt isti, qui non sunt, nec erunt? Pa. Quanquam qui recuset ferre casus humanos, quibus omnes ex æquo sumus obnoxii, sive plebei sumus, sive reges, is e vita migret
250 oportet; et tamen quicquid acciderit, tu non feres nisi dimidium, ego majorem portionem in me transferam. Ita si quid acciderit læti, gemina fiet voluptas; si quid mali, societas adimet dimidium ægritudinis. Mihi vero, si fata vocent, dulce fuerit vel immori tuis complexibus. Ma. Facilius ferunt homines, quod juxta communes
255 naturæ leges accidit; sed video, quanto plus molestiarum adferunt nonnullis parentibus liberorum mores, quam mortes. Pa. Istius rei ne quid accidat, maxima ex parte in nobis situm est. Ma. Qui sic? Pa. Quoniam fere boni nascuntur ex bonis, quod ad indolem attinet; neque enim e columbis nascuntur milvii. Dabimus igitur operam,
260 ut ipsi boni simus. Deinde curabimus, liberos nostros ab ipso statim lacte, sanctis præceptis et opinionibus imbuendos. Plurimum refert, quid infundas rudi testulæ. Ad hæc curabimus, ut domi habeant exemplum vitæ, quod imitentur. Ma. Difficile est, quod narras. Pa. Nec mirum, quia pulchrum est [2]), atque ob hoc ipsum tu quoque
265 difficilis es. At tanto studiis acrioribus huc enitemur. Ma. Habebis sequacem materiam, tu vide, ut me formes fingasque. Pa. Sed interim pronuncia tria verba. Ma. Nihil facilius; sed verba simul atque semel evolarint, non revolant. Dabo consilium utrique commodius: Ages cum tuis ac meis parentibus, ut utrorumque volun-
270 tate res transigatur. Pa. Ambire me jubes; tu potes tribus verbis rem certam reddere. Ma. An possim, nescio; mei juris non sum. Nec sine majorum autoritate olim coibant conjugia. Verum utcunque est, arbitror auspicatius fore nostrum conjugium, si parentum autoritate coeat. Et vestrum est ambire, nobis decorum non est.
275 Gaudet enim rapi virginitas, etiamsi nonnunquam vehementius amemus. Pa. Non pigebit ambire, modo ne me frustretur tuum unius suffragium. Ma. Non frustrabitur, bono animo esto, mi Pamphile. Pa. Tu mihi hic religiosior es, quam vellem. Ma. Imo tu tuum ipsius suffragium apud te prius expende. Nec affectum istum
280 tuum adhibe in consilium, sed rationem. Quod affectus decernit, temporarium est, quod autem dictat ratio, perpetuo solet placere. Pa. Næ tu pulchre philosopharis; itaque parere certum est tuis consiliis. Ma. Non pœnituerit obsequii. Sed heus tu, incidit interim

[1]) *Orbitas*] Orbitas generaliter privatio alicujus rei caræ; specialiter vel ἀτεκνία, et hinc parentes post amissos liberos orbi; vel viduitas.

[2]) *Quia pulchrum est*] Secundum Græcos δύσκολα τὰ καλὰ, *difficilia quæ pulchra.*

scrupulus, qui meum animum male habet. PA. Valeant scrupuli. MA.
285 Vin' me nubere mortuo? PA. Nequaquam! Sed revixero. MA. Amovisti scrupulum [1]). Bene vale, mi Pamphile. PA. Istuc tu cura. MA. Precor tibi lætam noctem. Quid suspiras? PA. Lætam noctem ais? Utinam largiaris, quod precaris. MA. Ne quid præpropere; adhuc tua messis in herba est. PA. Nihilne tui mecum auferam? MA. Hunc
290 pastillum [2]), qui tibi cor exhilaret. PA. Adde saltem osculum. MA. Cupio tibi virginitatem integram et illibatam tradere. PA. An osculum aliquid decerpit virginitati? MA. Vis igitur, ut aliis quoque largiar oscula? PA. Nequaquam! Mihi servari volo mea oscula. MA. Tibi servo. Quanquam est aliud, cur in præsentia nec ausim dare
295 osculum. PA. Quid istuc? MA. Ais, tuum animum pene totum demigrasse in corpus meum; in tuo quam minimum superesse. Vereor itaque, ne in osculo hoc ipsum, quod in te superest, transiliat in me, tuque jam totus fias exanimis. Accipe igitur dextram, mutui amores symbolum, ac bene vale. Tu gnaviter rem gere. Ego
300 interim Christum comprecabor, ut, quod agitur, utrique nostrum velit esse felix ac faustum.

[1]) Ausg. 1 und 2: scrupum; wohl reiner Druckfehler.

[2]) *Hunc pastillum*] Pastillus est sphærula ex odoribus confecta, quam manibus circumferunt.

III. Earth and Age.[1]

INTERLOQUUNTUR:

TERRA, AETAS, HOMO, et alii plerique.

Terra.

Quis mihi tot linguas, quot creditur Argus ocellis
Perdius et pernox Phariam servasse juvencam,
Praebuerit? Quis tot mihi conferet ora, quot annos
Garrula fatiloquis ascribit fama Sybillis?
5 Quis tot praebuerit fibras, quot vana deorum
Milia primorum veteres habuisse dierum
Ascrei referunt monumenta diserta poetae?
Ferrea quis dederit tot guttura, quot tibi, Xerxes,
Spicula fecerunt stupidum tenebrescere Phœbum?
10 Quis tot inundantes lacrymarum det mihi rivos
Immersum quot propter equum te, Cyre, vetustas
Audacem memorat sparsisse in flumina Gangem?
Quis tot verborum clamosa tonitrua mœstae
Suppeditet? Stomacho tot flumina rauca latranti
15 Quot Romanorum ferales milia Cannae
Fecistis patrio post arma carere sepulchro?
Mi dolor est, quem nec verbis aequare, nec ullo

(1) Dem Text liegt folgende Ausgabe zu Grunde: Dialogi aliquot Ioannis Ra. Textoris Nivernensis hactenus non editi, studiosæ iuuentuti vtiles & iucundi. adiecta sunt animi gratia eiusdem epigrammata aliquot non inutilia. s. l. [Parisiis]; 1530. Veneunt apud Reginaldum Chaudiere [Hiernach berichtige Holthausens Angaben in *Engl. Stud.*, 31, p. 78]. Die Ausgabe: Ioan. Ravisii Textoris Nivernen. Dialogi aliquot etc, Parisiis, apud Hieronymum de Marnef, et Gulielmum Cauellat, 1576 wurde verglichen.

Flere satis gemitu liceat. Phaetonte ruinam
Perpesso, multum viduae flevere sorores;
20 Nunc quoque rugosis stillare electra feruntur
Corticibus. Multum caesis ab Apollinis arcu
Pignoribus doluit Niobe, dum corpore verso
Facta lapis riguit. Vehemens dolor Orphea rosit,
Dum misera Eurydice calcato extincta colubro
25 Suavidicae cantu citharae exorata recessit
In furvas iterum tenebras. Tibi vulnus acerbum
Cor pupugit, misera Andromache, rabiesque cruenta,
Dum post occisi lacrymas fletusque mariti
Parvulus Astyanax, patrii solamen amoris,
30 Aeriae cecidit praeceps e culmine turris.
Et multum doluit multum miserabilis Ægeus,
Dum pullo, credens occisum Thesea, velo
Praebuit Ægeo nomen lacrymabile ponto.
Tormentum magni passa est Iocasta doloris,
35 Dum vidit caesos alterno vulnere natos.
Æger multa tibi traxit suspiria pulmo,
Daedale, dum fictis nimium temerarius alis
Icarus undigenas immerso corpore pisces
Pavit et Icareis nova nomina contulit undis.
40 Conticeo Prognes gemitus post stupra mariti,
Authonoes lacrymas laniato Acteone, fletus
Antigones caecum Oedipodem per saxa trahentis.
Omnia si numeres aevi tormenta prioris
Sive breves Gyaros (1), seu vincula, sive reorum
45 Pauperiem, aerumnas, tenebras, ergastula, fletus,
Sive homicidarum furcas, vilescere cuncta
Agnoces, habita nostri ratione doloris.
Nil erit attacto colubri periisse veneno,
Nil tetricas tolerasse hiemes, nil vulnera mille,
50 Nil donasse cibum jejunis in cruce corvis,
Pascenti catulos nihil occurrisse leaenae.

Aetas.

Quae dea, quae tanto mittis suspiria luctu?

Terra.

Terra, parens rerum.

Aetas.

Quid fles?

Terra.

55 Quid lugeo? nunquid

(1) Vergl. Juvenal, I, 73 : aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum.

Justa datur matri miserae querimonia, natos
Dum videt incerto miseros occumbere fato?

Aetas.

Justa datur.

Terra.

Nunquid dolet immansueta leaena,
60 Si videat catulum notae fortasse cavernae
Ablatum?

Aetas.

Mœret.

Terra.

Nunquid dolet aspera tigris,
Si fœtum crypta nemoris fortasse latentem
65 Perdiderit?

Aetas.

Mœret.

Terra.

Nunquid gallina gemiscit,
Si pullum furax raptarit ab aethere milvus?

Aetas.

Tristatur.

Terra.

70 Nunquid tenerum tristatur ovile,
Si lupus errantes forsan jugulaverit agnos?

Aetas.

Mœret.

Terra.

In umbrosis num mugit buccula silvis,
Si decurrentem vitulum laniaverit ursa?

Aetas.

75 Mugit.

Terra.

Aper quid agit, fœtum si perdidit unum?

Aetas.

Clamat.

Terra.

Ego quid agam, si quicquid profero, quicquid
Procreo, quicquid alo, quicquid gero, quicquid in auras
80 Emitto, videam ad certum decurrere finem?
Quid nonne hoc mirum quod tandem silva putrescit,

Putrescunt frutices, cariemque umbratilis arbos
Sentit, et arescunt foliis morientibus ulmi.

Aetas.

Est mirum.

Terra.

85 Quid quod salices, alnique, rubique,
Quod quercus, quod acer, quod nix, quod spina putrescunt.

Aetas.

Fata jubent.

Terra.

Quid quod multis fabricata diebus
Mœnia, coctilibus quod cincta palatia muris,
90 Quod turres, quod pyramides, quod castra, quod urbes
Ad finem properant?

Aetas.

Cunctarum est linea rerum.

Terra.

Dura quod exigua rodantur marmora gutta,
Quod brevis unda cavat lapidem, quod vincula ferri,
95 Quod Chalybem rubigo terat, quod quaeque teratur
Duricies, sensimque adamas aetate fatiscat,
Non mirum est?

Aetas.

Mirum est, fateor, putrere necesse est.

Terra.

Ferrea quid quod habent finem simulacra deorum;
100 Procerae quid quod statuae, grandesque Colossi,
Templaque marmoreis multum preciosa columnis,
Porticibus spaciosa, tholis miranda sacratis,
Aurea reliquiis, exili tempore finem
Accipiunt?

Aetas.

105 Ita diis placitum.

Terra.

Sententia divum
Ferrea. Frugipara quicquid tellure creatum
Prodierit, quicquid gremio fecunda crearit
Terra suo, quicquid sancto sobolescere partu
110 Fecerit in cariem verti absumique necesse est.

Aetas.

Expedit.

Terra.

O rabies et non solabilis angor!

Aetas.

Fata volunt.

Terra.

Quae cœligenis clementia fatis?
115 Nec satis est urbes everti, mœnia frangi,
Marmora consumi, lapides putrescere, turres
Excidere, in cariem statuas transire, ruinam
Castra pati, absumi carie atque rubigine ferrum,
Amissisque prius foliis putrescere silvas,
120 Ni pariter pereant homines, et more caducae
Vanescant bullae, currantque ad spicula mortis.

Aetas.

Fata volunt.

Terra.

Quae cœligenis clementia fatis?
Sed dum me varia verborum ambage moraris
125 Quae dea, dic nomen.

Aetas.

Vocor Aetas.

Terra.

Falsa virago!
Tu sola es, quae cuncta rapis, quae tempore cuncta
Destruis, et dubiae submittis cuncta ruinae.
130 Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa virago
Omnia corrumpis.

Aetas.

Rebus finem esse caducis
Fata volunt.

Terra.

Ubi pyramides, dic, improba leaena,
135 Barbara quas longo fabricavit tempore Memphis
Artificum multis sudoribus?

Aetas.

Omnia finem accipiunt.

Terra.

Ubi nunc Pharos insula, grande sepulchrum
Mausoli, et triviae moles speciosa Dianae,
140 Dic, meretrix?

Aetas.

Abiere.

Terra.

Ubi nunc Tarpeia moles,
Centifores Thebae, Babilon circundata muris
Coctilibus, grandis Ninive, sublime theatrum
145 Caesaris, et Rhodii simulachrum informe Colossi.

Aetas.

Praevisae superis jam succubuere ruinae.

Terra.

Troja quid est, quid Sparta vetus, quid celsa Corinthus,
Aut enervati Salomonis nobile templum,
Dic, meretrix impura?

Aetas.

150 Suam sensere ruinam.
Tu frustra assiduo verborum fulmine mentem
Concutis, atque dolens querula me voce fatigas,
Terra parens; oculis lacrymarum mittito rivos,
Frange tibi fauces, pulmonem rumpe, medullas
155 Exere, corrumpas stomachum, divellito fibras,
Non poteris certas fatorum rumpere leges.
Certus inest rerum Parcis fatalibus ordo,
Cui nequeunt vires magnorum obsistere regum,
Non bellatorum clipei, non aera potentum,
160 Non oratorum doctrina, aut carmina vatum.

Terra.

Saltem si tanta Parcae feritate trahuntur,
Tantaque cœligenas rapit inclementia divos,
Consule quid faciam.

Aetas.

Aeternis obsistere fatis
165 Non potes, ut verbis desistas pluribus uti.

Terra.

Nolo igitur.

Aetas.

Moneas hominem, qui currit ad umbras,
Qui ruit ad mortis jaculum, ne spem sibi vanis
Collocet in rebus, ne forte superbiat ulla
170 Doctrina, aut opibus, membrorum aut viribus ullis;
Et dicas dites, doctos, fortesque, ruinam
Jam passos.

Terra.

Quantum praebes lenimen acerbo
Mœrori!

Aetas.

175 Nihil est aliud.

Terra.

Parebo, futurum
Quicquid erit. Mortalis homo!

Homo.

Quis tu?

Terra.

Tua mater.

Homo.

180 Quae mater?

Terra.

Quae? Terra.

Homo.

Parens carissima, salus.
Quid quaeris?

Terra.

Doleo, fili.

Homo.

185 Compesce dolorem,
Mater; habesne aliquid quod nos lenire queamus?

Terra.

Non, fili.

Homo.

Quid fles igitur?

Terra.

Scis me esse parentem
190 Cunctorum, quaecunque hominis sibi postulat usus.

Homo.

Esse scio, mater.

Terra.

Scis me producere silvas,
Praebere arboribus succos, educere grana,
Nutrire in gremio lapides, dare vitibus uvas,
195 Quercubus hibernas glandes, producere pisces,
Gignere pennatas volucres, pratis dare fœnum,
Multicomas hortis violas, et gramina campo,
Ac postremo hominem lacrymoso educere partu.

Homo.

Cognosco, mater.

Terra.

200 Doleo, carissime fili,
Quod cum tanta meo sobolescant germina fœtu,
Tot rerum veniant species, tot corpora crescant,
Cuncta tamen rabido morsu mihi conterat aetas:
Haec silvas perimit, consumit marmora, ferrum
205 Atterit, evertit turres, pallatia frangit,
Castra domat, muros laniat, simulachra deorum
In cineres redigit, delubra putrescere cogit.
Quodque magis doleo, lacrymas tormentaque passum
Incertis hominem jugulet scelerata diebus.
210 Propterea caveas, fili, dulcissime fili,
Ne te ullo moveat ventosa superbia fastu.
Hoc facies, fili?

Homo.

Faciam, suavissima mater.

Terra.

Jam primum ne te seducat bellica virtus
215 Immemoremque tuae reddat putredinis, audi
Heroas divis similes, quos labilis aetas
Attrivit, fecitque suo succumbere ferro.

Hector.

Ne quis corporeis fortasse superbiat unquam
Viribus, aut Geticis quod sit validissimus armis,
220 Perpendat nostri fuerit quis terminus aevi:
Ecce ego natorum Priami fortissimus Hector,
Vir magnus bello, quo sospite Pergama nunquam
Argolicis potuere capi ratibusve, dolisve,
Quique Menetiadem falsis Patroclon in armis
225 Occidi, et Graecos violento Marte furentes
Ignavae dare terga fugae plerumque coegi,
Quique decennali Trojam obsidione gravatam
Defendi, solum quem formidavit Achilles:
Succubui fatis, parvum Astyanacta relinquens
230 Uxori viduae. Sic omnia conterit aetas.

Achilles.

Ille ego sum gentis Trojanae terror Achilles,
Olim nervosis excellens viribus, olim
Unica spes Danaum, et cœpti fiducia belli.
Me solum timuere Phryges. Ego solus in armis
235 Notus eram. Solus tibi formidabilis Hector.
Languenti Priamo praestans mihi bellica virtus
Extiterat: validae vires et nobile robur,
Horrescens facies, corpus compactile, nervi

Praestantes, fortes humeri, frons ardua. Tandem
240 Armiferae supplex colerem dum sacra Minervae,
Ecce Paris missa trajecit arundine tergum.
Sic fortes pereunt, sic omnia devorat aetas.

Alexander.

Vita quid est nisi res fragilis, nisi bulla, vel aura,
Vel fumus, cum more pilae revolubilis anni
245 Praetereant, bullaeque instar brevis hora recedat,
Temporaque incautis abeant inopina diebus.
Quod nihil immites possit corrumpere Parcas (1),
Mortis et horriferae vehemens vitare flagellum,
Si nescis, nostri monstrat tibi terminus aevi.
250 Dicor Alexander Macedo, qui solis ab ortu
Herculeae fama transivi litora Calpes,
Gentibus Hesperiis et Eois cognitus agris,
Everti Thebas, Persarum multa cecidi
Milia, Phoenices, Cilicas, bellacibus armis
255 Paphlagones, Persam magna virtute Darium
Ter domui, et validam muris Babylona subegi,
Et post auriferi trajectum flumen Idaspis,
Quatuor excelsum cubitis, palmoque potentem
Edomui Porum, domitum pietate remisi.
260 Quid demum ? Tantis armorum laudibus actis
Ex Indis iterum repetens Babylona superbam,
Hic morbum incurri, atque ibi mors mihi turbida vitam
Abstulit. Instabilis sic omnia devorat aetas.

Sanson.

Egregios bello proavos et Marte potentes
265 Heroas recolat priscorum fama dierum
Miratrix, adeat qua sol utrunque recurrens
Aspicit oceanum, visat primordia Nili
Crescentis, penetret Garamantas sole perustos,
Percurrat Numidas, mutatoresque domorum
270 Sauromatas, refluae perlustret Thetyos amplum
Circuitum, et quicquid tegit alti machina cœli,
Autorum si forte legat monumenta priorum,
Quod conferre meis audebit viribus, usquam
Non erit : ille ego sum robusto corpore Sanson,
275 Robore magnipotens, et viribus Hercule major.
Viventi mihi ludus erat jugulare leones,
Ludus erat cursu volucres praevertere tigres.
Quid quod ego parvi maxilla armatus aselli

(1) Ausg. 1576 : Ah nihil immites potest etc. was auch Heywood vorgelegen zu haben scheint.

Mille Philisteos occidi? Quid quod et urbis
280 Avulsi portas? Fuit haec in corpore virtus.
Sed nec inhumanas mortis vitare sagittas
Evalui. Velox sic omnia devorat aetas.

Terra.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.
Cognoscas, fili, quod quicquid profero, quicquid
285 Nutrio, tempus edax mihi devorat et brevis aetas.
Aspicis ut validus bello decesserit Hector?
Utque Mycenaeus vita spoliatus Achilles
Occiderit, dederitque immundam vermibus escam?
Cernis Alexandrum et validum Sansona, fuerunt
290 Robusti, periere tamen: rapit omnia tempus.
Nunc ne forte tibi fastum praestantia formae
Afferat, aut aliae specioso in corpore dotes,
Audi conspicuas forma ac aetate puellas,
Quas avidis tandem contrivit dentibus aetas.

Helena.

295 O caecos homines, quos formae culta venustas
Erigit et cultus corporis eximius!
Nunc video, video nimium, meminisse necesse est,
Membra hominum fœdis vermibus esse epulas.
Pectimus hos crines et torto nectimus auro,
300 Fasciolaque caput cingimus aureola.
Ornamus fuco faciem, speculoque propinquo
Informes digitis corrigimus maculas.
Arte caput tegimus, faciem deflectimus arte,
Cingimus arte comas, volvimus arte oculos:
305 Et tamen hi crines, hic fucus, et ista venustas,
Et cervix pereunt more fluentis aquae.
Ecce ego pulchra fui, tandem sum facta cadaver,
Nostra caro fœdis vermibus esca data est.
Si nescis, Helena est larva haec umbratilis, olim
310 In Menelaeo rapta puella toro.
Me juvenem rapuit Theseus, raptamque reliquit,
Nec mihi quid, praeter basia pauca, tulit.
Mox Paris insidias thalamo fraudesque paravit,
Susceptus nostro perfidus hospitio.
315 Namque mihi fraudes, et subdola verba tetendit,
Consuluit patrio nescius excidio.
Hoc olidum corpus repetivit mille carinis
Graecia. Pro vili carne quot arma ferunt?
O quam cruda fugax hoc et deforme cadaver
320 Movit in Argivis jurgia principibus!
Tene, Paris, decuit patria post terga relicta

Nobile ventosis tradere corpus aquis,
Ut vilem carnem raperes, hoc putre cadaver,
Membra sepulchrigenis haec data vermiculis?
325 Vosne etiam, Atridae, raptis tot in arma carinis
Longa decennali bella parare odio,
Ut praeda haec vilis patrios remearet ad Argos,
Praeda latrinali stercore fætidior?
Cernite quid pulchra est Helene: nihil est, nisi vermis.
330 Omnia sic aetas devorat atque rapit.

Lais.

Si qua meretrices commendat fabula, si quis
Aut decor, aut formae gloria conspicuae,
Inter formosas ego prima Corinthia Lais,
Prima meretricum lausque decusque fui.
335 Frons mea vicit ebur, facies candore ligustrum,
Lumina erant prima candidiora nive.
Alta fuit cervix, collum breve, mollia labra,
Candore immixto subrubuere genae.
Non aquilus nec simus erat mihi nasus, at omni
340 Parte decens, cygnis candidior facies.
Lascivae gemino surgebant vertice mammae,
Hic ubi lacteolus non nisi rivus erat.
Venter erat paulum tumidus velut esse tenellus
Pavo solet, teneris mollior agniculis.
345 Hic stomachus veluti tenerae praedulce columbae
Guttur, et exiguis se saturans epulis.
Brachia, quis credat, superabant lilia, et herbas
Quas alit Alcinoi luxuriosus ager.
Crura quis inspiceret mediis nisi vellet in undis
350 Uri, vasto etiam mersus in oceano?
Quis tremulos clunes, nisi verso corpore formam
Appeteret modici pulicis in thalamo?
Cernendis pedibus quis declinaret ocellos,
Qui non suppositus quaereret esse lapis?
355 Et tamen hanc faciem, hos oculos, haec labra genasque
Cervicem, crines, tempora, et auriculas,
Hunc stomachum, hunc ventrem, crura haec, haec brachia et istos
Vermibus immundis fata dedere pedes.
360 Disce igitur, formose puer, quod conterit aetas
Omnia; nos omnes pulvis et umbra sumus.

Thisbe.

Illa ego sum forma excellens Babylonica Thisbe,
Nobilis, et puris candidior nivibus.
Nulla fuit toto praestans oriente puella

365 Cui mea non facies invidiosa foret.
Iratum poteram aspectu pacare Tonantem,
Et revocare gravi fulmina torta manu.
Et suspecta tibi fueram Saturnia Juno,
Ne fierem aethereo succuba forte Jovi.
370 Non me vicisset candore Caystrius ales,
Frons erat haec vernis invidiosa rosis.
Nil tamen haec juvit facies, nil grata venustas,
Lumina nil rutilis aemula sideribus,
Quo minus immundos nutrirem corpore vermes.
375 Omnia sic aetas insaturata rapit.

Lucretia.

Quis diviniloquas forma laudare Sybillas
Audeat, aut Grajam prodere Penelopen?
Aut quis conspicuae candorem scribere Didus,
Membraque amatricis candida Leucadiae?
380 Ecce ego candidior niveis Lucretia cygnis,
Totaque plumeolis mollior anseribus,
Et cera tractabilior, peponeque molli
Mollior, et tenera dulcior auricula.
Hoc ego tam pulchro nutrivi corpore vermes,
385 Et modico cœpit me brevis urna loco,
Mammaque, qua (1) rigidum flammis ardere Catonem
Prurire et castum cogeret Hippolytum,
In cineres abiit, facta est deforme cadaver
Tam praestans facies, tam speciosa caro.
390 Sic quicquid sibi terra parit, mox devorat aetas,
Una eadem cunctos meta futura manet.

Terra.

Perpendas, fili, formae candore venustae
Non hominem redimi. Caro splendida putre cadaver
Efficitur: cervix, facies, oculique petulci,
395 Auriculae, frons, labra, genae, stomachusque, uterusque
In cineres abeunt. Sic omnia conterit aetas.
Neve aliis homines redimi tibi forte putentur
Dotibus, arrectis paulum auribus esto: docebunt
Perdocti, dites, aliique, occumbere quicquid
400 Terra suo partu peperit. Nunc comprime linguam.

Virgilius.

Si quis doctrinae causa sua cornua tollit,
Aut instar Samii pavonis forte superbit,
Insanit, peccat, dementit, deviat, errat.
Ille ego doctorum princeps et gloria vatum

(1) qua = quae sollte kurz sein.

405 Virgilius, quem teli potens adamabat Apollo,
Cuique etiam sacrae semper favere Camœnae,
Et cui frondicomae Dryades simul atque Napeae
Herbicomae violis caput ornavere decoris,
Induperatorum nitidas accitus ad aulas,
410 Ad metuendorum tractus convivia regum
Occubui. Mihi frondipetas pavisse capellas,
Frugiparae docuisse modum telluris arandae,
Longa decennalis cantasse homicidia belli
Quid frugis ? Pavi vermes ut verna Canopi,
415 Sicut ad Euphratem natus (1), nihil ergo poesis
Profuit. Instabilis sic omnia devorat aetas.

Xerxes.

Ne quem multarum fortasse opulentia rerum
Inflet, et insolito cristas assumere fastu
Cogat, et annosae sibi spem praeponere vitae
420 Audiat : ille ego sum regum ditissimus olim
Magnipotens Xerxes, cui tanta pecunia, tanta
Nummorum farrago fuit, tam magna supellex,
Ut pastum dederim, belli stipendia tantis
Militibus, tot collectis oriente catervis,
425 Innumeris quarum jaculis tenebrescere Phœbum
Vidimus, ac te etiam multis, Neptune, carinis,
Perpessum pedicas refugoque abiisse natatu,
Per me qui celso feriebat vertice nubes
Cum velis patefactus Athos. Quid copia rerum
430 Profuit, aut ingens opulentia ? Vadimus umbrae
Persimiles. Mecum Elysiis spatiatur in agris
Crœsus, Pygmalio, Priamus, Crassusque, Midasque,
Quorum mors aetate rapi docet omnia. Dixi.

Nero.

Si qua cruoribibas habeat modo terra tyrannos,
435 Si quis sit Marius, si quis Catilina, vel ullus
Contemptor divum vivat Mezentius, adsit :
Ille ego sum scelerum sentina, apotheca malorum,
Sanguinis humani bibitor, Nero, cujus et ortus
Solis, et occasus noscunt homicidia, cujus
440 Ingluviem et venerem Nili crescentis origo
Novit, et Hesperiae longissima litora Calpes.
Quis nescit mediae me dissecuisse parentis
Viscera, et in media posuisse incendia Roma ?
Quis nescit nostro gladio cecidisse disertos
445 Lucanum et Senecam, truncatae sanguine venae ?
Quis Petrum et Paulum, quis totum pene senatum

(1) Vergl. Juvenal, I, 26 ; 104.

Ignorat crudi gladio cecidisse Neronis?
Quis tandem finis, miseri quis terminus aevi?
Impatiens tandem nimiae feritatis uterque
450 Sexus in arma ruit, puerique, virique, senesque;
Quam populi rabiem metuens calidumque furorem
Occubui propriae violento vulnere dextrae:
Sic Nero mortuus est. Sic omnia devorat aetas.

Sardanapalus.

Si quem mollicies turpisque libidinis usus,
455 Femineaeque movet blanda enervatio formae,
Audiat: ille ego sum praemollis Sardanapalus,
Qui quo liberius meretrices inter olentes
Et fœdas spurcasque lupas corrumpere corpus
Et votis possem illicitis parere jocisque,
460 Femineas sumpsi tunicas, parvisque labellis,
Fucata facie, comptis de more capillis,
Plenos illecebris simulavi corpore gestus.
Sed tandem hoc olidum cœpit brevis urna cadaver.
Omnia sic pereunt. Sic omnia devorat aetas.

Terra.

465 Nonne vides, fili, velut omnia conterat aetas?
Robusti pereunt, formosos accipit urna,
Docti abeunt, dites properant ad fata, Nerones
Occumbunt, lascivi obeunt: rapit omnia tempus.

Homo.

Quid faciam? Castus si vixero non ero salvus
470 Propterea, vivens si flevero, nil mihi fletus
Proderit. Et vivens si risero, nil mihi risus
Obfuerit. Nihil ergo nocet jucunda voluptas.
Quare quicquid erit corpus seu terra cinisve,
Seu vermis, vado ad choreas risusque jocosque.

Terra.

475 Concludam: licet incertis obnoxia fatis
Corpora et in modicos cineres abitura, caducus
Et mortalis homo: videat tamen immemor hujus
Excidii, semper sequitur sibi noxia. Dixi.

IV. Dialoge aus Lucian.

Den griechischen Text der aus Lucian übersetzten Dialoge findet man am bequemsten in :

Luciani Samosatensis Opera ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Graece et latine cum indic. Edit. alt. emendatior. Parisiis, Ed. Ambr. Firmin Didot, 1867, und zwar :

1. (IV) : p. 21 ;	6. (IX) : p. 54 ;	11. (XIV) : p. 96 ;
2. (V) : p. 47 ;	7. (X) : p. 70 ;	12. (XV) : p. 110 ;
3. (VI) : p. 49 ;	8. (XI) : p. 53 ;	13. (XVI) : p. 107 ;
4. (VII) : p. 45 ;	9. (XII) : p. 53 ;	14. (XVII) : p. 113 ;
5. (VIII) : p. 51 ;	10. (XIII) : p. 112 ;	15. (XVIII) : p. 62 ;

Dass Heywood das griechische Original benutzt haben sollte ist a priori *möglich*, wird auch *vielleicht* durch 3459 *seven cocks* = ἐννεάχρουνος bestätigt, da *seven* auf einem lapsus memoriae oder auf flüchtiger Einsicht des griechischen Textes zu beruhen *scheint*. Doch hat H. jedenfalls eine der um 1635 bestehenden lateinischen Übersetzungen ausgiebig zu Hülfe genommen ; dafür spricht zunächst der Umstand, dass die Titel der einzelnen Dialoge die lateinische und nicht die griechische Form der Götternamen aufweisen ; ferner, und ganz besonders, das sonderbare *Tition* in l. 2103 (= titionem). Im Übrigen vergl. meine Bemerkungen zu ll. 3631, 3824, (4095), (4552), 4590.

Von mir wurden u. a. benutzt :

Luciani Samosatensis Opera, quae quidem extant, omnia, e graeco sermone in latinum, partim iam olim diuersis autoribus, partim nunc demum per Iacobum Micyllum, translata. Francoforti, Ap. Christ. Egenolphum Hadamarium. *Col.:* Mense Martio, Anno M. D. XLIII.

Diese Folioausgabe, der die Übersetzungen von Männern wie Erasmus, Melanchton, Thom. More, Willib. Pirckhaimer u. a. einverleibt sind, ist in sofern merkwürdig, als der wackere Micyllus es fertig gebracht hat, den durchsichtigen Titel unseres 18. Dialogs, Θεῶν χρίσις, durch *Deorum judicium* wiederzugeben. Da schon die Octavausgabe Basel 1563 (II, p. 14) *Dearum judicium* liest, Heywood hingegen *Deorum judicium* beibehält, so dürfen wir uns ihn wohl als glücklichen Besitzer der stattlichen Folio 1543 denken.

V. Iupiter and Io.

Dramatisierung von Ovid, *Metam.* I, 568-747.

VI. Apollo and Daphne.

Dramatisierung von Ovid, *Metam.* I, 452-567.

VII. Amphrisa.

Eine Quelle für dieses Stück ist mir nicht bekannt. Den Namen *Amphrisa* wird Heywood nach dem Fluss *Amphrisus* (cf. 6024) gebildet haben. Die *Namen* : *Pelopaea* und *Alope* dürfte er in Anbetracht der durch die class. Mythologie überlieferten Sagen (Roscher, *Lexikon d. gr. und röm. Myth.*, s. v.) gewählt haben.

VIII. Anna and Phillis.

Die Quelle dieses Dialogs ist Vader Cats' *Maechden-Plicht*, von der mir die beiden ältesten holländischen Ausgaben [1]) vorlagen :

1. Maechden-Plicht ofte Ampt der Ionck-vrouwen, in eerbaer Liefde, aen-ghewesen door Sinne-Beelden. Officium Puellarum, in castis Amoribus, Emblemate expressum. Tot Middelburgh, Ghedruckt by Hans vander Hellen, wonende op de Merct inde fransche Galeye. Anno M. DC. XVIII. Cum Privilegio.
2. Iacobi Catzii J. C. Monita amoris virginei, sive Officium Puellarum in castis Amoribus, Emblemate expressum. Maechden-Plicht, ofte Ampt der Ionckvrouwen, In eerbaer liefde aenghewesen door Sinne-Beelden. 't Amstelredam, By Willem Iansz Blaeuw, inde vergulde Sonnewyser. Anno MDCXXII. Cum Privilegio.

Jhr. W. C. M. de Jonge van Ellemeet führt in der zweiten Auflage seines *Museum Catsianum* ('s Gravenhage, Nijhoff, 1887; nicht im Handel), das — beiläufig bemerkt — von Heywood's Übersetzung nirgends spricht, auf p. 8 noch *sieben* vor 1634 erschienene Ausgaben der *Maechden-Plicht* auf [1]).

Da ausser mehr typographischen Verschiedenheiten kein Unterschied zwischen all diesen Ausgaben zu bestehn scheint, so wird es unmöglich sein

[1]) Abadie, *L'Amour Virginal.... de Cats*, Paris, Dentu, 1886, p. XI führt drei undatierte Ausgaben auf, die um 1610 in Paris erschienen sein sollen. de Jonge van Ellemeet hat dieselben jedoch auch in seine *zweite* Auflage nicht aufgenommen.

auszumachen, nach welcher Ausg. Heywood gearbeitet hat. Immerhin sei darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass unter dem Embl. 23 (7372-3) sich in der Ausg. 1618 das *richtige* Citat *Salom. Proverb. c. 25. v. 23* befindet, während in der Ausg. 1622 *c. 15 v. 23* steht. Da nun H. das richtige Citat giebt, könnte man geneigt sein, hieraus zu schliessen, dass ihm bei seiner Übersetzung die I. Ausg. vorgelegen habe. Dieser Schluss wäre aber m. E. nicht berechtigt, da H. (vergl. meine Bemerkung unten zu 7295-7) die Bibel selbst zur Hand genommen hat und ein falsches Citat in dem ihm vorliegenden Text richtig gestellt haben *kann*.

Der Text der *Maechden-Plicht* ist nun folgendermassen arrangiert : *Links* (d.h. auf dem *vers.* des ersten Blattes) stehn oben je ein niederländisches und ein französisches Sprichwort; darunter, in zwei Spalten, der ndl. Text. Es folgt dann das lat. Sprichwort und der lat. Text, der *inhaltlich* im Wesentlichen dem ndl. entspricht. *Rechts* (d.h. auf dem *rect.* des folg. Blattes) steht oben wieder das schon gebrauchte lat. Sprichwort; darunter, fast die ganze Seite einnehmend, das Emblem in Holzschnitt. Am Fusse, in zwei Spalten, lat. und franz. Auszüge aus Dichtern, Philosophen, Theologen, Humanisten u. ä. [1]).

Heywood hat, wie ohne Weiteres Jedem, der die drei Texte vergleicht, klar wird, nur nach dem lat. Text gearbeitet [2]).

Im Übrigen verdient bemerkt zu werden, dass Heywood die Embl. 19 und 20 umgestellt hat; ll. 7282 — 7299 = Embl. 20; ll 7300 — 7314 = Embl. 19 [3]) (In Heywoods Werk ist die Nummerierung von p. 211. an falsch; um die richtige Nummer der Cats'schen Embleme zu haben füge man von p. 211 an je eins hinzu).

Auffallend ist ferner, dass Heywood kein einziges in französ. Sprache abgefasstes Citat übersetzt, vielmehr an solchen Stellen aus seiner eignen grossen Belesenheit schöpft [4]). Der Grund kann nur

[1]) Zu denselben vergl. Abadie, *l. c.*, pp. 32-63. — Engl. Leser, die sich für Cats interessieren, seien hingewiesen auf: Moral Emblems, with Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs of all Ages and Nations, from Jacob Cats and Robert Farlie, with a series of fine engravings in ornamental borders, freely rendered from designs found in their works, by John Leighton, F.S.A., the whole translated and edited, with additions, by Richard Pigot, London, Longman, 1862; das *Museum Catsianum* (p. 7. n° 55) erwähnt nur die erste Ausgabe, 1860, die ich nicht kenne.

[2]) Derselbe ist auch zu finden in der grossen Amsterdamer Folioausg. vom Jahre 1726, I, pp. 155 ff, sowie in der von R. Feith besorgten Ausgabe der sämtl. Werke Catsens, Amsterd., 1745, XII, pp. 253 ff. Dagegen fehlt der lat. Text in der Ausg. von van Vloten, Zwolle, 1862, und in der darauf beruhenden Volksausgabe, Schiedam, s. a. — Mit dem Jahre 1625 hat Cats Anna und Phillis inhaltlich seinem grossen Werke *Houwelijck* einverleibt (Eerste Deel : *Maeght)*, doch wurde die *Maechden-Plicht* im 17. Jahrh. noch mehrfach in der alten Gestalt gedruckt *(Mus. Catsian.* pp. 8-9).

[3]) Lässt sich vielleicht eine Ausgabe nachweisen, in der diese Umstellung auch im Original zu finden ist??

[4]) Die franz. Citate sind nicht übersetzt : Zu Embl. 1 (hinter 6908); 3 (hinter 6949); 11, wo 7113-7119 auf H. zurückgehn; 22 (hinter 7347); 25, wo

sein, dass er des Französischen nicht mächtig war, eine Tatsache, die schon aus dem von Heywood in *If you know not me, you know no body* (P. I, p. 313; ed. Shak. Soc. p. 132) gebrauchten « *little broken French* » hervorzugehn schien.

Da Heywood's Text immer auf die in Cats befindlichen Schnitte Bezug nimmt, so gebe ich hier eine knappe Beschreibung derselben.

1. Zwei gegen einander geneigte Palmbäume; einer mit Früchten; auf dem andern zwei sich schnäbelnde Tauben.

2. Eine Fischreuse (*osier weel*). Durch das klare Wasser sieht man

> The fish yet free, to enter wind about,
> Whilst they within are labouring to get out.

3. Enten im Teich; ein Enterich fliegt ins Wasser und sämmtliche Enten fliegen ihm entgegen.

4. Eine Hand hält ein in Arbeit befindliches Fass über das Feuer, welches Amor (!) durch drei in kurzen Abständen übereinander geschmiedete eiserne Reifen zügelt.

5. Amor weist auf eine Uhr, die auf einem Tische liegt.

6. Ein Rebstock ist durch einen über der Erde angebrachten, mit Erde gefüllten Korb gewachsen und hat hier Wurzel geschlagen. Eine Hand schneidet den Stock über der Erde aber unter dem Korbboden ab.

7. Walfischfänger haben einem Walfisch die Harpune in den Rücken geworfen.

8. Ein Koch, der über einen empfangenen Befehl sehr böse zu sein scheint, dreht (offenbar in aller Langsamkeit!) den Bratspiess.

9. Vögel und auf der Erde angebrachte Schlingen; ein Vogel ist gefangen und bemüht sich vergeblich aus der Schlinge herauszukommen.

10. Ein Fisch spielt oben auf dem Wasser; eine Möve schiesst auf ihn herab.

11. Ein Jüngling schreitet sinnend an einem Rosenstock vorüber, dessen Rosen sich zum Teil entblättern.

12. Ein zwischen zwei Bäumen ausgespanntes Vogelnetz; darin ein Vogel; hinter einem Baum Amor.

7412-19 auf H. zurückgehn; 26 (hinter 7434); 33 (hinter 7569); 34, wo die beiden letzten Citate aus Ovid, sowie 7589-91 auf H. zurückgehn; 36 (hinter 7628); 37 (hinter 7649); 38, wo 7663-70 ein lat. und ein franz. Cit. ersetzen; 39 (hinter 7689): 41. wo 7718-25 ein franz. Cit. ersetzen; 42. wo im Orig. ein lat. und ein franz. Cit. steht; 46 (hinter 7824).

Einige lat. Citate hat H. ebenfalls, aus mir unbekannten Gründen, nicht übersetzt; dagegen hat er auch selbständige Zusätze gemacht, u. z.: 7060-2; 7232-6; 7295-7 ist erweitert, d.h. H. hat die Stelle nachgeschlagen und den ganzen Vers (33) citiert; 7350-2 (aus Lyly? *Hot love soon cold* war sprichwörtlich und wird mehrfach von Lyly gebraucht); 7544-51 ersetzen lat. Citate aus Virgil; 7776-84; 7799-7801 (von *Bias* an). Auf H. gehn ferner zurück das I. Argument und 6887-8.

13. Ein am Meeresstrand angebrachtes Leuchtfeuer; in einiger Entfernung ein Schiff, das die Einfahrt sucht.

14. Ein Vogler lockt durch in Käfigen befindliche Vögel andere Vögel in ein weit offen stehendes Netz.

15. Im Vordergrund legt ein Fuchs behutsam sein Ohr auf's Eis, während weiter zurück ein Mensch durchgebrochen ist.

16. Salamander in Feuer.

17. In Blüte stehender Pfirsichbaum; links zwei Männer, rechts eine Jungfrau.

18. Eine Hand schüttet aus einem Eimer Wasser auf Kalk.

19. (Heywoods N° 20). Amor ist im Begriff mit stramm gespanntem Bogen auf einen Mann zu schiessen.

20. (Heywoods N° 19). Eine Hand beschneidet mit der Lichtputzscheere ein Licht, das, nach dem aufsteigenden Rauch zu urteilen, erlischt.

21. Ein Mann zeigt einer Frau die vor ihnen an Stangen in die Höhe wachsenden Bohnen.

22. Der pausbackige Wind weht mit aller Macht auf Schilfrohr.

23. Eine Hand hat aus einem Salzfass Salz genommen und bestreut eine Waldschnecke.

24. Im Versteck zwei Vogler, die mit Leim bestrichene Papierhülsen in die Erde gesteckt haben. Kraniche stecken die Köpfe in die Hülsen und werden so gefangen werden.

25. Auf dem Boden vor einem Kornfeld ist ein Vogelnetz angebracht, in dem sich schon ein Vogel gefangen hat.

26. Ein Garten mit Blumen, um die Bienen fliegen; links Bienenstöcke.

27. Trauben auf einem Teller; eine Hand greift sorgfältig nur an den Stängel.

28. Zwei Hände versuchen vergeblich zwei Nusschalen wieder zusammen zu bringen.

29. Eine Hand hält eine Pfanne über das Feuer; dieses schlägt in die Pfanne.

30. Eine goldene Kette, ein Ring, Geldstücke u. s. w. liegen auf einem Fass am Ufer, während ein Schiff den Fluss hinunter treibt.

31. Auf dem Meeresstrand eine Auster, in die eine Krabbe einen Stein gesteckt hat; die Krabbe ist im Begriff die Auster aus ihrer Schale zu holen.

32. Ein Mädchen spielt mit Blumen, die ihm Amor reicht, und wirft sie fort; sie hält in der Hand eine Rose und sticht mit dem Finger nach der darin versteckten Biene.

33. Ein Lamm hat sich durch einen Dornstrauch gebrochen, an dem Wolle hängen geblieben ist.

34. Amor bohrt im Keller ein Fass an, während ein anderes Fass vom gährenden Wein gesprengt wird.

35. Ein Mädchen schneidet an Kastanien die weisse Spitze ab; im

Feuer liegen Kastanien mit der Spitze; eine derselben explodiert und die mehlige Substanz fliegt nach allen Richtungen.

36. Zwei Hände versuchen vergeblich zwei erloschene Lichter an einander in Brand zu setzen.

37. Eine Hand hält einen Magnetstein, der einen Schlüssel angezogen hat, während Stroh und ein beim Spitzenklöppeln gebrauchtes Holzinstrument liegen bleiben.

38. Memnonis effigies. Am Himmel die Sonne.

39. Fischer im Kahn, auf dem eine Fackel brennt; Fische springen nach dem Licht und werden gefangen.

40. Amor riecht an Rosen, die auf einem Tische liegen. Im Hintergrund ein altes Ehepaar.

41. Ein abgestorbener Baum mit üppigem Epheu.

42. Eine Hand pfropft einen mit Früchten beladenen Zweig auf einen kahlen Stamm.

43. Ein Feuer, in dessen Nähe ein Teller steht; auf diesem ein weitgeöffneter Tannenzapfen.

44. Ein Baum mit frisch aufgepfropftem Reis; eine Hand beschneidet den Baum seiner alten Zweige.

IX. Epigramme.

Bei den Epigrammen, deren Zusammenbringen mir hier eine unendliche Mühe gemacht hat, wurde ich in liebenswürdigster Weise von den Herren Mc Kerrow und Brotanek unterstützt. Leider ist es mir aber, auch trotz ihrer stets bereiten Hülfe, nicht überall gegeben gewesen, die Epigramme genau in der von Heywood gebrauchten Gestalt anführen zu können.

A. AUS BEZA.

Quelle : Theod. Bezæ poemata. Psalmi Davidici XXX. Sylvæ. Elegiæ. Epigrammata, cum alia varii argumenti, tum Epitaphia, & quæ peculiari nomine Iconas inscripsit. Omnia, in hac tertia editione, partim recognita, partim locupletata. etc. etc. s. l. et a. [Parisiis, ca 1576, apud H. Stephanum ; cf. Brunet[5], I, p. 841].

Diese Ausgabe enthält sämmtliche Epigramme in der unten gegebenen Gestalt.

Die nos 1, 2, 5, 6, 7 befinden sich auch in : Theodori Bezæ Vezelii Poemata. Lutetiæ. Ex officina Conradi Badii etc. M.D. XLVIII.

1) p. 142. *Ad Bibliothecam.*

Salvete incolumes mei libelli,
Meæ deliciæ, mei lepores [1]).
Salve mi Cicero, Catulle salve,
Salve mi Maro, Pliniûmque uterque ;
Mi Cato, Columella, Varro, Livi ;
Salve mi quoque Plaute, tu Terenti,
Et tu salve Ovidi, Fabi, Properti.
Vos salvete etiam disertiores
Græci, (ponere quos loco priore
Decebat) quibus est gravis cothurnus [2]).
Et tu, cui popularis aura nomen
Dedit : tu quoque, magne Homere, salve.
Salve Aristoteles, Plato, Timæe :

[1]) *lepores*] *salutes* 1548.
[2]) *quibus est gravis cothurnus*] *Sophocles, Isocratesque* 1548.

Et vos, o reliqui, quibus negatum est
Includi numeris Phaleuciorum.
Cuncti denique vos mei libelli
Salvetote iterumque tertiumque,
Atque audite meam precationem :
Hoc ergo precor, o mei libelli,
Ut ne longa mihi mora illa (senis
Nam a vobis procul abfui diebus)
Obsit quominus undiquaque tali
Sitis in me animo & favore deinceps,
Quali, dum proficiscerer, fuistis,
Nimirum facilique candidoque.
Quod si istam mihi supplicationem
Vos concesseritis, mei libelli,
Id vobis quoque pollicebor ipse,
Non me unam procul hercle septimanam [1]),
Non diem procul unicum abfuturum.
Quid diem ? immo nec horulam, immo nullum
Punctum temporis ut libet pusillum.

2) p. 177. Epigr. : *De Erasmo cingulo tenus depicto.* Es folgt :

De eodem.

Ingens ingentem quem personat [2]) orbis Erasmum,
Hæc tibi dimidium picta tabella refert.
At cur non totum ? mirari desine, lector :
Integra nam totum terra nec ipsa capit [3]).

3) p. 175. Ein kurzes Epigr. : *Lucretia* αὐτόχειρ. Dann :

In eandem.

Si fuit ille tibi, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
Immerito ex [4]) merita præmia morte petis.
Sin potius casto vis est allata pudori,
Quis furor est, hostis crimine velle mori ?
Frustra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia : namque
Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis.

4) p. 159. *In P. Bembi Historiam Venetam.*

Claræ urbi Venetûm debes natalia, Bembe,
Urbs eadem clara est munere, Bembe, tuo.

[1]) *procul hercle septimanam*] *hebdomadam procul, quid? immo* 1548.
[2]) *Ingens ingentem quem personat*] *Illum quo totus nunc personat* 1548.
[3]) In dieser bekanntesten Fassung steht das Epigramm unter dem wundervollen Portrait des Erasmus (gestochen von Will. Marshall), das dessen Briefe schmückt, Lo., M. Flesher & R. Young, 1642.
[4]) *ex*] fehlt bei H.

Tu patria felix, felix te patria cive,
Bembe ; tamen debet patria plura tibi :
Nam mortale fuit patriæ quod munus habebas,
At, quam das patriæ, vita perennis erit.

5) p. 144. *De Helionora Francorum regina.*

Nil Helena vidit Phœbus formosius una,
Te, regina, nihil pulchrius orbis habet.
Utraque formosa est, sed re tamen altera major :
Illa serit lites, Helionora fugat.

6) p. 149. *De Ioanne Secundo, Hagiensi, poeta eximio.*

Excelsum seu condit [1]) opus, magnique Maronis
Luminibus officere studet [2]) :
Sive leves elegos alternaque carmina, raptus
Nasonis impetu, canit :
Sive lyram variis sic aptat cantibus, ut se
Victum erubescat Pindarus :
Sive jocos blandosque sales epigrammate miscet,
Clara invidente Bilbili :
Unus quattuor hæc sic præstitit ille Secundus,
Secundus ut sit nemini.

7) p. 149. *In Philænum.*

Erasmus ille quo fatentur plurimi
Nihil fuisse vel [3]) futurum doctius :
Tibi, Philæne, stupidus est & plumbeus,
Et quicquid uspiam ab omnibus fingi potest
Calumniarum, stulte in illum congeris.
Latra, Philæne, quamdiu & quantum voles :
Hunc scire constat plura quam tu nescias.

8) p. 166. *In Ludovici Masurii carmen de Babylonis ruina.*

Dum, Masuri, grandiore [4]) tonas Babylona ruentem,
Cantata est quanta Troja nec ipsa tuba :
Est quod Mæonides, est quod tibi major & ipso
Mæonida invideat forsitan ipse Maro.
Error in hoc tamen est, Masuri, quod carmine tanto
Mansuram æternum quam ruis ædificas.

[1]) *condit*] H. hat *condis.*

[2]) *officere studet*] H. hat *offerre studes.* Die oben gegebene Lesart *officere* ist jedenfalls besser. — H. übersetzt in der Folge überall durch die zweite Person.

[3]) *vel*] H. hat *nec.*

[4]) *grandiore*] Die Ausg. liest *grandi ore*; H. hat *rudiore.*

9) p. 166. *In tres eximios ætatis nostræ ecclesiastas.*

Gallica mirata est Calvinum Ecclesia nuper,
Quo nemo docuit doctius :
Est quoque te nuper mirata, Farelle, tonantem,
Quo nemo tonuit fortius :
Et miratur adhuc fundentem mella Viretum,
Quo nemo fatur dulcius :
Scilicet aut tribus his servabere testibus olim,
Aut interibis, Gallia.

10) p. 158. *Ludicra* παραβολὴ *poetarum & monachorum.*

Accipe, Francisco cur componamus Homerum,
Et monachos credam [1]) vatibus esse pares.
Cæcus erat quondam Franciscus, cæcus Homerus :
Ille, animi captus, corporis hic oculis.
Mendicus Franciscus erat, mendicus Homerus,
Et cecinit cantus pauper uterque suos.
Rhapsodis orbem miserum complevit uterque:
Fratribus ille suis, vatibus iste suis.
Captabant primi nemorum secreta poetæ,
Antra olim monachis prima fuere domus.
Implerunt monachi desertis oppida sylvis.
Quid magis est tota vatibus urbe frequens!
Nocte dieque rudit monachus, cantatque poeta :
Et placet immodice stultus uterque sibi.
Cuique sua est vati lascivo Cynthia : frater
Sæpe pius dominas quattuor unus habet.
Friget aquæ carmen potori insuave poetæ,
Triste canit pota frater anhelus aqua.
Accinctus cithara resonat sua carmina vates,
Sic monachi cingit plena lagena latus.
Hunc ἄθεος furor exagitat, furor ἔνθεος illum,
Iste gerit thyrsos, & gerit ille cruces.
Victores ornat laurus myrtusve poetas,
Sunt monachis tonsæ sacra corona comæ.
Denique des monacho Musas, vatique cucullum,
Vates & monachus fiet uterque tibi.

B. AUS BUCHANAN.

Quelle : Geor. Buchanani Scoti, Poemata quæ extant. Editio Postrema. Lugd. Batav. Ex off. Elzeviriana 1628.

[1]) *credam*] H. hat *credo.*

1) p. 315 : *Adamas in cordis effigiem sculptus, annuloque insertus, quem Maria Scotorum Regina ad Elizabetham Anglorum Reginam misit anno 1564.*

Non me materies facit superbum,
Quod ferro [1]) insuperabilis, quod igni,
Non candor macula carens, nitoris
Non lux perspicui, nec ars magistri,
Qui formam dedit hanc, datam loquaci
Circumvestiit eleganter auro :
Sed quod cor Dominæ meæ figura
Tam certa exprimo, pectore ut recluso
Cor si luminibus queat videri,
Cor non lumina certius viderent.
Sic constantia firma cordi utrique,
Sic candor macula carens, nitoris
Sic lux perspicui, nihil doli intus
Celans, omnia denique æqua præter
Unam duritiem : dein secundus
Hic gradus mihi sortis est faventis,
Talem Heroida quod videre sperem,
Qualem spes mihi nulla erat videndi,
Antiqua domina semel relicta.
O si fors mihi faxit, utriusque
Nectam ut corda adamantina catena,
Quam nec suspicio, æmulatiove,
Livorve, aut odium, aut senecta solvat :
Tam beatior omnibus lapillis,
Tam sim clarior omnibus lapillis,
Tam sim carior omnibus lapillis,
Quam sum durior omnibus lapillis.

2) p. 275 : *In Chrysalum.*

Flava Ceres longi spes interceperat anni,
    Aruerat pigro vinea tosta [2]) gelu ;
Morbus oves rapuit, furto periere capellæ,
    Inter opus fracti succubuere boves ;
Plena domus belli subito est direpta tumultu,
    Et male celatas latro refodit opes.
Ergo opibus caris cum Chrysalus esse superstes
    Nollet, & in laqueum jam sua colla daret,
Succurrit laqueum nummis venire quaternis :
    Ergo nos gratis nec moriemur, ait.

[1]) *ferro*] *ferre* H. Druckfehler.
[2]) *tosta*] *testa* H. Druckfehler.

Ensis adest ; stricto transfigere pectora ferro
Dum parat, & sumptus hic quoque adesse videt :
Tanti fossor, ait, tanti vespillo, sacerdos,
Cereus & tanti cymbala rauca crepant ;
Et precibus pretium est etiam, pretiumque sepulchro :
Ergo placet rapidis mergere corpus aquis.
Dumque cadit : Certe quamvis, mare, dixit, avarum es,
Attamen hic gratis, credo, jacere licet.

3) p. 269 : *In eandem Romam.*

Non ego Romulea miror quod pastor in urbe
Sceptra gerat : pastor conditor urbis erat.
Cumque LVPAE gentis nutritus lacte sit auctor,
Non ego Romulea miror in urbe LVPOS.
Illa meum superat tantum admiratio captum,
Quo modo securum servet ovile LVPVS.

4) p. 341 : *Iacobo Sylvio.*

Sylvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit unquam,
Mortuus & gratis quod legis ista dolet.

C. AUS ANGELUS POLITIANUS.

Quelle : Tertius Tomus Operum Angeli Politiani : ejusdem Prælectiones, Orationes, & Epigrammata complectens etc. Lugduni, apud Seb. Gryphium, 1537.

1) p. 292 : *In Pamphilum.*

Mittis vina mihi, mihi, Pamphile, vina supersunt :
Vis mage quod placeat mittere ? mitte sitim.

2) p. 306 : *In Mabilii inertem maledicentiam.*

Ore tibi pauci, sed nulli in carmine dentes
Cum sint, atque illi sint [1]) putridi & veteres :
Allatras, ut cum nequeas mordere, Mabili,
Latratu ostendas te tamen esse canem.

D. AUS SANNAZAR.

Quelle : Iacobi Sannazarii Opera Omnia. Apud Seb. Gryphium Lugduni, 1547.

[1]) *sint*] *sunt* H. wohl Druckfehler.

1) p. 154: *De mirabili urbe Venetiis.*

Viderat Hadriacis [1] Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, & toto ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Iuppiter arceis
Objice, & illa tui mœnia Martis, ait.
Si pelago Tybrim præfers, urbem aspice utranque:
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos [2].

E. AUS ANTON. FLAMINIUS.

Quelle: Carmina quinque illustrium Poetarum quorum nomina in sequenti pagina continentur etc. Venetiis, Presb. Hieron. Silius, et socii excudebant. 1558.

1) fol. 110ª (Druckfehler; = fol. 06): *De imagine Reginaldi Poli.*

Si velut egregia pictura, maxime Pole,
Est expressa tui corporis effigies,
Sic divina tuæ potuisset mentis imago
Pingi, nil oculi pulchrius aspicerent.

2) fol. 109ª (Druckfehler; = fol. 05): *De Dono Benedicti Accolti Card.*

Hanc pateram Chio spumantem, auroque nitentem
Accoltus vati donat habere suo;
Ipse meri partem libo tibi, candide Liber,
Et partem libo, pulcher Apollo, tibi.
Vos pateram contra Musarum nectare dulci
Implete, et large proluite ora mihi,
Accolto dignas ut solvam carmine grates,
Carmine, quod possit nulla abolere dies.

F. AUS MAR. MOLSA.

Quelle: Doctissimorum nostra ætate Italorum Epigrammata: M. Antonii Flaminii libri duo. Marii Molsæ liber unus. Andreæ Naugerii liber unus. Io. Cottæ, Lampridii, Sadoleti & aliorum, Mis-

[1] *Hadriacis*] *Adriacis* H.

[2] Es ist dies das gefeierte Epigramm, welches seinem Verfasser eine unglaubliche Summe Geldes einbrachte; vergl. auch Ford, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, II, 2.

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar
Did, in his brief Encomium, celebrate
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left
That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,
And for one only look from Annabel,
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.

cellaneorum liber unus. Lutetiæ per Nicol. Divitem.... cum privilegio regis. s. a.

1) fol. 32b: *De urbe Roma a Germanis non adeo pridem vastata.*

Flagrati cineres si nunc, Catilina, videres [1])
Imperii, & Latium consenuisse decus,
Tarpeiasque arces oculis Capitoliaque alta
Perlegeres, & quæ longa ruina tegit :
Protinus exclames : odiis exercita divûm
Roma, manus tantum quæ potuere nephas?
Quam melius nostris cecidisset [2]) ista procellis?
Haud alia fueras digna perire manu.

Bei Heywood folgt darauf, mit 9318 beginnend, ein Epigramm, dessen Titel beim Druck ausgefallen zu sein scheint. Das Original ist in den Delit. CC. Ital. Poet., II, p. 1437 unter einer Anzahl von Epigrammen des Vitalis zu finden und lautet:

In obitum Flavii Blondi.

Eruis e tenebris Romam dum, Blonde, sepultam,
Es novus ingenio Romulus atque Remus.
Illi urbem struxere rudem : celeberrima surgit
Hæc eadem studiis, ingeniose, tuis.
Barbarus illam hostis ruituram evertit : at isti
Nulla unquam poterunt tempora obesse tuæ.
Iure triumphalis tibi facta est Roma sepulchrum :
Illi ut tu vivas, vivat ut illa tibi.

G. AUS ANTON. TIBALDEUS.

Quelle: In der von Heywood gegebenen Form steht das Epigramm in : Carmina Illustrium Poetarum Italorum. Io. Matthæus Toscanus conquisivit, recensuit, bonam partem nunc primum publicavit etc. Lutetiæ, Apud Ægidium Gorbinum, e regione Collegii Cameracensis 1576. Vol. I, fol. 226b.

H. AUS BENEDICTUS THEOCRENUS.

Quelle: Benedicti Theocreni, Episcopi Grassensis, Regis Francisci Liberorum præceptoris Poemata, quæ juvenis admodum lusit. Pictavii Ex officina Marnefiorum fratrum, sub Pelicano. An. M.D. XXXVI.

[1]) *videres*] *videret* H. Druckfehler, da er durch die 2te Person übersetzt.
[2]) *cecidisset*] *cecidisses* in: Delitiæ CC. Italorum Poetarum, hujus superiorisque ævi illustrium etc. Collectore Ranutio Ghero. Prostant in officina Ionæ Rosæ. 1608. Vol. II, p. 68, wo der Titel nur lautet: *De urbe Roma vastata.*

1) fol. E1a : *Cometes ab Ludovica spectatus.*

Infestum sibi cum sciret Ludovica cometen [1])
Seque peti illius crinibus horrificis,
Spectavit tamen intrepide, vultuque professa est
Monstrari ad cælum jam sibi morte viam.

I. AUS JOH. SECUNDUS.

Quelle : Iohannis Secundi Opera accurate recognita ex museo P. Scriverii. Lugd. Bat. apud Franc. Hegerum, 1631.

1) p. 97 : *In Charinum, deformis uxoris maritum.*

Nuper, Charine, conjugem
Vidi tuam ; tam candidam,
Tam lacteam, tam floridam,
Cultam, modestam, blandulam :
Ut si mihi taleis bonus
Concesserit treis Iupiter,
Diti daturus sim duas,
Auferret ut superstitem.

K. AUS HENR. STEPHANUS.

Quellen : α. Delitiæ C. Poetarum Gallorum, hujus superiorisque ævi illustrium etc. Collectore Ranutio Ghero. Prostant in officina Ionæ Rosæ. 1609. Pars Tertia.

1) p. 868 : *De Phyllide, pariente quinto mense.*

Ante legitimum statumque tempus
Cum puerpera facta Phyllis esset [2]),
Infamavit eam per ora vulgi
Rumor continuo vagatus iste :
Nuptias fuit ante nupta Phyllis.
Sed ridens mulier caputque motans,
Pauca hæc rettulit illa nuntianti :
Computat male vulgus imperitum :
Nuptiarum etenim mei mariti
Quinque præteritos, amice, menses
Quinque mensibus addito mearum [3]) ;
Non partus decimi sit iste mensis ?

[1]) *cometen*] *Cometam* H.
[2]) *esset*] *est* H. wohl ein lapsus calami.
[3]) *mearum*] Die Ausg. hat *meorum*.

β. Oratio de Studiis Liberalium Artium habita Lucæ ad decemviros, Senatumque Lucensem. Epigrammata diversorum auctorum quam elegantissima. Iacobi Sadoleti Cardinalis oratio de Pace ad Imperatorem Carolum Quintum Cæsarem Augustum. Lucæ Apud Vicentium Busdragum. MDXLIX.

2) fol. 42[b] : *De Pompeio Magno.*

Dux Pharia quamvis jaceas [1]) inhumatus arena,
Non adeo fati sævior ira tui est.
Angustum fuerat tellus tibi victa sepulchrum :
Nec decuit cœlo te nisi, Magne, tegi.

L. AUS JOH. COTTA.

Quelle : Siehe F.

1) fol. 62[b] : *Cottæ ad Sodales ;* dann
Ejusdem ad Veronam.

Verona qui te viderit
Et non amarit protinus
Amore perditissimo,
Is, credo, seipsum non amat,
Caretque amandi sensibus,
Et odit omnes gratias.

M. AUS PETRUS BEMBUS.

Quelle : Siehe K sub β

1) fol. 43[b] : *Petri Bembi in Thybaldæum.*

Quæ [2]) ripis te sæpe suis stupuere canentem
Eridanus, Tyberisque, parens ille, hic tuus hospes :
Credibile est, vates Antoni, nunc quoque sylvis
Te canere Elysiis, turba admirante Deorum.

N. AUS BALT. CASTILIONE.

Quelle : Siehe E.

1) fol. 42[a] : *Epitaphium Gratiæ Puellæ.*

Siste, viator, ni [3]) properas, hoc aspice marmor,

[1]) *jaceas*] H. *jacis* was metrisch unmöglich ist.
[2]) *Quæ*] H. hat *qui* was, wie seine ganze Übers., Nonsens ist.
[3]) *ni*] Ebenso in Delitiæ CC. Italorum Pœtarum (cf. Anm. zu F.) Vol. I, p. 738. — H. hat *dum*.

Et lege, ni ploras [1]), tu quoque marmor eris.
Gratia (namque Deas etiam mors sæva profanat)
Mortua, et hoc duro est condita sub tumulo.
Abstulit hæc moriens geminas miseranda sorores,
Sic Charites uno tres periere obitu.

O. AUS ANTON. CASANOVA.

Quelle : Siehe G.

1) Vol. I, fol. 218b : *Lucretia.*

Dicite, cum melius cadere ante Lucretia posset,
Cur potius voluit post scelus illa mori ? [2])
Crimine se absolvit manus illa, habitura coactæ
Ultorem et patriæ depositura jugum.
Quam bene contempto sacrat sua pectora ferro
Dum pariter famæ consulit et patriæ.

[1]) *ploras*] *plores* H.
[2]) *Cur — mori*] *Cur potius post vim illa mori voluit ?* in der zu K sub β genannten Quelle, fol. 42a.

X. Aus Perisaulus Faustinus.

Quelle: Perisauli Faustini tradocii de honesto appetitu. etc. **Arimini.** typis hieronymi soncini iterum omni diligentia excussa. etc. s. **a.**; **sub** 21.226 [Brunet t. II. p. 1196; nach dem dort aufgeführten **Exemplar der Bibl.** Mazarine wurde der Text für mich copiert].

MEDICINA LABOR INEXHAUSTUS.

Artem aliam Deus, et rerum natura repertrix
Instituere sacram. qua languida corpora morbo
Eriperent quovis propriæ reditura saluti.
Hæc tibi si placeat. placet ars, quæ digna polito
Ingenio, sapiat quodcunque humana sapit vis;
Omnia aperta tibi. quicquid medicina recondit,
Intima naturæ vel rerum pondera noris,
Hippocrates fias. fiasque Machaone major.
Quas & Phyllirides, vel quas Epidaurius herbas,
Noveris & quicquid præsagus novit Apollo.
Sisque salus orbi. Fas sit tibi ducere ab orco
Extinctos homines, iterumque animare sepultos.
Nomen, opes, famam cumules hac arte perennem.
Sed quoniam dulcor de vertice prodit eodem,
A quo & amarities, series quam longa malorum
Mixta voluptati parvæ est, incommoda multa
Sunt subeunda tibi, subeundi mille labores.
Volvendi assidue libri, semperque studendum,
Quæ noceant ægris, vel quæ sibi pocula prosint.
Dum pascis ventrem, dum mitia vina resugis,
Dum gratus sopor est, dum molliter ipse quiescis,
Nuncius ecce fores pulsat, medicumque requirit.
Accelerare jubet, jamjam properare, venite.
Rumpitur ægrotus, jactat vexata dolore
Membra thoro, moritur. Surgendum nocte dieque
Tangendi pulsus, aut olfacienda matella est,
Suntque paranda cito antidota, & catapotia mille,

Pharmaca, pyriases, fomenta, euchrista, malagma,
Turundæ, emplastrum, strigmenta, amuleta, trochisci.
Nunc curanda Pthysis, causon nunc emitrithæos,
Nunc stupor, aut spasmus, mirmecia, pustula, phlegmon
Pappula, tonsillæ, vel psora, epinyctides, antrax,
Tormina, vel ramex, vel sincopis, enterocellæ,
Nausea, pituita, & montagra, algemma, synanchis.
Feceris at postquam quicquid jubet ipsa medendi
Norma, nisi valeat subitoque revixerit æger,
Murmurat insipiens vulgus, linguaque loquacis
Obloquitur de te convitia talia jactans :
Hei mihi quam stultum est medicorum credere nugis,
Cum sæpe hos videas morbo laborare molesto,
Pallere assidue vultumque referre cadaver,
Nec sibimet proprias, aliis prodesse nec artes ;
Quare nulla suis succis adhibenda fides est,
Cum raro prosint, lateatque abstrusa sub his mors.
Adde, quod est gravius, versari semper oportet
Inter funestos, inter contagia morbi,
Solari afflictos, semperque levare dolores.
Nec nasum crispare licet, stimulante cachinno,
Si quandoque furit vitiatis sensibus æger.
Hic labor, hoc studium, quidnam nisi fabula vana est ?

ERLÄUTERUNGEN.

1-4 : *Henry Lord Cary;* cf. DNB, IX, p. 70 und vergl. 8226 etc.
20-21 : Schlussverse von Cat. Carm. XLIX « Ad M. T. Ciceronem ».
26 : *in Prose onely;* siehe aber die Quellen.
40 : *Dramma's.* Siehe den Titel, 3487 u. ö. Diese Weise den Plural zu bezeichnen ist sehr häufig in elisab. Drucken und darf schwerlich als Druckfehler behandelt werden.
65 : *illustration* etc. In der Vorrede zu *The Second Part of the Iron Age,* 1632, P., III, pp. 351-2 sagt H.: *If the three former Ages (now out of Print), bee added to these (as I am promised) to make vp an handsome Volumne; I purpose* (Deo Assistente,) *to illustrate the whole Worke, with an Explanation of all the difficulties, and an Historicall Comment of euery hard name, which may appeare obscure or intricate to such as are not frequent in Poetry.*

Dass es zur Ausführung dieses Planes nicht gekommen, müssen wir sehr bedauern, da diese *Explanation* uns Heywood's Belesenheit in noch vorteilhafterem Licht gezeigt haben würde, als die *Annotations* es thun.

75 : Cf. Vorrede zu *A Mayden-head well lost,* P., IV, p. 100 : *but read charitably, and then censure without preiudice.*
169 : *shewes.* Lässt sich vielleicht rechtfertigen; cf. *Verney Papers,* Camden Soc. Publ., 1853, p. 228, wo es in einem Briefe vom 1. V. 1639 heisst : I will tell you trewly how I conceave *things goes* heere.... The *catholiks makes* a large contribution etc. Die Form stand um 1637 in Lo. auf dem Aussterbe-Etat. — Exceed (170 : Reed) steht unter dem Einfluss von *doth* 170. Vergl. P., IV, p. 188:

..... the Father to the Sonne doth cry,
The Sonne rebukes the Father old;
The Daughter at the mother Scold.
The wife the husband check and chide.

170 : *fiery-Cane;* wohl die Tabakspflanze. Zu vergl. wäre NED s. v. *cane 5 b :* bring home nothing but firecanes, parots, and Monkies.
179 : *agree.* Vergl. 169.
187 : *D. E.* Das DNB enthält keinen Namen, der diesen Initialen entsprechen könnte.
206 : *S. N.* Vergl. Anm. zu 187.

208 : *Naiagaion* wohl durch Heywood's Schuld verderbt aus dem gr. Ναυάγιον (ΝΑΥΑΓΙΟΝ) welches neben *Naufragium* als Titel erscheint.

230 : *Wit* etc. Eine zeitgemässe Erweiterung H's. Vergl. seinen *Engl. Traveller* I, 1 (P., IV, p. 8) :

knowledge by trauell
Which still makes vp a compleat Gentleman etc.

249 : *too* = *two*.

254 : *at th' sterne ;* cf. 633 : to th' skin etc. Van Dam-Stoffel, *William Shakespeare Prosody and Text*, pp. 149 ff.

293 : *Blessed Maid of Walsinghame*. Cf. Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, ed. Townsend, V, p. 405 : « The image of our Lady at Walsingham was so famous in former times that even foreigners came on pilgrimage to visit it. Erasmus has given us a description of the chapel or shrine in which it was contained [in seinem Colloquium *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo ;* Übersetzung und ausführl. Behandlung aller einschlägigen Fragen bei J. Gough Nichols, *Pilgr. to Saint Mary of Walsingham* etc, Westminster, 1849. Beschreibung von Walsingham pp. 195 ff]... This famous image, however, upon the change of belief, was taken from Walsingham to Chelsea, near London, and there burnt, the thirtieth year of Henry VIII. See Dugdale, vol. VI, p. 71. Lond. 1825. » Die Verbrennung wird in *Wriothesley's Chronicle*, Camd. Soc. Publ., I, p. 83 erzählt; cf. Stowe-Howes, *Annales*, 1631, p. 575. Einen merkwürdigen Gebrauch hat uns John Louthe überliefert (*Narratives of the Days of the Reformation*, ed. Nichols, Camd. Soc. Publ., p. 37) : for then it was thoght an holynes, commyng from thens [sc. Walsingham], to kysse maydes and women.

Trotz der Zerstörung im Jahre 1538 blieb das Marienbild noch lange im Gedächtniss des Volkes ; vergl. z. B. Hazl.-Dods., III, p. 311 ; Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, III, 1, 3.

295 : *Crosse*. Vergl. die Bemerkung des Messengers im ersten Buche von Thom. More's *Dialogue... wherin be treatyd diuers maters, as of the veneracion and worship of ymages* etc. *Workes*, London, 1557, p. 140 : What say you whan the people speke of this fashion in theyr paines and perils. Helpe holy crosse of Bradman. Help our dere Lady of Walsingam.

406 : *If the sea he once could free* (Erasmus nichts Entsprechendes). To free in der seltenen Bedeutung « sich losmachen von, loskommen von ». NED hat kein ganz genau übereinstimmendes Beispiel.

414 Rand : Paris. *s* und der Punkt beim Binden abgeschnitten.

498 : *hose* etc. Eine Geschmacklosigkeit Heywood's, zu der ihn die Reimnot veranlasst haben muss.

504 : *Gerson*. In seinem *Opusc. tripartitum de preceptis decalogi. De confessione et de arte moriendi* finde ich ebensowenig etwas über diese « five truths » als in seinen *Conclusiones de diversis materiis moralibus*. Erasmus selbst hat in seiner *Exomologesis sive modus confitendi* (Basil. Ioan. Frob. 1524, fol. A4 ff] acht *commoditates* oder *utilitates confitendi* aufgestellt.

559 : Lies : but small and, were you not etc. Were you not = even if you

were not etc. Cf. Franz. *Shakesp. Gram.*, p. 362, Anm. 4 und spec. § 488.

687 : *s'ed* (: head); vergl. 897 : sed (: dead); 1906 : sed (: bed) etc. aber z. B. 491 : sayd (: pray'd); 677 : said (: afraid). Sachlich vergl. 1348 : men (: agen); 1808 : then (: agen) etc. gegen sonstiges again; 1978 : bin (: Magozin); 2340 : bin (: sin); 2645 : bin (: skin) gegen sonstiges been; (1886 : bin in der Senkung; so hat Ben Jonson im Sad Sheph. 721 und 743 : O' in der Senkung [aber 761 !], und 842 beginnt : O', ô; vergl. 845 : I', so ! Und doch war poor Ben nicht durch das « *moche studious scolehous of scrupulous Philology* » gekommen !).

788 : *strage;* Erasm. strages ; cf. 1876.

795 : *childing.* NED registriert für Heywood nur den transitiven Gebrauch von to child. Übrigens hat H. gut gethan, das Original hier zu verlassen.

803 : *flam.* Die ganze Stelle bei Erasmus : satis procaciter rides miserum. Gegen das NED würde ich mich mit « to mock » begnügen. Vergl. P., IV, p. 186 : I jaum thee not nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke.

807 : *Pam.* spricht.

814 ff. : Vergl. Anm. zu 915 und dann Marston's *I. Ant. and Mell.* II, 1, 235 :

Ros. Can a ghost speak ?
Bal. Scurvily, as I do.
Ros. And walk ?
Bal. After their fashion.
Ros. And eat apples ?
Bal. In a sort, in their garb.

833 : *subagitate.* Das von Terenz und Plautus gebrauchte Wort. Erasmus : coeunt.

867 : *to be' admired;* sachlich besteht kein Unterschied zwischen diesem be' admired und z. B. 1812 : th' admirer. Vergl. auch 1858 : we adorne (der Schluss dieses Verses ist übrigens ganz scheusslich) und besonders Ben Jonson, Fol. 1616, p. 648 : Your stuffe will b' all chang'd shortly. Cf. Van Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, p. 138.

883 : *sigh'sts* lies *sigh'st.*

915 : Vergl. Marston, *I. Ant. and Mell.*, IV, 1, 13-15 :

as having clasp'd a rose
Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
My hand retains a little breath of sweet

und besonders Bullen's Anm. zur Stelle.

930 : *pursuing;* beachte den Reim.

931 : *that* = the Patient, wenn ich die Stelle richtig verstehe. — He cause = he being the cause.

933 : *suffer* statt suffers (Erasm. : patitur) mag Heyw. wirklich geschrieben haben, da er noch 932 see im Sinn gehabt haben kann.

934 : *(a)* etc soll sich auf die Annotations (pp. 285 ff. dieses Bandes) beziehn, doch hat H. vergessen, Procus & Puella im Einzelnen zu commentieren.

937 : *Amphictriones* Druckfehler.

948 : Vergl. Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, IV, 1 (Merm. Ser. p. 390) : And if you save not, where you may, you kill.

954 : *both.... allowes*; cf. Franz, *l. c.*, § 514, d. Anm.; und unten 1994.
960 : *Circes* Druckfehler.
973 : *Effascination*; cf. Heywood's *Gunaikeion*, VIII, 402 : There are others whom their effascinations can keepe from eiecting their Vrine (NED).
1024 : *stiptick* = στυπτικός; cf. P., III, p. 249 : A stipticke poyson boyles within my veines.
1030 : *perditly*; Erasmus : perdite.
1037 : *would* = should; Franz, *l. c.*, § 463.
1067 : *Sophronia*; lies dreisilbig. Erasm. : Sophrona.
1087 ff und **1123** : *Venus* (auf dem Rand). Ähnlich sagt Venus zu Cupido :

Make her (= Psyche) in Love, but let her proud eyes doate
On some ill-shapen drudge, some ugly foole

in Heywood's *Love's Mistress* I, 3 (P., V, p. 98); die Quelle, Apulei., Met. IV, 85, hat nur : Virgo ista amore flagrantissimo teneatur hominis extremi, quem et dignitatis et patrimonii simul et incolumitatis ipsius fortuna damnavit, tamque infimi, ut per totum orbem non inveniat miseriae suae comparem.
1100 : *gagg'd and Jurr'd* = putridis; gagged = « schief im Mund stehend »; vergl. gag-tooth etc.
1103 : *Crookt-backt* = crook-backed. Die Form ist selten. — *gow-bellied* = venter prominulus; sonst gor-bellied. Ich habe *gow-* nicht als Druckfehler angesehn, da die Schreibung auf H. zurückgehn kann.
1166 : *their* bezieht sich auf parents, das in 1164 zu ergänzen ist : Derived unto you by your parents (Erasmus : probitas tuorum parentum).
1170-1 : Citat?
1187 : Ziehe *only* zu *these*.
1288 : *accite* : NED führt aus Jonson's *Underwoods* an : What was there to accite So ravenous and vast an Appetite? Vergl. 1966. 2331.
1308 : *mutuall consocietie*. Vergl. *Gunaikeion*, I, 41 : Others imagine, that she had mutual consocietie with Glaucus. NED belegt das Wort nur aus Heywood; vergl. unten 2936.
1321 : *instant* = pressing, urgent, importunate.
1339 : *indifferent*; Erasm. : modica. NED citiert aus Euphues : indifferent wealth to maintaine his family.
1345 : *heires*. Bei der Länge des Satzes ist der Ausfall von who störend.
1360 : *Or* statt *nor*, wie z. B in 2489 und Lear III, 3, 6 der ersten Folio.
1364 : *Pam.* spricht.
1367 : *obnoxious*; Erasm. obnoxii = subject to.
1367 : *keepe the* lies *they*.
1382 : *disgest*, Erasm. : ferunt; jetzt *digest*.
1399 : « Im Übrigen lass es unsere Sorge sein » etc.
1401-2 : Cf. Anm. 2 auf p. 321 und Beaumont & Fletcher, *The Spanish Curate*, II, 1 (ed. Merm. Ser., II p. 230) :

Difficilia pulchra, that's my motto, gentlemen.

1434 : *And e're begin*; cf. 5182, 6089 und Heywood's *Engl. Traveller*, III, 3 prop. fin. (Merm. Ser., p. 208 :)

Father and son, ere part,
I vow we'll drink a cup of sack together.

Dekker, *Works*, III, p. 286 : Oh had mine eyes drop'd out ere seene this day. Vergl. Anm. zu 7045.

1461 : *Sweet-Ball;* vergl. *Love's Mistress* IV, 1 :

she'd spend me more
In nectar and sweet balls to scow'r her cheeks.

1479 : Da es sicher ist, dass Marston die Coll. des Erasmus und speciell Proc. & Puella gekannt hat (Anm. zu 915), so möge hier hingewiesen werden auf *The Insat. Count.*, I, 1, 25-26 :

Lovely Isabella, by this duteous kiss,
That draws part of my soul along with it.

1518 : Cyrus etc. Vergl. Chapman, *Monsieur d'Olive*, III, 1, init.

1520 : *his* anakoluthisch.

1524 : *Canna's* lies *Cannæ's*.

1533 : *musicall;* Van Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, p. 104.

1536 : *Thou—made;* cf. 2680 etc und Franz. *l. c.*, § 1 [in 2162-6 steht der Infinitif statt der 2ten Pers. Sing in Folge der Unterbrechung durch didst in 2163]. Vergl. Beaum. & Fl., *Maid's Tragedy*, V, 2 (Merm. Ser. I, p. 83) :

Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whored me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whored me still.

Aus H. selbst vergl. noch : *The faire Maide of the Exchange*, P., II, p. 34 : What thou er'st said, I am that man alone
und *The Iron Age*, P., III, p. 336 :

When.... Thou at the name of Hector fledst the fielde,
And left the good old man incompast round.

1579 : = who has so great cause etc.

1592 : Hauptton auf *one;* lies *chicken* einsilbig.

1623 und ff. anakoluthisch.

1729 : *bearing = substantial;* Vergl. Beaum. & Fl., *Women Pleased*, I, 2 (Lo., 1811, III, p. 33) :

She's praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heav'n would send her a good bearing dinner.

1745 : *addes;* ergänze : *is*.

1748 : lies *tymp'nous*.

1797 : *place* ergänze *where, in which*.

1798 : Hespery, das lat. Hesperia. Textor : gentibus hesperiis.

1802 : Lies natürlich Cilicks.

1821 : Sanzonats sollte Sauromats sein. Cf. Textor und H's Annot.

1822 : *Search* abhängig von *let* in 1812.

1842 : *How* etc anakoluthisch.

1929 : *phangs = fangs*. Vergl. P., III, p. 157 :

These phangs shall gnaw vpon your cruded bones.

1964 : Napæe lies Napeae.

2029 : *falls* lies besser *fall*. Doch vergl. 8085.

2031 : *tasts* = to try, to prove.

2047 : *fruit* « Vorteil ».

2085 : *streperous* einsilbig.

2103 : *Tition* = titionem = δαλός des Originals.

2118 : Construire : hold.... and that you cannot.

2179 : *Hic* etc. Die Stelle ist schwierig. Das Orig. hat : **πόσοι Φαέθοντες ἢ Δευκαλίωνες ἱκανοὶ πρὸς οὕτως ὑπέραντλον ὕβριν τοῦ βίου.** Zunächst ist ? mitten in die Frage gestellt worden, wie öfter, anstatt sich nach modernem Gebrauch fein säuberlich am Ende des Ganzen zu befinden ; vergl. z. B. 3566-71 ; 3750-59 ; 3762-67. *Hie* ist dann = high = highly « to a great extent, greatly ; forcibly ; strongly » etc. (NED). Die Frage ist dann nur : sollen wir expiat (so Heywood oft für -ate) = expiating (Van Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, p. 121) stellen oder als reinen Infinitif ansehn. Ich ziehe das Letztere vor. In 2181 ist *and* = « während » ; das Sätzchen gehört zu still flowing : « Schlechtigkeit die, während Du es weisst, unter Deinem Vorwissen, etc. ». Zu diesem Gebrauch von *and* vergl. z. B. Beaum. & Fl., *Valentinian*, II, 3 (Merm. Ser. II, 439) :

How dar'st thou pluck
The souldiers to sedition, and I living ? etc. etc.

2202 : Citat ?

2213 : *seare*. Vom *s* ist sowohl in meinem Exemplar, als in den drei Exemplaren des Brit. Mus. nur etwas ausgedruckt, das man einen Punkt nennen könnte. P. liest *seare*. Vergl. *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, IV, 5, 98 :

Oh, to redeem mine honour,
I'd have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd.

2240 : lies Echecratides.

2318 : *gybing* ; cf. P., I, p. 168 :

The vilain slaue gibes at her misery.

2345 : *instaurated* = *restored*.

2350 : *bestrid* ; cf. Schmidt, *Shakesp.-Lex.*, s. v. bestride 4.

2362 : *obstreperous* = obstreperum der Fol.

2363 : *ball* = *bawl*.

2386 : *to incorporat*. Orig. περιέψοντας, Fol. amplexuri. « der mich so fest umarmt (cf. hug) dass unsere Körper sozusagen nur einen einzigen bilden ». NED registrirt nur den intr. Gebrauch, der ja hier auch vorliegen kann.

2398 : *intrals*. Das *l* sieht fast eher wie ein abgesprungenes langes *s* aus, welches dagestanden haben *kann* ; ähnlich Prodigals in 2484, shall in 2835.

2418 : *Apoplex* = *apoplexy* ; Van Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, pp. 93, 101.

2446 : *gripple* = *greedy* (cf. 2768).

2474 : *Franking me up.* = to shut up and feed *(up)* in a frank (NED, p. 512a unten).

2522 : *Thus* etc. Auch wenn man I = ay auffasst ist die Stelle so, wie sie dasteht, unbefriedigend. H. wird Thus us'd am I abus'd, am etc. geschrieben haben. Cf. *Wise-Woman of Hogsdon*, I, 1 (Merm. Ser., p. 256) : you but abuse the use of play. *And* für *am* (wohl auf eine Eigentümlichkeit von H.'s Schrift zurückzuführen) auch in P., V, p. 45 : Yes, I proclaim't ; I that was once mine owne.

And (= am) now become his creature.

2539 : *dear* ; vom *r* nur schwache Spuren.

2580 : *strip* « to go very rapidly » Halliwell, *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words.*

2585 : *idlely* lies zweisilbig und vergl. Chapman, *All Fooles*, II, 1. (ed. Pearson, I, p. 133) : let him lead
A better Husbands life and liue not idlely.

2630 : die Namen sollten sein : Dromo und Tibius.

2639 : *seen ;* lies *are seen* und « verbessere » nicht etwa *seem*.

2650 : *Horse-mill* = τὸν μυλῶνα.

2658 : *trencher-Flies* = Parasit (Orig. nur ὀμνύουσιν) ; vergl. *trencher-friends* in Tim., III, 6, 106.

2671 : Lies : These are no question, true : « Alles das kann man, wirklich, nicht in Frage ziehn ».

2680 : lies *Callias*.

2730 : *debashtly* = δυσέρωτας ὄντας, Fol. 1543 : qui sic perdite te amarint. Statt perdite hätte Micyllus auch misere sagen können. Nicht zu verwechseln mit dem debosht in 2622, doch wurden beide Formen in der Schrift, und also auch in der Aussprache, nicht sauber auseinandergehalten : Vergl. P., III, p. 396 :

Whil'st *Cethus* like a forlorne shadowe walkes
Dispis'd, disgrac't, neglected and debosht

mit Dekker, *Works*, III, p. 329 : But I am now downe, deiected and debashed.
NED ist hier unzulänglich.

2772 : *needly* = *needs*, wie in Rom. III, 2, 117 :

2781 : *destraction* lies *detraction ;* the mindes detraction = ἄνοια, dementia.

2788 : *band of Pensioners* fast anachronistisch für Leibwache, doch war der Ausdruck abgeschliffen, cf. z. B. Marston, I, p. 115. Zur Geschichte vergl. Nichols, *Narrat. of the Days of the Reformation*, ed. Camden Soc., pp. 320 ff.

2850 : *colorable* « Capable of being presented as true or right ; having at least a *prima facie* aspect of justice or validity » (NED).

2905 : *Timon* spricht und nicht *Plut.*

2924 : *sole ; s* beschmutzt, sodass es fast wie *f* aussieht.

2927 : *insidiated*. Das praeter. Suff. ist nicht zu *lesen*.

2944-50 : anakoluthisch.

2956 : *vprising* etc. ; die liebe Reimnot hat hier Heywood zu einem Zusatz veranlasst, über dessen richtige Interpretation wir uns jetzt die Köpfe zerbrechen können. Apposition zu einem *me* hinter *supplying ?*

2959 : *delirement*. NED giebt diese Stelle und eine andere aus Heywood's *Silver Age* II, 1 (P., III, p. 107) : In vain are these delirements. « Raving, frenzy, insanity ».

3025 : *Claw-backs* = κόλακες ; vergl. to claw the back of a person = frotter la manche.

3030 : *solely* = *soly* 4921, 8197 und vergl. 6223.

3037 : *Timon* spricht.

3044 : lies Corybantes.

3048 : *quicke glowing ;* ich bezweifle sehr, dass dieses Epitheton gut gewählt ist. Vergl. *Acolastus*, ed. Bolte, 429 : Non rideam, quod carbonarias opes pro germanis ostentes, somniis felix. Bolte verweist auf unsere Stelle in Lucian.

3065 : *too't* ist überflüssig.

3095 : *passe* etc. καὶ ὅλως ἀνδριάντων λιθίνων ἢ χαλκῶν μηδὲν ἡμῖν διαφερέτωσαν. Zur Bedeutung « to care for » vergl. Nares s. v. Auch to pass on und of findet sich : Foxe, *l. c.*, VIII, p. 100 : then they showed how little they passed of death; *ibid.*, p. IV, 592 : Clement had passed so little on the emperor's army, that he had gone to St. Peter's church to hear mass.

3098 : *rude = rude ones ;* cf. Franz, *l. c.*, pp. 60-61.

3100 : *abhor ;* Object dazu *cousins* etc.

3111 : *participate ;* sehr sonderbarer Gebrauch des Verbums; im Orig. nichts Entsprechendes.

3117 : Ergänze : if he love.

3118 : Ergänze : will place.

3137 : *Even Timon* etc. ; übersetze « und ebenderselbe Timon » ; Τίμων ὁ αὐτός.

3147 : *palt ;* Nares belegt die Formen palt und pault = to pelt.

3167 : *dicacitie ;* φιλοσκώμμων, also « raillery » NED.

3177 : *with thee I witnesse these* entspricht dem μαρτύρομαι des Orig.; Fol. : attestor. Die Construction (with = gegen) ist mir nicht bekannt.

3193 : *wound me in — for* = λαβών. Steckt etwas vom Deutschen « prellen » in der Wendung ?

3215 : *chargeable* wohl am besten als troublesome, burdensome zu fassen, wie in Randolph's *Ode to Master Anth. Stafford* : I... must.... leave the chargeable noise of this great town (Arber, *Jonson Anthology*, p. 230; im Glossar giebt Arber « expensive » [!], was in obiger Stelle aus H. möglich aber unwahrscheinlich ist; cf. P., VI, p. 365 : My company hath not been to your purse
So chargeable).

3227 : *owght* (: *brought*) ; vergl. Franz, *l. c.*, § 22 und dazu P., I, p. 181 : I had not ought thee so much as I doe. Chapman, *All Fooles*, ed. Pearson, I, p. 129 :

My Father yet hath ought *Dame Nature* debt.

3228 : *might = mightst.*

3252 : lies Erechtheides.

3281 : *These* etc. τὰ τοιαῦτα δὲ πολλὰ προσκεῖσθαι ἄμεινον.

3348 : *question* etc. = ἀλλὰ δώσεις ἐν τάχει τὴν δίκην. Der Sinn ist : for this outrage you shall be questioned (NED s. v. 1 b), doch ist die Construction höchst sonderbar. Im Deutschen macht die Übersetzung « auf die Anklagebank bringen » keine Schwierigkeit. To call a person in question im Sinne von « vor den Richter führen (als Zeugen) » findet sich in P., II, p. 72 : see you remember what is past, for I will call thee in question for a witnesse if need require. Vergl. 5925.

3364 : *promisse ;* ἐκπετάσας γοῦν τὸν πώγωνα. Ich kann das Wort nicht belegen, doch vergl. lat. promissus mit coma, capillus und in Verg. Buc. VIII 34 auch mit barba (andere Lesart : prolixa).

3375 : *crochets ;* cf. Schmidt, s. v. crotchet 1 und vergl. Beaum. & Fl. *The Spanish Curate*, IV, 6 (ed. Merm. Ser. II, p. 289) : Women have crochets and strange fits; *ibid.* V, 2 (*l. c.*, p. 303) : or some newbred crotchet Come o'er his brains.

3395 : *saucers* wird besser in *sauces* geändert (χαρύκης).

3404 : *shap'd;* übersetze etwa « ihn (im Gesicht) zugerichtet haben ».
3406 : *custard;* eine Art Pastete.
3407 : *marchpanes;* süsses Gebäck.
3412 : *toxt* = μέθυσος = intoxicated. Ich kenne dieses Verbum nicht; lies *foxt* und vergleiche Hazl.-Dods., XIII, p. 28 : as much drink as would fox a fly.
3424 : *lifting;* er wirft die Hände in die Luft und sucht sich an der Flötenspielerin festzuhalten : τῆς αὐλητρίδος ἀμφοτέραις ἐπειλημμένον. Das Folgende ist eine durch das Original nicht gerechtfertigte Ausschmückung Heywood's.
3446 : *pyde;* cf. 5691.
3459 : *seven cocks.* Der Brunnen ἐννεάκρουνος (!) wurde von Pisistratus erneuert. Heywood ist aus der Construction gefallen; im Sinne hatte er : the water of the Athen. fountaine. Oder cf. to trip *it* etc?
3498 : *Scrip* = πήρα; diese war *eines* der Abzeichen des Philosophen.
3516 : *Cniphon* lies *Gniphon.* Laches (und Demeas) kommt auch als Namen im alten Timon (ed. Dyce, Shak. Soc. 1842) vor.
3537 : *Heaven.* Einer von den zahllosen Fällen, wo die Schreibung nicht mit der Lesung übereinstimmt (cf. zu 2927); Vergl. Van Dam-Stoffel im *Shakesp. Jahrb.*, 38, p. 191 und dazu noch *ene* = even in P., V, p. 55 : Ene as you find me etc.
3587-8 : *eaten : beat!*
3600 : *terren;* cf. P., V, p. 54 : Seeming 'mongst others terren sole divine.
3606 : *shalt* lies *shall.*
3614 : *sport me;* cf. Ven. 154 : where I list to sport me.
3631 : *crowne the pastorall cup* = ἀναδοῦναι τὸ κισσύβιον, wo die Fol. 1543 übersetzt : coronare poculum pastorale. Vergl. Verg., Georg. III, 528 : et socii cratera coronant (Erklärer : non floribus, sed vino). Für diesen akt. trans. Gebrauch hat das NED den ältesten Beleg aus 1697. Vergl. P. V, p. 159 : and Ganimed Shall crowne our full cupps with the grapes pure blood.
3645 : *nuzzle* = καθεύδειν. Halliwell s. v. : « to loiter, to idle. *North.* ».
3684 : *thou hast.* Vergl. zu 3537 und Decker, *Works,* III, p. 267 :
That call'd for = thou art called for;
ibid. p. 270 : Be quicke th'at best = thou art best. Cf. 3819.
3714 : *sipping;* cf. Hml. IV, 7, 161.
3716 : *tasting;* nur ganz schwache Spuren des *a.*
3737 : *would* = *wouldst.*
3742 : *generous;* gebraucht wie *good, my good;* ὦ γενναιοτάτη. Fol. 1543: generosissima tu; cf. 4612 : *worthlesse.*
3748 : *arrive;* cf. Chapman's Odysseys II (ed. Shepherd, p. 309[b]) :
His wife should little joy in his arrive,
Though much she wants him.
H. selbst gebraucht das Wort öfter, z. B. P., II, p. 198; III, 275, 359.
3749 : *Skinker* = drawer, tapster; cf. Massinger, ed. Old Dramat., p. 6[a]; Dekker, *Works,* I, 231; *Merry Devil of Edmon.* IV. 2, 45.
3760 : *he* = Vulcan : Youth who must.
3765 : auf *well* sollte Komma oder nach dem Brauch dieses Druckes auch Fragezeichen folgen; jedenfalls sind die folg. Zeilen noch zum Vorhergehenden zu ziehn.

3774 : *none* = nichts !

3824 : *To my wife Iuno;* das Original hat nur γυναικὶ, was im Sinne von Weib, mulier schlechthin zu nehmen ist. Dagegen hat Fol. 1543 für γυνὴ die Bedeutung uxor gewählt, wodurch Heywood sich hat täuschen lassen ; cf. οὐδὲ συνῆκα ἡδὺς γυναικὶ διὰ σὲ γεγενημένος, ἀλλά με δεῖ μαγγανεύειν ἐπ' αὐτάς καὶ κρύπτειν ἐμαυτόν ; Fol. 1543 : neque intellexi me, etiam uxori, propter te gratiorem fuisse. Sed oportet me praestigiis (cf. Heywood) uti ad illas (sic ! Heywood ganz logisch : from her eies), et meipsum abscondere.

3854 : *far* : *ar ;* vergl. 3870 : faire : are ; 4070 : ar' : Bar ; 4834 : far : ar ?

3891 : *heat thee* = heat thy blood « Dich wütend machen ».

3967 : *untrace ;* cf. to kick over the traces « über die Stränge hauen ».

3975 : *Merc.* spricht.

3976 : *some one* = « ein einzelnes » fast « einziges » ; cf. B. & Fl., *Faithf. Sheph.* IV, 5 (Merm. Ser. II, p. 388) :

for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.

Vergl. *any one* in NED, I, p. 379[a] und Hazl.-Dods., XIV, p. 115 : if my lady kiss but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all ;
und *no one* bei Dekker, *Works*, III, p. 294 :

Plucke no one Apple from the golden Tree,
But shake the fruite of euery pleasure downe.

4095 : *busie hests* = « ewigen Befehlen » ; busy = that keeps one constantly occupied NED. Das Orig. hat nur καὶ ὅλως ἀπηγόρευκα ἤδη. Die (auf Erasmus zurückgehende) Übersetzung in der Folio lautet : adeo ut plane iam pariturum me negarim.

4123 : packe ; pack steht oft fuer to send, set packing ; z. B. in Massinger's *New Way to pay* etc, III, 2 : I'll pack her to the knight. An unserer Stelle wäre es jedoch wohl besser, Ausfall des Subjets (*I* oder *I'll*) anzunehmen.

4124 : *Jup.* spricht.

4143 : *Pia mater* = ὑπὸ τῇ μήνιγγι (intra cerebri panniculum). Vergl. LLL, IV, 2, 71 und Beaum. & Fletcher, *The Chances,* III, 2 : Stew'd pericraniums, and pia-maters.

4147 : *Matachine* ; cf. Nares s. v. und Douce, *Illustr. of Shakspeare,* 1807. II, p. 435 ; Brand-Ellis, *Observ. on the Popul. Antiqu. of Gr. Brit.,* 1849, I, p. 511, und jetzt Chambers, *Mediaeval Stage,* I, pp. 182 ff.

4188 : *Merc.* spricht.

4189 : *Nep.* spricht.

4216 : *ghest* = ghessed = guessed.

4217 : *Iumping* « uebereinstimmend ». Vergl., P., III, p. 149 :
Things truly reconcile, You'l iumpe with me. Vergl. 6531.

4225 : *expire* etc. Heywood hat die Kuehnheit gehabt, diese Szene im *Silver Age* (P. III, pp. 154-5) auf die Buehne zu bringen.

4259 : *Carion* lies *Carian* (4335).

4275 : (before me) = exceeded all before me « Vorgänger ».
4279 : Zur Skandierung vergl. 4327.
4290 : *other ;* cf. Franz, *l. c.*, § 224.
4323 : *thy*, auf *Carian King* in 4319 zurueckgehend, sollte *his* sein, wodurch jedoch die Klarheit gelitten hätte ; stand = shall stand.
4355 : *Claw* etc. Vergl. Ilias, 23, 724. Fuer let's live hat Lucian nichts Entsprechendes ; doch dürfen die Worte als Übersetzung von Homers angegebenem Vers angesprochen werden. Chapman uebersetzt : or lay My face up, or let me lay thine ; let Jove take care for these.
4399 : *staffe* der Stab der Philosophen ; vergl. 4465 und Anm. zu 3498.
4467 : *cut* = τοσοῦτον πλοῦν.
4486 : *hast* « wie Du im anderen Falle meinen Obolus haben wuerdest » ; ändere nicht etwa in *hadst*.
4489 : *to* = compared to, wie πρὸς im Orig.
4499 : *cheat* = thing « eine Kleinigkeit ».
4529 : *belongs* = belong.
4552 : *as thy selfe said*. Orig. : ἀμενηνὰ ὡς ἀληθῶς κάρηνα « wirklich kraftlose Häupter », da Homer sie Od. K. 521 so nennt. Die lat. Übersetzung ist etwas frei aber sinngemäss : ut abs te dictum est; natuerlich wird man die bei Heywood folgenden Ausfuehrungen vergeblich im Homer suchen.
4570 : *to go to buffets ;* cf. H4A II, 3, 35 ; P., II, p. 171.
4579-80 : Vergl. Diogenes Laertius, lib. VIII, c. 1, § 5.
4583 : Vergl. Diogenes Laertius, lib. VIII, c. 1, § 11.
4590 : Zum Verbot des Bohnenessens vergl. zunächst Diogenes Laertius, lib. VIII, c. 1, §§ 19, 24. Sodann ueberliefert Clemens Alexandrinus, *Stromatum lib.* III (ed. Coloniae, 1688, p. 435) den Vers : Ἴσόν τοι κυάμους τρώγειν κεφαλάς τε τοκήων. Lucian sagt nun : ἔμαθον γὰρ ὡς οὐδὲν ἴσον κύαμοι καὶ κεφαλαὶ τοκήων ἐνθάδε. Der Schluss ist also : « man kann sie also essen ». — Zur ganzen Frage vergl. ausser Auli Gellii *Noctium Atticarum lib.* IV, cap. 11 (ed. Leipzig, 1762, I. pp. 352 ff.) besonders Erasmus, *Adag.*, sub *A fabis abstineto.*
Fol. 1543 uebersetzt nun, indem sie sich einer anderen Auslegung des Textes anschliesst, durch : quod nihil inter se similes sunt, fabae et patrantium testiculi. Und so im Wesentlichen Heywood (Cooper's *Thesaur. Linguae Rom. & Brit.*, Lo.. 1573 giebt s. v. *satyrion* die folg. Erklärung : An hearbe hauing... a roote like the genitour of a man). Zu Satyrion root vergl. Plinius, XXVI, 62, 63 ; es galt noch lange, wie *cringoes, cantarides* u. s. w. als venerisches Reizmittel ; cf. die Beschreibung in Pope's *January and May.*
To boot halte ich fuer das Verbum : « es giebt nichts, das einen Ausgleich herstellen könnte zwischen, etc » = « sie sind vollkommen ungleichwertig, ungleich » ; cf. NED s. v. (p. 996c med.) : What will you boote bytwene my horse and yours.
4593 : lies : Execestides.
4602 : Die Geschichte des Empedocles erzählt Strabo im 6. Buch da wo er zum zweiten Mal auf den Aetna zu sprechen kommt ; cf. Diogenes Laertius, lib. VIII, c. 2, § 69.
4654 : lies Clinia's son = Alkibiades.

4752 : *envy ;* vergl. malice in 4777.
4819 : plunge = « bringst mich in Verlegenheit » etc. Das Subst. (= Schwierigkeit, Verlegenheit) gebraucht Heywood P., IV, p. 143 : Passe this plunge And we are made for euer.
VI, p. 392 : if I orecome this plunge.
4823 : *'plaine ;* cf. Van Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, p. 29, und P., I, p. 55 : Tush ! weepe not, man : giue losers leaue to plaine.
4844 : nach sight beginne neuen Vers ; 3 Reime.
4844 : *guilty* = conscious.
4873 : *frequent* = familiar « wohl bekannt ».
4889 : *feare ; f* nicht ausgedruckt, sodass es fuer *s* gehalten werden könnte.
4916 : Mercury zweisilbig ; Van-Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, pp. 93 ff.
4920 : *desceptations.* Fol. 1543 : nam huiusmodi caussas disceptare etc.
4946 : *conceivements* = « conception » (NED), fast « Sinne ».
Vergl. P., III, p. 40 : And rob me of the true ability
Of my direct conceiuements.
5010 : *Burgaret* lies Burganet, Burgonet, wie Heywood P., III, p. 102 auch schreibt.
5029 : *so* = *if.*
5043 : *I'le give the rest place* ist ohne das Original oder die lat. Übersetzung geradezu unverständlich : ac posteaquam me diligenter inspexeris, *tempus tibi erit & caetera iam spectare,* num pulchra victoriae meae dona proposita tibi. Uebersetze also : so werde ich Dir auch das Übrige zeigen.
5097 : *Lacena,* ein böser Bock ! Fol. 1543 : Lacaenam = eine Lacedaemonierin, wie in Verg., Aen. II, 601. Laconia hätte H. schreiben sollen.
5135 : *States* = « Adeligen ».
5255 : *Meares* = mere « See ».
5266 : *bate* = bait.
5307 : *question'd* = examined.
5322 : *braves ;* vergl. P., I, p. 54 :
Go to, leaue off these idle braues of thine etc.
5336 : *Ei*=I = ay. Heywood hat *eye* z. B. P., IV, p. 107 ; *ey, ibid.* p. 115 ; *ey,* VI, p. 10. Die Bemerkung des Herausgebers von P., VI, pp. 438-9 : The most usual mode of spelling « Ay », in our old dramatists, is by the letter I, used as an interjection ; but Heywood's printer in this play has adopted a new mode — *Ey* » ist im letzten Teil ganz verkehrt, da die Schreibung offenbar auf H. zurueckgeht.
5346 : *steale* lies *seale.*
5375 : Vergl. *First part of King Edw. IV,* (ed. Sh. Soc., p. 76 ; P., I, p. 74) :
So we do say dishonour is no shame,
When slander does not touch th'offenders name.
You shall be folded in a princes arms,
Whose beck disperseth euen the greatest harmes.
und vergl. weiter pp. 76, 77.
5385 : *to ;* man könnte geneigt sein does zu lesen ?
5392 : *curious* = « verwöhnt ».
5406 : *ledar* = *laedor ;* cf. Metam. I, 608.
5536 : *Citat ?*
5544 : *couche* = *couch-grass* in 5752.

5550 : *brees* = *breeze* « Bremse » ; 5600.

5561 : *Calfe with the white face* ; cf. Chapman's *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, ed. Shepherd, p. 33 : that calf with a white face is his fair daughter, und desselben *May-Day* V, 1, (*l. c.* p, 285) : I know not what disguise she would have for you ; she would have you come like a calf with a white face, I think. Vergl. *Blind Beg.* 833 und Anm. dazu. Geschichte des Ausdrucks ? Eine Anspielung auf denselben finde ich auch in Field's *Amends for Ladies* III, 4 (Merm. Ser., p. 459), wo Spillblood zu Lord Feesimple, der den Anblick des nackten Eisens nicht ertragen kann, sagt : you lord with the white face.

5587 : *brackish* = salzig machen. NED nur dieses Beispiel.

5622 : Erkläre : so (would) she (do) too, d.h. follow.

5640 : Vergl. die Glosse zu Spenser's *Shep. Cal.*, July :... transformed Cow Io : so called, because that in the print of the Cowes foot, there is figured an I in the midst of an O. Cf. 5908-9.

5648 : lies termed ; — such d.h. transformed.

5653 : *I leade* ; H. mag Ile leade geschrieben haben, noch besser wird der Sinn, wenn man *in which* ergänzt (1797).

5663 : *sure* = « ich werde sie töten » ; cf. H4A V, 3, 48.

5689 : *me* lies *my* ; ein ziemlich gewöhnlicher « Druckfehler », den ich am liebsten dem Autor zuschreiben möchte ; man denke an die Aussprache. Marston's *Sophonisba*, 1. Ausg. (Bullen, II, p. 249) hat : But let me lord leave Carthage, wo *me* = *my*.

5734 : *fast* = as soon as he is fast asleep. Vergl. P., IV, p. 153 : The Prince is fast, all done. P. III, p. 228 : here am I fast till morning.

5761 : *formal* = « richtig, echt. » Vergl. P., III, p. 280 : (Paris) a giddy braine, a formall traueller.

5770 : *have* ; man sollte doch *has* erwarten ?

5794 : *having her*. Natürlich ein Lesefehler des Setzers = but leaving her « aber, um das Thema zu wechseln ».

5854 : Nach *see* Komma !

5879 : *Lædon* lies *Ladon* und vergl. Metam. I, 702 : donec.... Ladonis ad amnem venerit.

5986 : Die ganze Episode hat H. auf die Bühne gebracht in *Brazen Age*, P., III, pp. 226 ff.

6044 : *to give the foile* = « zum Straucheln, zu Fall bringen ». Statt *the hugge* wird *the hugged* zu lesen sein, wie Dr. Vandegaer vorschlägt. Beide Ausdrücke wurden besonders beim Ringkampf gebraucht. *Hug* auf's Geschlechtliche übertragen in Massinger's *Guardian*, IV, 1 :

> she is no right-bred woman
> If she die with one fall ; some of my acquaintance
> Have took a thousand merrily, and are still
> Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.

6106 : is.... with cradle = steht in Verbindung mit ; übersetze « riecht ».

6162 : d.h. doch wohl : ich kann Dir meine Hand zum Kuss überlassen, da Du diese Höflichkeit nicht falsch auslegen wirst.

6265-68 : Ist diese Stelle ganz in Ordnung ?

6293 : *Calenture*. The word was also used in the Spanish general sense of « fever », and sometimes in that of « sunstroke ». (NED).

6294 : *are* etc = « was nützt's? » Vergl. P., III, p. 65:

What are you better to be beautifull,
When no mans eye can come to censure it?

III, p. 147: What am I better to be *Queene of heauen*,

To be the sister and the wife of *Ioue*,
When euery strumpet braues my Deity?

6319 : *till attain;* ergänze *I* und vergl. Anm. zu 1434, 7045.

6353 : *Pharos.* Ein Gedächtnissfehler Heywoods, da Apollo m. W. mit Pharos nichts zu thun hatte.

6389 : *it* = refl.

6399 : *arme* höchstwahrscheinlich reflex. aufzufassen. Vergl. zur Sache Plinius II, 56, 1, worauf auch Lyly's *The eagle is never striken with thunder, nor the olyve with lightning* [*Saph.* III, 3 (4)] zurückgeht.

6434 : *Breake he* = if he breake his day etc.

6437 : *Som.* lies *Sum.* Heywood schreibt *sommer* P., III, p. 251.

6491 : *Semel in anno* etc. Vergl. P., V, p. 126.

6560-1 : Cf. Lyly, *Sapho and Phao,* II, 4, 60-61: Flatter, I meane lie; litle things catch light mindes, and fancy is a worme, that feedeth first vpon fenell.

6568 : Vergl. *The City Nightcap,* Hazl.-Dods., XIII, p. 110:

Mark but the course of the holy-seeming hollow man.

6601 : Komma hinter you ist wohl besser zu tilgen und *so* = *if* zu fassen.

6626 : *contingents* « Zufälligkeiten ».

6662 : *Beagles* lies *bugles.*

6680 : *listen; l* nicht sauber ausgedruckt und oben nach rechts verbogen, sodass es für abgesprungenes langes *s* gehalten werden kann.

6737 : *May;* dazu ziehe als Subj. your head.

6779 : *exprest.* Von der Ligatur *st* nur die Grundlinie des *s* ausgedruckt.

6806 : *discourse;* also wäre das Folgende nicht cursif zu drucken gewesen, oder 6821-6835 ebenfalls cursif.

6892 : Vergl. Webster, *Duchess of Malfi,* I, 1, prop. fin. (ed. Dyce, Old Dram., p. 66a):

That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided.

Da die erste Q aus dem Jahre 1623 stammt, so ist eine Beeinflussung durch Cats möglich; vergl. besonders *emblem.*

6937 : lies good-man (= pater).

6963 : *well* lies *will.*

6966 : *Cipri.* = Cyprianus. Cats citiert: Cypræ. Tract. de Sponsal. cap. 3.

7045 : *if;* ergänze *one* oder *you* (= properando fugabis amorem) und vergl. 7207, 7263, 7481, 7701.

7060 etc. Dieser Zusatz Heywood's passt nicht zum Sinn des Ganzen.

7069 : *hold* lies *held.*

7074 : *sur'st;* « am sichersten, zuverlässigsten » (= ocyor euro).

7122 : *sheats* = Segel (vela); so sheet noch heute in einer Anzahl nautischer Ausdrücke. Vergl. das Wortspiel in Webster's *Cure for a Cuckold,* II, 3 (ed. Dyce, Old Dram., p. 298), wo der heimgekehrte Seeman sagt:

Come, we'll eat and to bed; and if a fair gale come, we'll hoist sheets, and set forwards.

7150 : *and more* etc = nec castis plura licere puto.
7159 : *them* = sailors = suitors (ndl. maer clampt den vryer niet aen boort).
7165 : *Icasin* lies Icasia.
7193 : lies Zonaras.
7201 : *Say* etc : Cats : Adde quod & fragiles tantum gerit ille sagittas,
Adde quod æternas non habet ille faces.
7217 : *junkets* = « süsse Speise, Leckerbissen im Allgemeinen » ; Cats : melimela. Vergl. Chapmans Odyss. VI (ed. Shepherd, p. 350) :
her mother placed
A maund of victuals.... and other junkets (= ὄψα).
7224 : *Lovers* etc. Cats : Exit in immensum temerarius ardor amantum.
7226 etc : Cats : Nec satis his vel totus amor. Sua furta sodali
Si narrare nefas, non placet ipsa Venus.
7260 : *Grace nothing ;* Cats : Arridere nocet.
7280 : *Palamedes birds* = Kraniche (Cats : palamedæam avem) ; Vergl. Martial, XIII, 75.
7402-3 : *Admit* etc : Cats :
Nec veniat, quamvis mens est tibi ludere tantum,
Saepe vel in lusu capta puella perit.
7416 : *Sic avidis fallax ;* aus Martial. Ep. IV, 56, 5-6.
7436-9 : Cats :
Basia nil teneris data posse nocere puellis,
Nil tactus cupidi blanditiasque proci,
Haud mihi quis vano persuadeat ore poeta etc.
7506 : *choller ;* Cats : colore.
7529 : *guilty* = « wenn Du Dir bewusst bist, ein Geschenk ***angenommen*** zu haben » ; Cats : muneris accepti mens conscia mollis amanti est.
7535 : *Maistries* hier fast « Balgen ».
Cf. P., III, p. 188 : To make me try strange maisteries 'gainst that monster ; VI, p. 364 : had it been to dance,
Leap in the fields, to wrestle, or to try
Masteries in any noble quality.
7544-47 : *Sporting—read* halte ich für eine Reflexion Heywoods ; ***read.*** *Horace* steht für : ***read in*** *Horace.* Die beiden folgenden Zeilen sind eine Übersetzung von Hor. Epist. I, 19, 48-49 :
Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen et iram,
Ira truces inimicitias et funebre bellum
7564 : *Dionæan.* Der von H. beabsichtigte Hinweis auf Dione, Venus, fehlt.
7579 : Das sonderbare clos'd erklärt sich einigermassen durch Catsens : cum gemit ad clausas maesta puella fores. Das zeitlich nächste Beispiel im NED ist aus Caxton, Reynard (1481) : A cloysterer or a closyd recluse. Oder sollen wir 'closed = enclosed lesen ? Vergl. NED s. v. und Van Dam-Stoffel, *l. c.*, p. 31.
7593 : *nativity.* Das lat. Embl. lautet : Difficilis servatu, tumida virginitas ; das franz. : Troupeau penible a garder, Sont filles prestes a marier. Lies also : maturity und vergl. das Reimwort.
7623-4 : Cats :
Nam si forte rudi, rudis ipsa, jugère marito,
Qui thalami subeat munia, neuter erit.
7626 : *How so* = howsoever.

7634 : *curtaine businesse ;* Cats : Tune virum.... *thalamo* posse vacare putas. NED (II, p. 276c) erstes und einziges Beispiel, wohl in etwas verschiedenem Sinn, aus 1673.

7637 : *gowne* (Cats : Toga) ist durch das folgende *plead a cause* zu erklären, also : Jurist. Cats sagt : Jura tori, non jura fori, mihi discat amator (7639).

braine. NED (p. 1049 sub 4 b) hat *ein* Beispiel dieses Wortes und verweist zweifelnd auf *bran* (sowohl hier wie dort ist die Redensart : *of the same brain, of the same bran*). Ich hatte an *grain* gedacht, ehe ich Cats nachsah, der *ingenium Magnetis habet Toga* hat. *Brain* ist also doch das Richtige.

7657 : Memnons statue ; cf. u. a. Juvenal XV. 5 und Lucian, Toxaris, c. 27.

7698 : Cf. Cats : Et causas pro se mille favoris habet.

7709 : Cf. Cats : Cuique neget cari mors genitoris opem.

7711 : « Solltet Ihr aber viele Kinder erzeugen, so wird man über Dich munkeln ».

7718 : Matrimonium etc. Cf. *A Help to Discourse : or, More Merriment mixt with serious Matters* etc. London, 1654, p. 335 : but the quietest marriage saith one, is that, when the wife is blind, and the husband deaf. Wer dieser « one » ist, habe ich nicht ausmachen können.

7726 : Ich lese : many a flaw.

7727 : Hence brats in law ! Die ganze Stelle lautet bei Cats :

Cedite Privigni ; nunquam bene virgo noverca est :
Quid tibi cum viduo, bella puella, viro ?
Donet Hymen socii communia pignora lecti,
Illa tibi pignus virginitatis erunt.

Es ist also zu erklären : *maides, mothers the first day* = « die am ersten Tage zur Mutter, zur Frau gemacht werden » (ndl. Die moeder wert, noch zijnde maegt) ; *single* = « ohne Kinder » ; *these* [*who*] *are bred* = « die kommenden Kinder ».

7739-43 : Cats hat hier ausser einem franz. Citat, das folgende :

Nunquam duplicia conjugia laudavero mortalium,
Nec binos matres habentes liberos (Eurip. in Andro.)

Warum H. seine eigne Weisheit, die absolut nicht zum Inhalt des Emblems passen will, vorgezogen hat, ist mir unklar.

7763 ff. : Im Original sind die Nummern 1, 2, 3 hinter einander gedruckt mit dem Motto *Sufficit unus.* Nur ein Holzschnitt gehört auch zu den drei Theilen. Die Citate folgen zusammen unter dem Schnitt und auf dem verso.

7770 : *Tead* = taeda.

7799 : Nach *over him* Punkt. Cats hat : Casta ad virum matrona parendo imperat (Seneca). Das folgende scheint also ein Citat Heywood's nach Bias zu sein ; ich habe es jedoch nicht identificiert.

7806 : *Tree's* = trees. Cats :

Cedit honor ramis, succi tamen arbor origo est ;
Et decus hoc, ex se quod dedit, alter habet.

7831 : Zur Chronologie der Prol. etc. vergl. Vorbemerkungen.

7870 : *one Poets pen ;* d. h. Aischylos.

7898 : = hast thou two faces, Ianus ?

7935 : *waine* = wane (Cynthia).
7941 : *and both ;* ergänze you.
7961 : *Ali ;* Schwiegersohn Mohammeds und dessen vorzüglichster Anhänger.
7979 : *If Cæsar* etc. anakoluth. bis 7995.
7995 : *male-content* = Will. Prynne, der 1632 seinen Histriomastix veröffentlichte. Heywood spricht auch von demselben in der Vorrede zu *A Maydenhead well lost*, P., IV, p. 99 : *Neither can this be drawne within the Criticall censure of that most horrible* Histriomastix, *whose vncharitable doome having damned all such to the flames of Hell, hath it selfe already suffered a most remarkeable fire here vpon Earth*. Vergl. die Widmung zum *Engl. Traveller*, P., IV, p. 5, nach welcher H. beabsichtigte, eine Antwort auf den Histriomastix zu schreiben.
8014-36 : Prol. und Epil. zu *The fair Maid of the West*, Q 1631 ; Varianten absolut unwichtig.
8047 : *importune*. Const. mit *of* meines Wissens unbelegt.
8054 : lies *Panegyrics*.
8081 : *Scarlet* etc stehn für Reich und Arm.
8087 : Da der Text dieser Prologe etc sowohl in P., V, pp. 87-89, als auch in der Ausg. für *The Old Engl. Drama*, Lo., 1824, pp. XIX-XXII eine Anzahl Varianten aufweist, so hatte Mr. Mc Kerrow die Güte, meinen Text mit demjenigen der Quartoausgaben von *Loves Maistresse* aus den Jahren 1636 (Br. Mus. pr. m. C. 12. f. 14 ; damit stimmt 643. b. 29 vollkommen überein) und 1640 zu vergleichen. Im Jahre 1640 wurden zwei ganz verschiedene Ausg. dieses Stückes veröffentlicht : 40^{A} (Br. Mus. pr. m. 644. e. 42) und 40^{B} (Br. Mus. pr. m. 644. e. 43).*) Ausserdem enthalten die Quartos einen Prologue to this Play, the first time it was presented on the stage, den man P., V, p. 87 oder in *Old. Engl. Dr.*, p. XIX nachsehe. Ich gebe hier nur die wichtigeren Varianten :

8093 : Yes ;] I, 36, 40^{AB} — 8093 : a face] one face 36, 40^{AB} — 8097 : tride] ride 36, 40^{AB} — 8099 : *Nector*] *Nectar* 36, 40^{AB} — 8100 : god-like] godly 36, 40^{AB} — 8105 : with] in 36, 40^{AB} — 8106 : increase] Increast 36, 40^{A} ; increast 40^{B} — 8115 : Who so] Who's so 36, 40^{AB} — 8116 : and] or 36, 40^{AB} — his vertent] his *Vertent* 36, 40^{A} ; this *Vertent* 40^{B} — 8120 : Each] And 36, 40^{AB} — 8120 : their] It's 36, 40^{AB} — 8121 : the yeare] that yeere 36, 40^{AB} — 8122 : turne] change 36, 40^{A} ; charge 40^{B} — 8130 : amabilitie] *Amabilitee* 36, 40^{AB} — 8134 : T'would] 'Twould 36, 40^{AB} — 8150 : glorious] glories 36, 40^{AB} — 8152 : die ganze Zeile fehlt in 36, 40^{AB}; in 36 steht 8151 am Ende einer Seite, doch ist And Stichwort. — 8153 : flie] roame 36, 40^{AB} — 8155 : espy] 'spie 36, 40^{AB} — 8159 : Many such birth-dayes] And many Birth-dayes 36, 40^{AB}.

Statt 8111-4 lautet die Überschrift :

Her *Majestie* Inviting the *King* to *Denmarke House*, | in the *Strand*, upon His Birth-day, being *November* the 19. | This Play (bearing from

*) Dem Herausg. von *Love's Mistress* in *Bibliotheca Curiosa ; ed. by Edm. Goldsmid. Privately Printed, Edinburgh 1886*, ist diese Thatsache unbekannt geblieben. Er druckt nach 40^{B}.

that time*)* the Title of the | *Queenes Masque*, was againe presented before Him : | *Cupid* speaking the Prologue.

Zu Denmarke (= Somerset) House vergl. auch H's Vorrede zu diesem Stuecke, P., V, p. 85-6 : *but for the rare decorements which new apparrell'd it, when it came the second time to the Royall viewe, (Her Gratious* Majestie *then entertaining His* Highnesse *at* Denmarke-house, *upon his Birth-day)* etc.

Zu Halliwell, *Dict. of Old Engl. Plays*, p. 67 und Hazlitt, *Manual for the Coll.* etc, p. 56 bemerke ich schliesslich, dass *Cupids Mistresse, Cupid and Psiche, Queenes Masque* und *Loves Maistresse* m. E. alle dasselbe Stück bezeichnen. Für die von Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, pp. 286, 299 angenommene Entstehungsgeschichte liegt kein stichhaltiges Argument vor.

8197 : *soly ;* cf. Cor. IV, 7, 16 (Fol. 1623, p. 25a) : had left it soly ; und Mer. II, 1, 13 (*ibid.*, p. 167a) :

In tearmes of choise, I am not solie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies.

Vergl. die volle Schreibung in 4921, wo das Wort einsilbig ist.

8218 : *could ;* ich verstehe den Satz nicht ; lies *would ?*

8229 : *Coller of Brawne ;* cf. Jonson, *Alchem.* IV, 3 (Fol. 1616, p. 654) :

He looks in that deepe ruffe, like a head in a platter,
Seru'd in by a short cloake vpon two tressils !

Worauf Face vorschlägt :

Or, what doe you say to a collar of brawne, cut downe
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife.

« ein Eberhals, gleich unterm Ohr abgeschnitten, in den man Schnitte in Schlangenform gemacht ».

Zum Ganzen vergl. Brand-Ellis, *Observ. on the Pop. Ant.*, Lo.. 1849, I, pp. 484 ff.

8231 : Vergl. dieselbe Klage in P., IV, p. 177 : Of long since banisht Hospitality. Der Passus stammt also wohl aus der Feder Heywoods.

8317 : *chuff* = miser ; cf. Lyly's Works, ed. Bond, III, p. 456 :

The wealthy chuffe, that makes his gold his god.

8327 : Von dieser Maske haben wir sonst keine Kunde.

8387 : *Vertues ;* Vergl. *Londons Gate to Piety* [1638], P., V, p. 272 : Next her sit the three theologicall graces, *Faith, Hope,* and *Charity,* with three escutchions ; *Faith's* motto, *fidei ala, cœli scala ;* the wings of *Faith* are the ladder by which we scale heaven. *Hopes, Solum spernit qui cœlum sperat;* hee hates the earth, that hopes for heaven. *Loves* motto. *Ubi charitas, non est caritas ;* who giveth willingly, shall never want wretchedly.

8401 : *interessed* hat hier doch offenbar den Sinn « Anteil haben » ; d.h. Heywood war an *Richard III* beteiligt (cf. P., IV, p. 5 : being one reserued amongst two hundred and twenty, in which I haue had either an entire hand, or at the least a maine finger). *Richard III* mag das Rowley'sche Stück dieses Namens gewesen sein, da H. und R. auch sonst zusammen gearbeitet haben.

8418 : *manchet* = Weissbrot.

8424 : *in texted hand ;* lit. « in (wohl-) geschriebener Hand ». Vergl. P., III, p. 321 :

That shall my Launce
In bloody letters text vpon thy breast.

8458 : *one and twenty* = « da es über 21 Jahre alt ist ». Als runde Zahl (= « ins Mannesalter getreten ») zu fassen und chronologisch nicht verwendbar. Prolog und Epilog fehlen in den alten QQ von *If you know not me* etc. scheinen also nach Veröffentlichung der jüngsten erhaltenen Ausgabe (1633; vergl. Van Dam-Stoffel, *Shakesp. Jahrb.*, 38, p. 156) geschrieben zu sein.

8488 : *as* lies *at*.

8506 : *Palsgrave*; Karl Ludwig von der Pfalz; geb. 22 Dec. 1617.

8521 : *Charles little* kann so, wie es dasteht, kaum richtig sein, da Inversion ausgeschlossen ist? Man kann Druckfehler annehmen. Ich selbst wäre allerdings geneigt anzunehmen, dass Fälle wie dieser nur eine Ausdehnung der oben zu 254 erwähnten Eigentümlichkeit bedeuten : vor und nach *s*-Lauten wird *the, th'* so gekuerzt, dass es durch Assimilation geradezu verschwindet. Unser *Charles little* fuer *Charles the little* wuerde also eine Art phonetischer Schreibung repraesentieren, beduerfte aber einer ausfuehrlicheren Untersuchung, als ich sie bis jetzt habe anstellen können. Vorläufig vergl. P., V, p. 134 :

And flings house out at windowes, was't not so?

Der Vers ist so *metrisch* correct. Die *Redensart* verlangt jedoch *the house* (NED. s. v. p. 419b) Die Ausgabe von *Love's Mistress* in *The Old Engl. Drama*, Lo.. 1824, p. 51 liesst denn auch wirklich :

And flings the house out at windows : was't not so?

(Der Herausg. wird not = *n't* gelesen haben [?]; jedenfalls ist der Vers so gelesen abscheulich).

Zu beachten wäre die freilich viel ältere Assimilation des Auslauts der 3. Pers. Sing. etc. und des Anlauts des best. Art. etc., wozu ich verweise auf : Wright, *Pol. Poems and Songs*, II, p. 224 :

Sum of yow holdith with the Fox, and rennythe hare;

Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 322 :

vor wee beethe your children, and youe beethe Mother (= beethe the).

Manly, *Specimens*, I, p. 544 :

Whych poysenneth all realmes and bryng them to perdycyon

und dazu *ibid.*, p. 535 :

No, ser, by the messe, but he callyth them heretyckes
That preche the gospell, and sedycyows scysmatyckes,
He tache them, vex them, from prison to prison he turne them,
He indygth them, juge them, and, in conclu'syon, he burne them.

8539 : Wo nicht das Gegentheil angegeben ist, kann ich ueber die Personen, um die es sich in den Epitaphien handelt, keine Angaben machen. Eine glueckliche Hand mag in der 2ten oder 3ten Ausg. von Weever's *Funeral Monum.* oder in den resp. County histories Heywood's Verse noch finden. Vergl. auch die Lit.-Angaben im DNB.

8549 : *Heralds* ist Verbum.

8592 : *admire* « bewundernd », fast « lautlos betrachten ».

8598 : *which* = who, auf den Dichter bezueglich.

8607 : Der Gatte spricht.
8619 : *becomed* ist nicht gerade selten.
8638 : lies *greatest of Kings, Henry* etc.
8661 : *Honywood;* cf. DNB. XXVII, p. 249; p. 251, wo der *Vater* Sir Rob. Honywood mit dem von H. genannten identisch ist.
8779 : Vergl. Anm. zu 8539.
8830 : *August* fuer Autumn ist leicht verständlich, leider aber unbelegt.
8889 : *Sir Thomas Coventry*, DNB, XII, p. 360.
8896 : *power ;* ergänze which.
8898 : *able* « to make strong or powerful; to empower, strengthen, confirm, or fortify » NED. — *them both* = both vertues; cf. good and great in der vorhergehenden Zeile.
8923 : = never shall time leave so pure a conscience to Lethe nor scandal (subst.) spot (verb.) it.
8927 : Cf. Anm. zu 1.
8932 : Vergl. Sir Edw. Dyer's « My mind to me a Kingdom is »; Arber, *Spenser Anthol.*, p. 228, und jetzt die krit. Ausgabe in Bolle's dankenswerter Arbeit *Die gedruckten Engl. Liederb. bis 1600*, Palaestra, XXIX, p. 15.
8942 : *Ran. Crewe ;* cf. DNB, XIII, p. 81.
8962 : *Rob. Carre ;* cf. DNB, IX, p. 172.
8983 : *P. Pindar ;* cf. DNB, XLV, p. 310.
8992 : = who has left his heyres a course like yours how to continue prayers etc; scil. in einer von Pindar in Paul's gegruendeten Kapelle etc. Vergl. etwa Stowe, *Survay*, ed. Morley, p. 310: Then under the choir of Paul's is a large chapel, first dedicated to the name of Jesu, founded, or rather confirmed, the 37th of Henry VI. Vergl. *dedicate* in 8998.
9003 : Warum H. gerade sagt, Sir Paul Pindar habe viel gereist, *um* Pauls zu reparieren, verstehe ich nicht ganz, es sei denn dass H. nur hat sagen wollen, Pindar habe sich sein Vermögen im Ausland erworben.

Ich habe vermutet, Pindar sei Mitglied der « speciall Commission for the repaire of Pauls » gewesen, die nach Stowe-Howes, *Annales*, p. 1048b im April 1631 eingesetzt wurde, doch erscheint P's Namen nach einer guetigen Mitteilung Greg's nicht in *His Maiesties Commission giuing power to enquire of the Decayes of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London and for the repairing of the same.* London, 1631.

So unbedeutend dieses Anagramm an und fuer sich ist, so wichtig ist es auf der anderen Seite deswegen, weil es uns beweist, dass Heywood Sir P. Pindar nicht allein kannte, sondern auch sehr hoch schätzte. Sollte nicht Sir Paul das Vorbild fuer Young Geraldine im *Engl. Traveller* gewesen sein?! Die Leichenrede auf Pindar in der Bibl. der Religious Tract Society sollte in diesem Sinne einmal gelesen werden.

9026 : *exprest* etc. Was sich H. unter dieser Übersetzung gedacht hat, ist mir unklar.
9091 : *Belbulus ;* Orig. *Bilbili* (aus Bilbilis stammend) = Martial.
9127 : *Turellus* lies *Farellus.*

9147 : *woods forsooke* = *being forsooke.*

9165 : *favor* geradezu « Abzeichen » ; cf. H5 IV, 7, 160.

9207 : *Graine* etc. Construire : *graine, the long years hope, pines in the ear* und vergl. zum lat. Text : Verg. Georg. I, 96 und Ov., Met. 15, 113 ; zu *graine* sodann Met. 8, 292.

9208 : *kine* lies *Vine.*

9217 : *free-cost* « umsonst ».

9236-39 : sehr unglückliche Übersetzung. Vergl. dagegen Tim. Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrammes,* Publ. of the Spenc. Soc., 15, p. 189 :

Of Rome.

I Nothyng muse a Shepheard doeth,
  in *Rome* the scepter holde :
Sith that a Shepheard built the same.
  (as sundrie bookes haue tolde)
And sith the founder of the same,
  with Wouluishe milke was fedde :
I maruell nothyng I at all,
  though *Rome* of Woulues be spedde.
But this me thinketh wondrous straunge,
  that safe a flocke should rest
In *Rome* w[ith] rauenyng murdryng woulues,
  and neuer be opprest.

Bei Kendall finden sich auch Übersetzungen der Orig. zu 9133-9168 (*l. c.,* pp. 162-64) und 9249-9257 (*l. c.* p. 92).

9281 : *there* im Sinn von *then ;* cf. Schmidt, *l. c.,* p. 1205a unten.

9300 : *brim-fill* = to fill up to the brim. NED nur drei Beisp. von 1615-1647. Bolle, *l. c.,* p. 70 hat ein Beisp. aus 1594.

9309 : *her* auf Empire bezüglich.

9318 : Vergl. oben p. 350.

9325 : *lasting verse.* Heywood kann Blondus Werke zur röm. Geschichte (Fol. 1559, Basel, Froben.) nicht gekannt haben ; sie sind in *Prosa* geschrieben.

9328 : lies *Tibaldeo.*

9338 : *Lewes of Savoy.* Muss auf Heywood zurückgehn, da das Original *Ludovica* und in Z. 3 *professa est* liest. Wer diese *Ludovica* gewesen sein könnte, weiss ich allerdings auch nicht.

9358 : *that* = die dritte. — *paravant* = « zuerst, zunächst ».

9392 : *Colta* lies *Cotta.*

9409 ff. : Vergl. oben p. 352, Anm. 2.

9458 : *tormentary art* muss nach dem Context die Schiesskunst bezeichnen ; ich kann den Complex nicht belegen. Übersetze etwa « mörderisch ».

9462 : *on* lies *an.*

9487 : Von *Byrd's businesse* ist weder auf dem Brit. Mus. noch in der Bodl. ein Exemplar vorhanden.

9495 : *Automedon* etc Automedon war Achill's und Archeptolemus Hector's Wagenlenker.

9517 : *Horse* ist Plural. Es wurde, auch zur Bezeichnung von einzelnen Tieren, oft gebraucht : *Tamburlaine,* 3984 : The horse that guide the golden eie of heauen ; *ibid.,* 4240 : Unharnesse them, and let

me haue fresh horse. Chapman, ***Masque of the middle Temple*****, etc.** ed. Pearson, III, p. 93: Euery one of these horse, had two Moores, attir'd like *Indian* slaues, that..... sided them.

9525 : *whether* = *whér.*

9552 : *Ballader ;* Wer ? Und ist die Ballade irgendwo erhalten ?

9578 : scheint auf eine sprichwörtliche Wendung anzuspielen.

9598 : *blush* « rot machen ».

9618 : *Patrons* Verbum.

9680 : *Hel.* = Christ. Helvicus. *Theatrum Historicum : sive Chronologiae Systema novum* etc., ed Frankfurt, 1628, fol. IV. Auf diese Tabellen gehn ferner zurück die Angaben in 9790 (fol. VIII), 9874 (fol. X), 9888 (fol. XXI), 9952 (fol. XII), 9998 (fol. VIII), 10020 (fol. VII), 10029 (fol. VII).

9709 : *Calvis.* = Sethi Calvisi *Opus Chronologicum*, ed. Frankfurt, 1650, p. 176[b].

9731 : *Natal. Comes* = Natalis Comitis *Mythologiae, sive explicationum fabularum Libri Decem*, ed. Venedig, 1568, p. 227[a].

9827 : *Spartan* lies Spartian (im Leben Carac., X prope fin).

9898 : Debora ; Nach Helvicus, *l. c.*, fol. IX war in der That Debora um 2648 Richter ; der bei Helv. entsprechende König von Phrygien ist aber Tantalus und nicht Midas.

9937 : *Others ;* z. B. Helvicus, *l. c.*, fol. VII.

9943 : Beza etc. Vergl. dessen *Annotationes Majores in Novum Dn. Nostri Jesu Christi Testam.* s. l. 1594, Pars II, p. 475.

10189 : Machaon ; cf. z. B. Ovid, Remed., 546 : Ille Machaonia vix ope sanus erit. — Phillerides = Chiron, der Centaur, Pflegevater des Aesculap.

10190 : Epidaurian = Aesculap. Lies : with th'Epidaurian, and bright Apollo, thou shalt impart godlike skill = « teilen, teil haben an, besitzen ».

10225 : *swell* lies *smell.*

10237 : *Flocks* = *flux.*

10245 : lies *strangurian collick.*

10254 : *and* leitet den Nachsatz ein.

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